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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

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By Paul Morley

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UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**PASS THE DUTCHIE**	**Musical Youth (MCA)**	4	1
2	8	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME	Culture Club (Virgin)	3	2
3	2	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	5	3
4	4	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)	5	4
5	14	JACKIE WILSON SAYS (I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN YOU SMILE)	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	3	5
6	7	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY	Chicago (Full Moon)	4	6
7	19	STARMAKER	Kids From Fame (RCA)	2	7
8	12	JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED	Mari Wilson (Compact)	4	8
9	5	THERE IT IS	Shalamar (Solar)	6	5
10	9	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	4	6
11	3	THE BITTEREST PILL	The Jam (Polydor)	5	1
12	17	GLITTERING PRIZE	Simple Minds (Virgin)	4	12
13	23	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN	Animals (RAK)	2	13
14	22	REAP THE WILD WIND	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	14
15	6	WHY	Carly Simon (WEA)	5	6
16	10	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	11	1
17	11	WALKING ON SUNSHINE	Rockers Revenge (London)	7	4
18	16	SADDLE UP	David Christie (KR)	6	7
19	20	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	3	19
20	18	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	18
21	15	ALL OF MY HEART	ABC (Neutron/Phonogram)	6	5
22	13	PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS	Dire Straits (Vertigo/ Phonogram)	6	1
23	(—)	BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG	Pretenders (Real)	1	23
24	(—)	SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO	The Clash (CBS)	1	24
25	(—)	ZIGGY STARDUST	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	1	25
26	(—)	LIFELINE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	1	26
27	(—)	ANNIE I'M YOUR DADDY	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	1	27
28	27	CHANCES	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2	27
29	25	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	7
30	(—)	AMOR	Julio Iglesias	1	30

Robert Wyatt tops the NME indies chart. Pic: Pennie Smith.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	**Dire Straits (Vertigo/P'gram)**	3	1
2	19	UB44	UB40 (Dep Int)	2	2
3	7	NEBRASKA	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	3	3
4	2	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	12	1
5	5	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	6	1
6	4	NEW GOLD DREAM	Simple Minds (Virgin)	4	4
7	24	A BROKEN FRAME	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	7
8	10	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	16	1
9	(—)	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	9
10	11	TOO-RYE-AY	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	11	1
11	3	CHART BEAT/CHART HEAT	Various (K-Tel)	4	3
12	13	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	9	8
13	(—)	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG)	18	1
14	6	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	5	6
15	9	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	10	9
16	20	MAGIC	Gillan (Virgin)	2	16
17	8	THE DREAMING	Kate Bush (EMI)	4	7
18	(—)	SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE	The Beat (Go-Feet)	1	18
19	12	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	21	2
20	18	FOUR	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	5	4
21	15	FOREVER NOW	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	2	15
22	(—)	MIRAGE	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	12	11
23	(—)	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	18	4
24	26	GREATEST HITS	Shalamar (Solar)	2	24
25	14	THE COLLECTION	Stranglers (Liberty)	4	11
26	23	SIGNALS	Rush (Mercury/Phonogram)	5	9
27	(—)	SOUL DAZE SOUL NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	1	27
28	(—)	GET LOOSE	Evelyn King (RCA)	1	28
29	17	BREAKOUT	Various (Ronco)	5	8
30	21	MYSTERY	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	4	17

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(9)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
2	(3)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dep Int)
3	(2)	**From Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
4	(1)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(5)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
6	(6)	**Knife Slits Water**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
7	(8)	**Warriors**	Blitz (No Future)
8	(4)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
9	(13)	**Ballet Dance**	Rubella Ballet (Xatrix)
10	(—)	**Be Proud, Be Loud**	Toyah (Safari)
11	(10)	**The Stranger**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eye)
12	(7)	**Suicide Bag EP**	Action Pact (Fallout)
13	(18)	**Life On The Line**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
14	(17)	**Murder In The Subway/Future Dream**	Attack (No Future)
15	(14)	**Bullshit Crass**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
16	(12)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
17	(25)	**Why Guy?**	Insane (Insane)
18	(11)	**Beasts 12"**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
19	(—)	**Lullabies 12" EP**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
20	(23)	**My Face Is On Fire**	Felt (Cherry Red)
21	(26)	**Situation (Re-mix)**	Yaz (Sire)
22	(—)	**My Spine Is The Baseline**	Shriekback (Y)
23	(20)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
24	(15)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
25	(30)	**Whatever Is He Like**	Farmers Boys (Back)
26	(16)	**Have You Got 10p EP**	The Ejected (Riot City)
27	(19)	**Bleed For Me**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
28	(—)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
29	(—)	**Rainy Day**	APB (Oily)
30	(21)	**Asylums In Jerusalem**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(4)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
2	(1)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(2)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(3)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(9)	**Room To Live**	The Fall (Kamera)
6	(7)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
7	(6)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
8	(8)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
9	(5)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
10	(17)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
11	(11)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
12	(10)	**Singles Album**	UB40 (Graduate)
13	(20)	**77 in 82**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
14	(15)	**Eligible Bachelors**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
15	(12)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (4AD)
16	(18)	**Punk 'n' Disorderly Vol 2**	Various (Anagram)
17	(13)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
18	(19)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
19	(14)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
20	(22)	**Hai**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
21	(—)	**Recorded 1979-1981**	UK Subs (Abstract)
22	(28)	**Soweto**	Various (Rough Trade)
23	(27)	**Billy Super Duper**	Marc Bolan and T.Rex (Marc)
24	(—)	**Perfection**	Charge (Kamera)
25	(24)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
26	(16)	**We Are The League**	A N League (WXYZ)
27	(21)	**Live**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
28	(—)	**Epic Garden Music**	Sad Lovers And Giants (Midnight)
29	(—)	**I've Got A Gun**	Channel 3 (No Future)
30	(—)	**Black Album**	The Damned (Big Beat)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Night Nurse** — Gregory Isaacs (Island)
2 **Your Love** — Carol Thompson (S&G)
3 **Paradise In Your Eyes** — Winston Reedy (Dafala)
4 **Wake Up** — Jean Adebambo (Ade J)
5 **Don't You** — Donna Rhoden (Ital)
6 **It's Alright** — Erica Gale (Ital)
7 **At The Dance** — Leroy Simmons (NK)
8 **Make You My Man** — Sandra Lobban (Music Gallery)
9 **Betcha By Golly Wow** — Errol Dunkley (Black Roots)
10 **Pass The Dutchie** — Musical Youth (MCA)
11 **You Make Me Feel So Good** — Ruddy Thomas & Susan Cadogan (Hawkeye)
12 **Fat She Fat** — John Holt (Greensleeves)
13 **Brandy** — Little John & Billy Boyo (Musical Lovers)
14 **Time For Love** — George Nooks (JB)
15 **Janet Sinclair** — Little John & Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)

ALBUMS

1 **First Case** — Investigators (Investigators)
2 **Bad Boy Skanking** — Yellow Man & Fathead (Greensleeves)
3 **Love At First Sight** — Freddie McGregor (Intense)
4 **Love Has Found Its Way** — Dennis Brown (A&M)
5 **Two Bad DJ** — Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

US SINGLES

1 **Jack And Diane** — John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2 **Abracadabra** — The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
3 **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** — Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
4 **Eye In The Sky** — The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
5 **Who Can It Be Now?** — Men At Work (Columbia)
6 **Eye Of The Tiger** — Survivor (Epic)
7 **I Keep Forgettin'** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
8 **Somebody's Baby** — Jackson Browne (Asylum)
9 **You Can Do Magic** — America (Capitol)
10 **I Ran** — A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive/Arista)

Courtesy Billboard

US LPs

1 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2 **Mirage** — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3 **Abracadabra** — The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4 **Asia** — Asia (Geffen/Warner Bros)
5 **Emotion In Motion** — Billy Squier (Capitol)
6 **If That's What It Takes** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
7 **Eye In The Sky** — The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
8 **Vacation** — The Go Go's (A & M)
9 **Chicago 16** — Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
10 **It's Hard** — The Who (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

SWEDEN

1 **Cat People** — David Bowie (Backstreet)
2 **Abracadabra** — Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
3 **I Know There's Something Going On** — Frida (Polar)
4 **Puttin' On The Ritz** — Taco (RCA)
5 **Eye Of The Tiger** — Survivor (Scotti Bros)
6 **Der Komissar** — Falco (Gig)
7 **Da Da Da** — Trio (Mercury)
8 **The Look Of Love** — ABC (Neutron)
9 **Memory** — Barbra Streisand (CBS)
10 **Voyeur** — Kim Carnes (EMI)

Courtesy GLF/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Yes Sir I Can Boogie** — Baccara (RCA)
2 **Black Is Black** — La Belle Epoque (Harvest)
3 **Silver Lady** — David Soul (Private Stock)
4 **You're In My Heart** — Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5 **I Remember Elvis Presley** — Danny Mirror (Sonet)
6 **Star Wars Theme** — Meco (RCA)
7 **No More Heroes** — Stranglers (United Artists)
8 **Best Of My Love** — Emotions (CBS)
9 **Black Betty** — Ram Jam (Epic)
10 **Rockin' All Over The World** — Status Quo (Vertigo)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Mouldy Old Dough** — Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
2 **I Didn't Know I Loved You (Till I Saw You Rock 'n' Roll)** — Gary Glitter (Bell)
3 **You're A Lady** — Peter Skellern (Decca)
4 **Wig Wam Bam** — Sweet (RCA)
5 **Burning Love** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **In A Broken Dream** — Python Lee Jackson (Youngblood)
7 **How Can I Be Sure** — David Cassidy (Bell)
8 **Donna** — 10CC (UK)
9 **Elected** — Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
10 **Too Young** — Donny Osmond (MGM)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Massachusetts** — Bee Gees (Polydor)
2 **The Last Waltz** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3 **Hole In My Shoe** — Traffic (Island)
4 **Flowers In The Rain** — Move (Regal Zonophone)
5 **There Must Be A Way** — Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
6 **The Letter** — Box Tops (Stateside)
7 **Homburg** — Procol Harum (Regal-Zonophone)
8 **Reflections** — Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
9 **From The Underworld** — Herd (Fontana)
10 **Baby Now That I've Found You** — Foundations (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Telstar** — Tornados (Decca)
2 **The Locomotion** — Little Eva (London)
3 **Rain Until September** — Carole King (London)
4 **Sheila** — Tommy Roe (HMV)
5 **Ramblin' Rose** — Nat Cole (Capitol)
6 **You Don't Know Me** — Ray Charles (HMV)
7 **She's Not You** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 **Venus In Blue Jeans** — Mark Wynter (Pye)
9 **It'll Be Me** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10 **What Now My Love** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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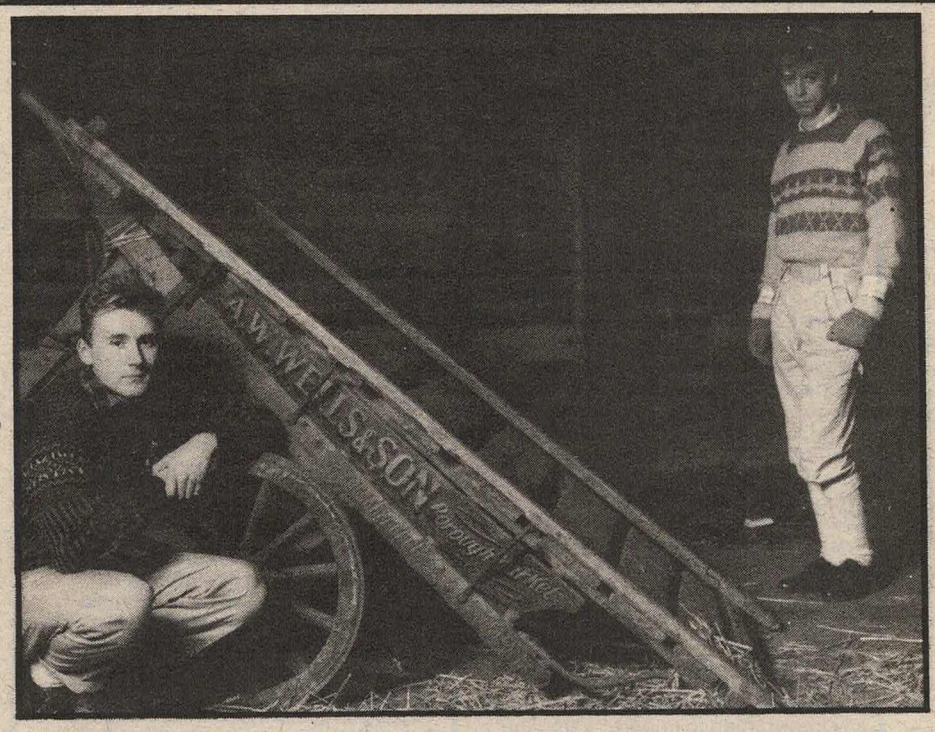

Haircuts get ahead

HAIRCUT 100 have confirmed details of their end-of-year UK tour, their first outing here since March.

Their schedule includes three major London shows, two immediately after Christmas and the third on New Year's Eve. The tour will coincide with the release in early December of their new album, the follow-up to 'Pelican West', for which they are currently mixing the final tracks — and this will be preceded by a single early next month.

After three shows in the Irish Republic at Galway (November 27), Cork (28) and Dublin (29), they play Liverpool Empire (December 2), Edinburgh Playhouse (3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Newcastle City Hall (6), Scarborough Futurist (7), Manchester Apollo (8 and 9), Coventry Apollo (10), Brighton Centre (13), Poole Arts Centre (15), Birmingham Odeon (17 and 18), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (19), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Hanley Victoria Hall (22), London Strand Lyceum (27 and 28), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (29 and 30) and London Hammersmith Odeon (31).

Tickets are on sale now, and London prices are £5 only (Lyceum) and £5 and £4 (Hammersmith); at all other venues, tickets are £4.50 and £3.50. Tour promoters are TBA.

Adam seeks old friends

ADAM ANT, enjoying a renewed burst of chart activity with his 'Friend Or Foe' album and single, has decided the time is right for him to return to the live arena. He hits the road again at the beginning of next month for the first time since he toured last Christmas and New Year, which proved to be his final UK outing before he disbanded The Ants.

The decision to play some autumn concerts was evidently taken at short notice, because only a handful have so far been confirmed, and we still don't know who will be backing him on stage. Further dates and the line-up of his tour band are expected in the near future, possibly next week.

Meanwhile, the five shows just announced are at Glasgow Apollo (November 1), Brighton Centre (3), Southampton Gaumont (4), Ipswich Gaumont (5) and Birmingham Odeon (6). Tickets are on sale now, priced £5 and £4 at all venues.

Pic: Laura Levine

Police for Dingwalls?

THE POLICE look set to top a special charity show at London Camden Dingwalls on October 25, in aid of the physically handicapped, although no official announcement has yet been made.

When initially approached on the subject at the weekend, guitarist Andy Summers retorted: "Rubbish!" (or a word to that effect). But on Monday morning, a Police spokesman admitted that "something was going on at Dingwalls", though he didn't know exactly what was happening.

However, as *NME* closed for press, Dingwalls were insisting that they have definitely secured The Police for the benefit — plus several other big names to be announced next week. If it materialises as expected, it will be the band's only London appearance this year — and, by their standards, at an extremely unlikely venue.

U2 declare 'War'

U2 undertake a six-date mini-tour in early December, at the outset of a European tour. Brief though it is, it constitutes their only UK tour this year, though they did play at the Police concert in Gateshead during the summer. The shows come as a prelude to the January release of their new album 'War' on Island.

Their dates are at Glasgow Apollo (December 1), Manchester Apollo (2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), London Lyceum Ballroom (5) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6). Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50, and the promoter is Ian Wilson on Wasted Talent.

The band subsequently tour Scandinavia and the Low Countries, returning for a string of Christmas shows in their native Ireland. These include a concert in Ulster at the Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre on December 20 (tickets £5), and finish with three nights at Dublin TV Club (22-24.)

Youth pass the buck

MUSICAL YOUTH have been forced to withdraw from their support spot on the current UK tour by Kid Creole & The Coconuts, because the education authorities claim they wouldn't be receiving sufficient schooling. As all five members of the chart-topping group are below school leaving age, they are bound by the laws limiting the amount of alternative work they can undertake.

Because of the success of 'Pass The Dutchie' and the large number of TV and personal appearances they have made, they have already used up a proportion of the days available to them. Additionally, the Kid Creole tour has been extended week by week, until it now occupies a full two months — and the sheer volume of dates on the schedule prevents them from taking part.

It's probably also true to suggest that — for their remaining work days this term — they would prefer to be seen as a star attraction in their own right, rather than as a support act on someone else's tour.

Replacement support on the Kid Creole tour is six-piece Exeter outfit The Impossible Dreamers.

Bow Wow Wow bow out

BOW WOW WOW have postponed their UK tour, announced last month and scheduled to open on November 1, because it clashes with their recording commitments. The official explanation is that the delay is due to "producer availability for the recording of their new album", though this might have been more accurately worded "producer non-availability".

But it seems their problems have now been resolved, and the band are in the studio with Mike Chapman producing. However, this hiccup will cause studio sessions to overrun by about three weeks, so their tour is being re-arranged to start on November 22.

As the decision to postpone was only taken at the weekend, the promoters have not yet had sufficient time to complete the new itinerary, but revised dates should be announced next week. Meanwhile, people who have already bought tickets are advised to hold on to them, as they will remain valid.

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Kirk's Destiny

☐ **Kirk Brandon** and **Stan Stammers** — formerly the core of **Theatre Of Hate** — have settled on a name for their new musical venture. They are forming a band called **Spear Of Destiny** and have already recruited a new drummer — though they are not revealing his name yet, he is believed to come from another 'name' band.

The new group hope to tour in December with some vinyl to follow in the new year. In the meantime, the final Theatre Of Hate single 'Eastworld' is being released next month and, according to manager **Terry Razor,** it will give a few pointers as to the direction of Spear of Destiny.

"It shows the way that we will be heading," he says. "but we won't know for certain until all the new musicians are together. Last week we auditioned 50 sax players and drummers and hardly any of them were up to the standard of the old band."

Former Hate saxist **John Lennard,** meanwhile, has left London for his native Canada to join Canuck rock combo **The Diodes,** currently supporting **The Who** in the States.

Teddy's home

☐ **Teddy Pendergrass,** who was seriously injured in a car accident earlier this year, has left hospital after just over six months and is now back home. He was paralysed in the accident, and at one stage doctors feared for his life. Even now, he is still unable to walk — but even so, his recovery is considered remarkable.

He is already making plans for the future, and hopes soon to be able to return to the recording studio. The injury occurred when he was on the way back from a basketball match and, on leaving hospital in Philadelphia, he commented: "It's taken me 27 weeks to get home from that game, and now I'm raring to go again."

Steve's video

☐ **Steve Strange** starts work next month on a movie based on his latest album 'The Anvil' — casting is already in progress, and work on the film is likely to take place in such locations as Barbados, Thailand, Morocco and Indonesia. He is also working on a video cassette devoted to the history of **Visage,** incorporating clips of the band, plus interviews with musicians and fashion designers of the era. His new single 'Pleasure Boys'/'The Anvil' is out next week.

Tom's flexi

☐ 25,000 copies of a free **Tom Robinson** flexi-disc are now available in record shops courtesy of Statik Records, the UK outlet for Robinson's own Panic label. The flexi features live versions of 'Martin's Gone' and 'Atmospherics' — two tracks from Robinson's recent 'North By Northwest' LP — and was recorded at a Hamburg concert with ex-**TRB** guitarist **Danny Kustow** and Belgian percussionist **Pascal Gabriel.** Robinson, who financed the freebie himself, says that a tiny independent like Panic can't afford the promotion necessary to secure airplay and press coverage, so the free flexi is an attempt to bypass those processes and let people "hear for themselves what Tom Robinson sounds like in '82".

Old farts run free

Page escapes with scolding

JIMMY PAGE's career neared a nose-dive at the Inner London Crown Court last week when he faced a possible gaol sentence after admitting possession of cocaine.

But John Matthews, his QC, argued that Page was launching a new group which was to tour America and Japan early next year. "It would," he claimed, "result in the loss of not thousands but literally millions of pounds in the next few years."

Not only that, the ex-Zepper ranked alongside Annie and Julie Andrews in terms of innocence and purity. He had never relied on drugs and never became addicted even though he'd admitted to taking small quantities for a short time during the '60s.

And Page, who was found with the cocaine in his pocket during a saunter down Chelsea's King's Road in late 1980, had not actually purchased the offending substance. It seems he had found the drug on a mantelpiece after a party at his home in Clewer village, near Windsor. "He removed it so nobody else would find it," Matthews told the court. "Especially his small daugher."

He refrained from mentioning that it was Pagey's music that had helped Charles Bronson wipe out a dope pusher in *Death Wish 2* but even without that final nudge, the judge glimpsed the halo forming around the Page head and granted a conditional discharge, leaving music buffs to ponder about the identity of the band the guitarist was to form in order to pay off the national debt.

Rumour had it that Page might figure among the plans for a revitalised Whitesnake. Unlikely, we felt, but nevertheless we posed the question to a Snakeperson. "Unlikely," he said, confirming *NME* suspicions.

Next came an obvious move, a phone call to Swansong, Page's management company headed by Peter Grant. "Can you throw any light on the line-up of the mystery band?" we asked politely.

"Mr Grant will call you back if he has any information to impart," came the equally polite reply.

The call never came.

— FRED ZEPPELIN

Gillan bids for Reading

GOALKEEPER and Reading Festival favourite Ian Gillan last week announced his intention of raising both his soccer and Berks-benefactor standing by putting in a bid for ailing Reading FC.

A millionaire who in the past has purchased a major London recording studio and a swish Thames Valley hotel, it seems that he's more than happy to part with some of the loot accrued by his current chart album 'Magic' and his forthcoming 40-date tour in order to pay off the £107,000 debt at the Elm Park ground.

After contacting Reading's chairman Frank Waller, Gillan announced: "I have formally registered my interest in buying Reading FC and a meeting is being held at the earliest opportunity in order to discuss the matter. To announce detailed plans for the club's future would be premature and subject to progress made at the meeting. My immediate aims are to preserve the dignity of the club and help fulfill the ambitions of the people of Reading. I have lived in Reading since 1971 and, after music, football is my greatest passion."

Former Reading striker Roger Smee, now a millionaire property developer, is also said to be making a bid to take over the club. But Gillan remains unperturbed by such reports. Before going off to take up his customary position between the sticks for the local team of Pangbourne bobbies, he claimed: "It doesn't really matter who owns the shares, ultimately the club belongs to Reading."

Meanwhile, reports that Peter Shilton is to replace Jannick Gers as lead axeman with Gillan are being discounted.

● There were further developments in the saga on Tuesday morning, with Ian Gillan sending a letter to Reading FC chairman Frank Weller, formally expressing his interest in buying the club. The letter also named three associates, among them Virgin Records MD Richard Branson, who would be supporting Gillan in his bid to become the new Elton John.

"The ball is now firmly in Waller's court," said a Virgin spokesman.

— WILLIE WYNN

NMExclusive! Mystery man of Tin Pan Alley celebrates 25 years of sex, glamour and on-the-road style rock mayhem

The Eternal Teenager

December 16, 1944: **A winter's day. A wide-eyed young teenager pushes his autograph book into the hands of Major Glenn Miller as he comes out of the stagedoor of the London Casino. The good Major promptly prefaces his neat signature with 'Regards'. The excited fan disappears into the evening gloom. Later that same night, the light aircraft in which Miller is travelling disappears forever over the English Channel.**

October 18, 1957: **A Friday. Paul Anka's 'Diana' occupies the British nation's number one slot for the eighth consecutive week. Elvis Presley holds down five positions in the same *NME* chart and the aforementioned autograph hunter — Derek Johnson (belted trench coat and press card stuck in wide-brimmed silk hatband) files his first feature as a fulltime *NME* staffer: a profile on Jerry Lee Lewis who is chartbound with 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On'.**

October 16, 1982: **Derek 'Scoop' Johnson (deer-stalker and magnifying glass) — a man who, in his famed position as *NME's* News Editor invariably beats out all competitors for the hottest stories, celebrates his 25th anniversary with this "reprehensible rag" *(Time Out).***

Early '50s DJ, broadcasting with British Forces Network

OF ALL his innumerable exclusives, Big Del Johnson cites publishing the dates of both Bob Dylan's 1978 appearances at London's Earls Court and Blackbushe airdrome as his grand coup. "After I broke the news exclusively in *NME,* promoter Harvey Goldsmith refused to speak to me for a year!"

They have since kissed and made-up. Johnson opting for light eye-shadow, Goldsmith his usual Max Factor panstick.

For Johnson, this year's scoops alone include announcing The Rolling Stones' UK dates and Elton John's Christmas shows as early as February.

A former 'Brylcreem Boy', the dapper Mr Johnson (Snoopy flying helmet) first made his reputation as a presenter on the British Forces Network's now legendary *Two-Way Forces Family Favourites.* His experience in broadcasting led to Johnson being appointed Programme Administrator for Radio Luxembourg during the mid-'50s.

For a while, Derek dabbled in management — he admits to having turned down representing Cliff Richard when the latter was still an inexperienced Clacton Holiday Camp entertainer, but was entirely responsible for persuading The Shadows to step out from behind Cliff to play their first-ever solo spot.

In 1957, Johnson joined *NME* as Chief Feature Writer and Singles Reviewer at the time when rock'n'roll's "toe-tapping rhythms" were stomping all over the UK charts. And ten years later, Johnson (love beads and kaftan) took over as *NME's* News Editor — a position he has filled amply ever since.

In an anecdote-filled career, Derek has been featured as guest panellist on *Juke Box Jury* (BBC TV) and compere on the annual *NME* Pollwinners' Concerts at Wembley in the '60s.

"The peak for me," says Johnson, "was the very first occasion I introduced The Beatles onstage before 10,000 screaming fans."

Amongst his other distinctions, Johnson actually got to interview Private Elvis Presley shortly prior to his US Army demob. "For weeks after that," recollects Big Del, "dozens of kids kept on showing up at *NME's* offices to shake the hand that shook the hand . . ."

One of Johnson's most vivid memories is of meeting Frank Sinatra, a man who has a distrust of all pressmen. Having been invited to a private dinner in honour of The Voice, 'Scoop' Johnson (tuxedo and football boots) was introduced as "the family doctor". During the evening, Sinatra was suddenly afflicted with a splitting headache. Was there a doctor in the house?

"Hey Doc," hollered Sinatra, looking in the direction of Johnson, "got sumpthin' for me?"

Not wishing to blow his cover, Johnson — who'd come straight from *NME's* offices — dug deep into his briefcase full of old press handouts and signed Janie Jones photographs and pulled out a couple of aspirins.

"Sinatra," remembers the physician, "washed them down with a large glass of Scotch and ten minutes later was telling everyone at the table what a good doctor I was!"

What a pity he couldn't have done something for Glenn Miller.

Derek Johnson is 24.

— MAURICE NEXT-OF-KINN

Early '80s DJ: "Aw shucks . . ."

Early '60s, DJ gets hitched. L-R: Bruce Welch (Shadows). Adam Faith, Tony Osborne, Sheila Johnson, Hank Marvin (Shadows), Derek, Brian Johnson (no relation), '50s pop star Alma Cogan, Alan Freeman, band leader Norrie Paramor, Tony Meehan (Shadows).

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

BEKI BONDAGE
Vice Squad

MOST ADMIRED PEOPLE
Animal Liberation Front

LEAST ADMIRED PEOPLE
Research Defence Society
Royal Family

DRUG
Can't afford it

DRINK
Black Russian

FAVOURITE FOOD
Mushrooms

LEAST FAVOURITE FOOD
Eggs

BOOKS
Only read one this year:
Slaughter Of The Innocent
by Hans Reusch

SINGERS
Siouxsie Sioux
Robert Smith

MOST HATED MUSIC
Bleeding Gospel crap

MOST OBNOXIOUS BAND
(apart from Vice Squad)
Brotherhood Of Man

BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT
Vice Squad's first album

FAVOURITE MALES
(dead, alive, for sexual & non-sexual reasons)
Bruce Lee
Rudolph Nureyev (lovely thighs)
Sid Vicious (before he tried smack)
The bloke who plays Tarzan opposite Bo Derek (forgotten his name)

FAVOURITE ANIMAL
Dolphin

LEAST FAVOURITE
Homo Sapiens

DISLIKES
Sound checks
Getting out of bed
Photo sessions
Being sober
Recording studios
Journalists who misquote things
General bitching

LIKES
Buttocks
Not being sober
Men with big mohicans

BANDS (for their music and also their personalities)
UK Subs
The Cure
Discharge (for Cal's pacificism)
Crass (for most of their beliefs)
Chelsea and Erazerhead (good entertainment)

AMBITION
To be allowed to express myself without fear of being "misinterpreted" by the press
To change things I feel are wrong

RESOLUTIONS
To lay off the booze and other naughty substances

PAUL RAMBALI on the first new instrument for 15 years

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOUR SYNTHESIZER JUST WENT OUT OF DATE

IF IT SEEMS, at times, that there is always something new under the technological sun, this has not recently been true of musical instruments. The last *new* musical instrument was the synthesiser, now some 15 years old. But traditionalists and modernists alike take note: the days of this epidemic electronic keyboard have already been numbered.

If you happen to see *Blade Runner* over the next few weeks, pay attention to the Vangelis soundtrack. You'll hear synthesisers, chimes and bells, some piano, plus incidental music and noises of all kinds: telephone tones, bar-room muzak, advertising jingles, and the sounds of compression doors, zap-guns and anti-grav drives. Almost all of the 'real' sounds heard in *Blade Runner* — everything except the voices, the continuous rain, and the simple incidental noises of whisky being poured, clothes rustling and so on — were created by an Emulator.

The Emulator, built by EMU Systems of California, went on sale (for the first time anywhere) in Britain last year. Vangelis was the first customer; *Blade Runner* was something of a field test. Since no one noticed that it wasn't a real piano, or vibraphone, or zap-gun and anti-grav drive, the Emulator has clearly made a very efficient and surreptitious bow.

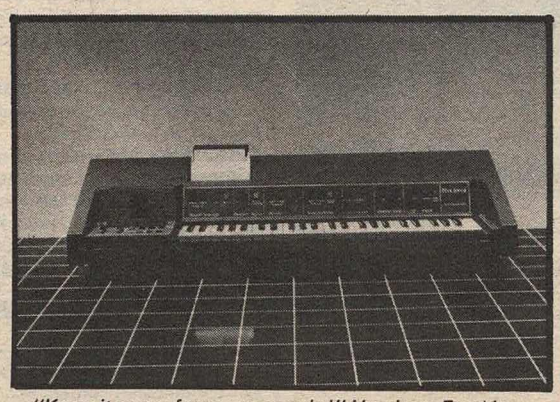
An Emulator looks, at first sight, like any other portable synthesiser. But it isn't a synthesiser at all. It's a small computer connected to a piano keyboard.

Unlike a synthesiser, it doesn't generate any sound itself. You simply record two seconds of sound through a microphone input, and there it is. It can be any sound at all: any musical instrument, any note, or a spoken word, or the sound of a Ferrari in second gear, or a dog barking, or a train, or the wind howling, anything . . .

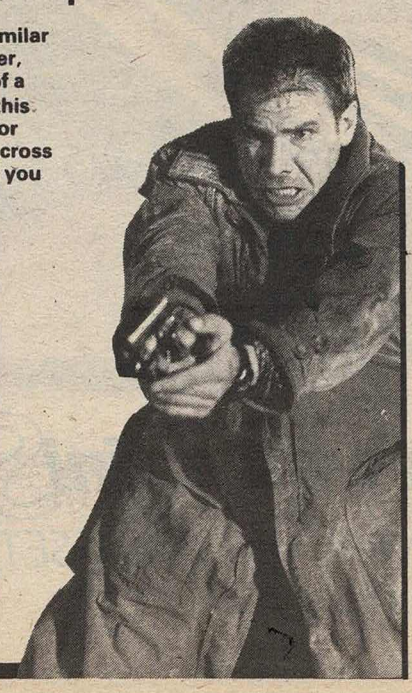
Using digital circuitry similar to the Eventide Harmoniser, which changes the pitch of a note, the Emulator takes this 'sample' and recreates it for each of the 12 tones and across four octaves. You could, if you wished, play a Mozart sonata on Waterford crystal, or a Human League tune on a tuba, or a heavy metal riff on a cathedral organ.

Of course, you could *approach* such sounds on a synthesiser, and the Emulator,

■ *Continues over*



"Keep it away from my movie!" Harrison Ford in Blade Runner, confronting the Emulator — which created all the sound effects in the film.



Looking for clues. . .

In the next episode of NME, double-agent Bohn keeps a rendezvous with

DAF

at the top of Dusseldorf's Television Tower for their very last interview. Will the German-American friendship survive the separation or will Europop be plunged into a new Cold Ward?

PLUS

Will the post Rolf Haris Aboriginal boom (erang) ever come back? Supersleuth Richard Cook spies on exotic Mati Hari

KATE BUSH

in the tribal lands of deepest Kent.

NME . . . intriguing . . .

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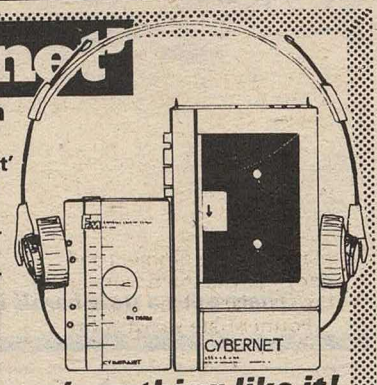

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"There goes a truly heroic Elvis impersonator."

MAT SNOW meets itinerant Aussies The Laughing Clowns — a maverick phoenix from the ashes of The Saints. The effect is shattering

DO YOU REMEMBER first hearing Roxy Music? A decade later I can still recall how their synthesis of familiar but disparate elements created a whole new world. Exotic and bizarre, Roxy's stylistic Esperanto expressed moods and emotions hitherto unframed in rock's conventional language.

Though two groups could hardly sound less alike, The Laughing Clowns' effect on me is as shattering. They show there's life in the old dog yet.

Six years ago a group called The Saints came to these shores from Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, Australia's most resource-rich and repressive state. They released three stunning albums — 'I'm Stranded', 'Eternally Yours' and 'Prehistoric Sounds' — but failed to achieve the commercial success they deserved. After losing their EMI contract in 1978, the band broke up. Singer Chris Bailey has recently resurfaced with a new Saints, while guitarist Edmund Kuepper, self-styled "Grandfather of Punk Rock", returned to his native heath.

"I became very disillusioned with the world of pop. I went to Australia and formed The Laughing Clowns. I had a fairly strong idea of what I wanted in the new band. I had certain people in mind. I definitely wanted to use brass . . ."

Ed Kuepper — to extend the analogy a little further — resembles a blond, laconic Bryan Ferry. He is The Laughing Clowns' writer and spokesman. With him is the wry and genial bassist, Leslie Millar.

This current line-up of a year's standing recently released the curiously-titled but wonderful LP 'Mr Uddich-Schmuddich Goes To Town' on their own Prince Melon label. A slightly different grouping had previously released three brilliant EPs — 'The Laughing Clowns' on Missing Link, 'Throne Of Blood' and 'Reign Of Terror', both now available as a Prince Melon

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Emulator

■ *From previous page*

since it only takes a brief sample, cannot give, say, the range of *embouchure* of a saxophone, or the various timbres of a violin. But there is a crucial difference.

The difference is distortion. Think of the sound of a synthesiser: cold, artificial, antiseptic, thin, mechanical and colourless. We're used to it now, even fond of it, but all synthesiser music (except that of Suicide, who don't use synthesisers) sounds like this. It sounds synthetic. It has none of the impurities of natural sound; the irregularities that give natural sound its warmth and colour, its emotive qualities.

The Emulator, however, reproduces all of these irregularities. While it can't quite duplicate the real instrument, it can duplicate the natural sound.

Here we have a musical instrument of great refinement, one that respects the subtleties of sound, but one that cuts across the whole spectrum of our hearing. It brings music *concrete*, abstract noise, into the realm of music *actual*. It places the span of audible sound at the disposal of the composer. It will, in no time at all, make the synthesiser sound antiquated.

So who are these composers? Jethro Tull have got an Emulator, so have Genesis and Pink Floyd, and also New Order, Orchestral Manoeuvres and ABC. Kate Bush used a Fairlight CMI, a very large and expensive version of the Emulator, on her last album. Many of the things that sound like exotic ethnic instruments on it are ordinary instruments transposed out of their normal register by the Fairlight.

An engineer tells me you can hear the Emulator in use on the new Billy Joel single. He says he can usually recognise an Emulator on a record. Does this mean that the Emulator has a distinctive sound, no matter what it's emulating?

No, but the Emulator comes with a set of sample sounds — strings, brass, tympani, motor-bike, etc — stored on computer disks. "People who use the instrument tend to use the sounds supplied with it."

How depressing. Music's greatest obstacle: musicians.

— PAUL RAMBALI

(The Eight-voice Emulator costs £5,250 + VAT from Syco Systems, 20 Conduit Place, London W2. A Four-voice version is available for £4,250 + VAT. The Fairlight CMI costs £18,500. Don't bother asking us where from.)

Animals fight back

THE ANIMAL Liberation Front once had their own punk band together called Total Attack but the general consensus of opinion amongst those who'd survived their gigs seemed to be that they were a lot better at rescuing animals than they were at challenging the frontiers of rock'n'roll.

However, spurred on perhaps by the success of Robert Wyatt's soundtrack to *The Animals Film* (to be screened on Channel 4 in its first week of transmission), a number of bands are now getting involved with the movement.

Principal amongst these are Bristol-based punk band Lunatic Fringe and Flux Of Pink Indians who, on their recent EP, featured two animal liberation songs — 'Sick Butchers' and 'Background of Malfunction'.

Also recently announced is the formation of Artists For Animals who aim to encourage artists and musicians to take a stand on these issues and are planning gigs and exhibitions to spread the word. (Contact: Vivien Smith, 0905 25602.

Greenpeace inform us that

"Cheese." Laughing Clowns Leslie (left) and Ed crack up for Peter Anderson

LAUGHING BOYS

compilation LP.

"What we do isn't *complicated,*" explains Ed, "But it requires a little more involvement. It really is very straightforward when you break things down. I don't think I'm really capable of doing anything complex at all."

Leslie laughs and adds: "Simplicity is always the thing that you're after — but free-spirited."

The Laughing Clowns not only fulfil, but almost exemplify, that dictum. Ed Kuepper's songs would still be masterpieces if performed in the straightforward pop-blues idiom in which they were written. But The Laughing Clowns' approach to their material is far more jazz than rock.

Themes, textures, arrangements and rhythms change and develop within a single song to transform it into a journey. But the paths are always natural, logical extrapolations of the original idea, like a pathologist's reconstruction of a face from a skull.

"Everything we've done in the studio has been pretty much live," states Ed. "There's definitely room for people to become involved with the songs — I wouldn't say they were just a blueprint. It's not that this is the song and nothing will ever happen. We *do* change, to give us a little bit of room to move, for the band and the audience!"

Live, The Laughing Clowns are as enchanting an ensemble as anything I've seen this side of Sun Ra. Drummer Jeffrey Wegener is throned centre stage like a demonic matinee idol, propelling the band with drive and brilliant subtlety. Leslie Millar's string bass booms and bends to interlock in a sensuous rhythm. Peter Doyle and Louise Elliot on trumpets and saxophones respectively cover every angle and shading from that mighty big band sound through squalling babble to the long blue cry of lonely desolation. And Ed Kuepper himself croons sepulchrally, guitar counterpointing and complementing the brass.

"Total subservience" is the audience response which gratifies Ed most, and he deserves it. The Laughing Clowns go higher than high, attempting that peak of passion and possession so rarely achieved. Ed has scaled it before in an early Saints song, 'Nights In Venice' — five minutes of the most desperate white heat I've ever heard.

Ed concedes the five-year jump from 'Nights In Venice' to The Laughing Clowns — "There's not much difference, the change hasn't been that radical."

The Laughing Clowns belong to the tradition of mavericks such as Captain Beefheart and Pere Ubu. Gauchely unconventional and never very popular, their visions nonetheless go deeper and last longer than the glossy snapshots of their peers.

The Laughing Clowns conjure up a world of adventure, absurdity, innocence and the deepest pathos. Truly, all human life is here.

More on 4

MORE NEWS about the presenters on *that* Channel 4 programme. Following bitter complaints in *NME's Gasbag* column that, after interviewing several hundred young hopefuls/hopelesses for the coveted posts of presenting Channel 4's rock magazine *The Tube*, the show had just gone and appointed boring old Paula Yates and Joolz Holland, producer Malcolm Gerrie has revealed the identities of an additional five presenters.

None of the five in question have any previous claims to broadcasting fame, their current trades including fork lift truck driver in Barnsley (Mike Everitt); working for London Underground (Gary James, who would like to see Status Quo compose a new title theme for *Crossroads*), designer and illustrator (Muriel Gray); musician (Nick Laird-Clowes, who plays with The Act); and 'temporary working' (whatever that means) (Michel Cremona).

In addition, *The Tube* will be using several of the characters that their extensive auditions unearthed; for example, programme one will feature a young Sheffield poet, Mark Miwurdz, presenting a monologue on the music biz. And however *The Tube* turns out, Gerrie promises us "an alternative to *TOTP* and *Whistle Test* . . . we won't be filling the hour and 45 minutes with the Vest Best Of The Eagles and long interviews with Paul Simon."

Any takers on long interviews with Bob Geldof?

— NEIL SPENCER

PAULINE BLACK and Janet Kay are among the cast of a black sit-com to be shown on Channel 4 in the New Year. The product of a Black Theatre Co-Op workshop, *No Problem* chronicles the adventures and misadventures of a family of five youngsters (late teens and early twenties) left to share the family house after their parents have departed for retirement in Jamaica.

Under the guidance of Charlie Hanson and Michael Dolenz (yes, *that* Michael Dolenz), the cast of players — Black, Kay, Victor Romero, Judith Jacobs and Chris Tummings — developed the characters themselves, calling in Farrukh Dhondy and Mustapha Matura for the script's final polishing and honing.

— LLOYD BRADLEY

Virgin Records have agreed to take 500 of their special £1.00 campaigning badges (money goes to fuel the fleet) and if the response is good, they will take them nationwide. Rush down to the Megastore pronto.

On a slightly greener front, The Witan, a band whose objective is to communicate the ideas of ecology, anarchy and co-operation, have a single out on Witan Records called 'Butcher's Tale', taken from a forthcoming concept album called 'Tales From The Land Of The Afterglow'. Copies cost £1.25 from 65 Audley Road, Alsanger, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs ST7 2QW.

On the print front the best magazines around at present are *The Liberator* at 25p a copy from BUAV, 143 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0EE and *Outrage* at 30p per copy from Animal Aid, 111 High Street, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1DL.

—JOHN MAY

So just exactly what did Jackie Wilson say?

IT'S UNLIKELY that Jackie Wilson said much at all that was comprehensible during the past six years and more, having collapsed onstage in concert during the mid '70s and lain inert in a coma ever since.

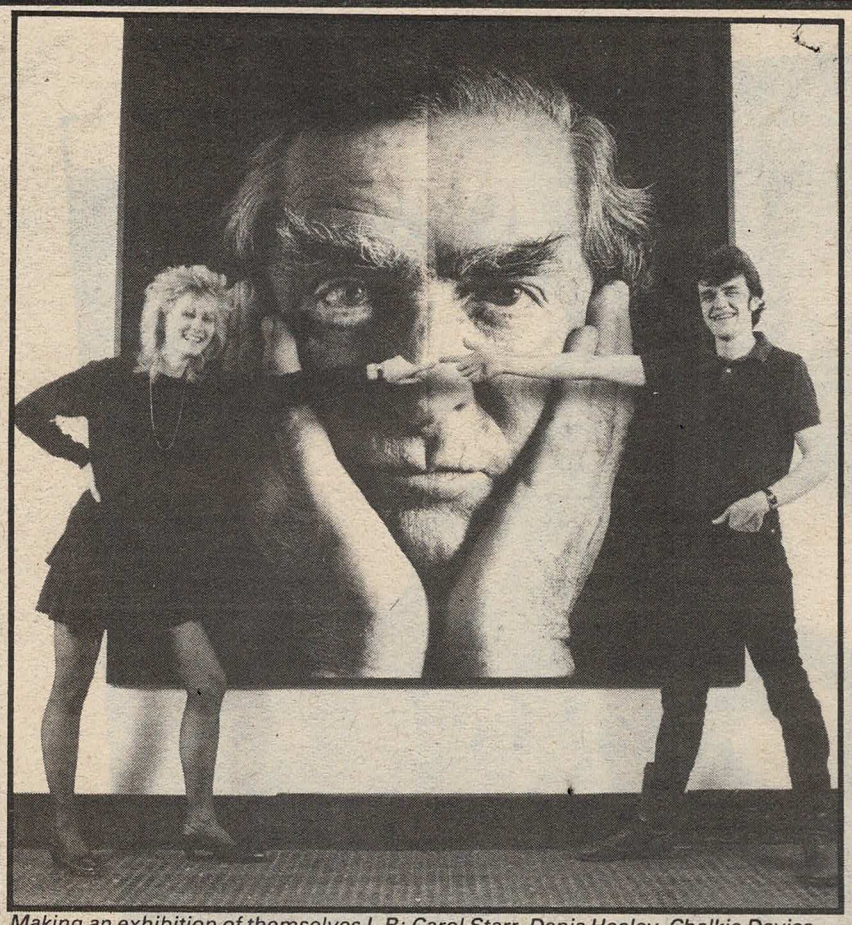
Prior to this cruel cutting down in his prime, the man had an impressive track record of solo waxings. Alongside Sam Cooke, Wilson can lay claim to being one of the first of the new breed soul singers that emerged out of R&B in the late '50s, scoring first with 'Reet Petite' and then going on to notch up a string of superior sides with hits such as 'Doggin' Around', 'Talk That Talk', 'Lonely Teardrops', 'Alone At Last', 'I'll Be Satisfied' (covered by Shakin' Stevens for his current single), 'We Have Love', 'Night', 'Higher And Higher' and others.

Born and schooled in Detroit, Jackie's big break came when he joined Billy Ward And The Dominoes and for three years was a contributing factor in the success and popularity the group enjoyed, appearing on top American TV shows such as *Colgate Comedy Hour* and the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

His biggest success in this country was with 'Reet Petite', being denied possible further achievement when the BBC slapped a ban on his 'Night' and 'Alone At Last' recordings due to their being based on popular classical pieces; 'Alone At Last' for instance taking the opening coda of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1.

Via Van Morrison, Dexys Midnight Runners provide a fitting tribute.

— PENNY REEL



Making an exhibition of themselves L-R: Carol Starr, Denis Healey, Chalkie Davies

Specks in the public eye

WALKING INTO the Photographers' Gallery, where the fruit of the three-year collaboration between Chalkie Davies, one-time *NME* staff photographer, and Canadian-born Carol Starr is being shown, my first impression is one of awe that so much can be captured in 'straight' portraits. Titled *Public Properties* the photographs of darlings of the public eye have the timeless elegance of true classics, capturing the poise and charisma that makes hero out of mortal.

Adorning the first wall are full-length shots of figures ranging from Pete Townshend to Ian Botham and from a Falklands paratrooper to Bryony Brind of the Royal Ballet, each painstakingly printed exactly the height of the subject. A variety of facial portraits follow, as well as some more unusual exhibits. Running along one side of the room is a series of telephones, the relevance of which Chalkie explaines to me.

"Photographs are all very well, but to complete any person's protrait you need to provide some sort or insight to their character. Starr and I decided we could do this by asking each one to read out a piece of prose of their choice or to talk to us about anything they wanted. We taped these and connected them onto the phones so that someone walking through the exhibition can look at a picture, then pick up a phone and have their mental image completed."

At the entrance of the room, a full-length portrait of Pamela Stephenson lies on the floor. I wonder aloud at its significance.

"It's meant to add an element of voyeurism to the exhibition while at the same time testing the effect on the viewer of having an exhibit, especially Pamela Stephenson, on the ground. It's interesting to watch people coming in — almost everyone I've seen so far has tiptoed around it. I'd like to see positive reactions ... *even someone stamping on it!*"

Apart from the portraits, there are several album covers on the wall.

"I've done a lot of LP covers since I went freelance in '77 ... for people like Elvis Costello, Pete Townshend, Paul McCartney and Elton John ... but I've also done some work for papers and magazines — from *The Times* and *Sunday Times* to spreads for *The Face* and *Time Out*."

So what do you think of photography in *NME* nowadays?

"Well I'm glad to see the development in attitude. It used to be the case of the token pic next to the article, but I think their relative importance has evened out more which is a good thing because you can't overestimate the visual impact of photos. I think Anton's incredible — the best thing that's ever happened to the *NME*.

The poses are a point I've been wondering about. Pete Townshend kissing his shoe, Sting lying in the grass . . .

"Starr and I have ideas in our minds of how we want the photo, and before the session, we test the poses on each other then see if they look right. There's lots of shots of us hugging guitars and grinning into the camera on the little tables near the phones. That's us testing out the poses."

— LEYLA SANAI

(Public Properties by Davies/Starr is open till the end of the month at the Photographer's Gallery, 5 Great Newport Street, WC2.)

Detail from 'The Legionnaire' by George Snow

THE ASSOCIATION Of Illustrators is currently holding its inaugural show, *First Choice*. The AOI was founded nine years ago to promote illustration and protect illustrators, and the exhibition marks the opening of the Associations' new galley. In effect the 'Best of British Illustration' on a small scale, the show features such luminaries as Conny Jude, Bush Hollyhead, Ralph Steadman, Gerald Scarfe and Sue Coe. Many of the exhibitors will be familiar from their illustrations in *NME*. The exhibition can be seen Monday-Friday, 10-6 until November 17. The Association Of Illustrators gallery is at 1 Colville Place, off Charlotte Street, London W1.

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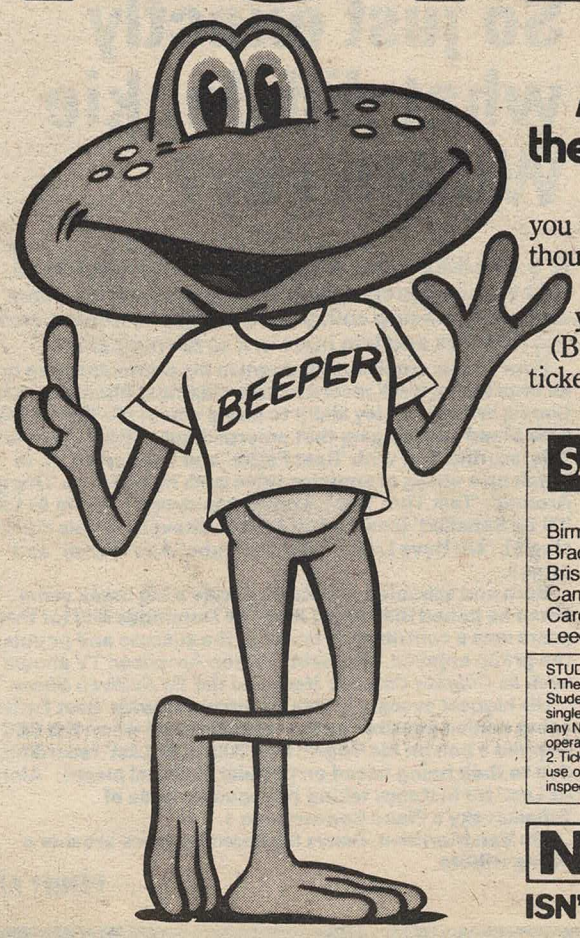

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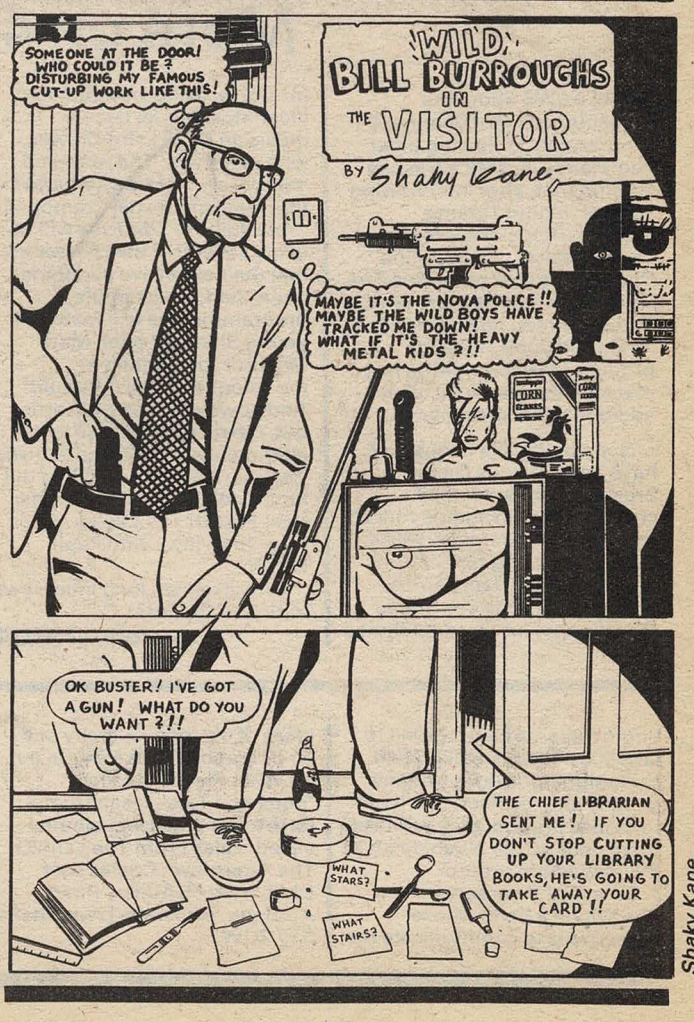
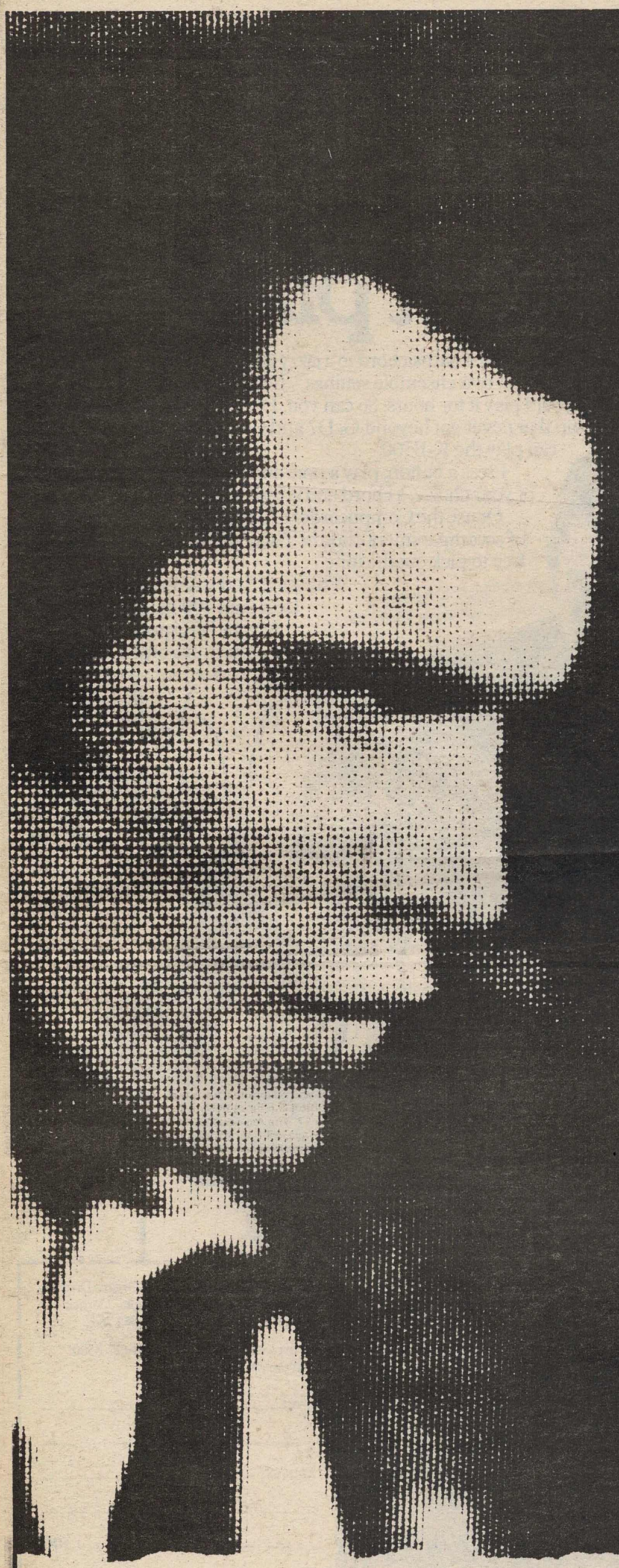
NATIONAL EXPRESS
ISN'T IT TIME YOU CAUGHT UP WITH THE COACH?


SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! WHO COULD IT BE? DISTURBING MY FAMOUS CUT-UP WORK LIKE THIS!
WILD BILL BURROUGHS IN THE VISITOR
BY Shaky Kane
MAYBE IT'S THE NOVA POLICE!! MAYBE THE WILD BOYS HAVE TRACKED ME DOWN! WHAT IF IT'S THE HEAVY METAL KIDS?!!
OK BUSTER! I'VE GOT A GUN! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!!
THE CHIEF LIBRARIAN SENT ME! IF YOU DON'T STOP CUTTING UP YOUR LIBRARY BOOKS, HE'S GOING TO TAKE AWAY YOUR CARD!!
WHAT STAIRS?
WHAT STAIRS?
Shaky Kane



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"The JVC K-B500. I'd get one even if I couldn't play."

"Frankly I thought portable single keyboards belonged on the toy counter at Woollies.

But when JVC asked me to play their new K-B500, I was prepared to be diplomatic. They wanted me to play for 10 minutes. They asked me to stop after an hour.

It was stereo. Real stereo. Through its own speakers or through my hi-fi.

Then I saw this button. Ultra-chord it said. So I pressed it. And when I fingered a note I got the kind of chord accompaniment that only a 3 handed Martian could play.

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So listen. The K-B500 is the best portable keyboard I've heard. You can play it anywhere – the back of a bus, on the street, even in a car. As long as somebody else is driving. It can sound like 8 different instruments. Everything from a harpsichord to a jazzy clarinet. It's the only single keyboard with two ensemble settings – brass or strings.

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Press a button, play a note and you'll hear the rhythm of your choice, a chord and a base line.

Or use the Compucorder to programme up to 126 bars of accompaniment chords. Then you've got two hands free to pick out the tune.

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JVC is the trademark of the Victor Company of Japan.

The pow pow pow power of . . .

Serious Drinking — making their point by degrees. L-R: Eugene, Lance, Jem, Andy, Martin. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

AMRIK RAI goes to Norwich for some serious talk about punk, politics and satire. Herbert doesn't make it . . .

FOR SOME TIME now, John Peel has been intoxicated by the budding delights of Serious Drinking, Garry Bushell's been getting his Serious Drinking thinking all wrong, and even Ray Lowry has been detected in furtive advocation of Serious Drinking.

With all these famous people already aboard, it must be high time you were introduced to this high-risk, non-hedonistic practice. So . . . let's get Serious boy.

Just as Leeds University provided a convenient tense focal point for the extra-curricular activities of the likes of The Mekons and Gang Of Four, so, four years on, it's the University of East Anglia that carries the namecheck for spewing out 1982's guitars with screaming consciences.

The punky discord of Serious Drinking is just one of the multitude of sounds grooving out of the Norwich sticks at the moment, close in the wake of the much-maligned Higson brothers.

Where Serious Drinking stand out from the sound-of-the-crowd thrash is in the fact that advance orders for their debut single — a chaotic affair called 'Love On The Terraces' due for release on Upright Records, the British version of The Dead Kennedys' Alternative Tentacles Label — already number well into the thousands. But why does a name as seemingly banal as this one command so much attention at even this early stage?

Blurring, as they do, the twin vocal Mekonian rant with the wracked-chord axe-attack of Gang Of Four, entwining puerile comic strip art with a not inconsiderable quantity of sensible thinking, Serious Drinking stutter purposefully through a fusion of acrid punky rap peppered with a liberal incisive sarcasm.

'Love On The Terraces' itself provides an absurd travesty of the hackneyed Haircuts' 'boy meets girl' situation transposed onto the sordid environment of a football terrace — a landscape incomplete without a pint of 'snakebite' in each luvvy-duvvy hand and chat-up lines encompassing ACR and The Cockney Rejects, ball games and beer names and plenty of sly innuendo to boot.

On a recent sortie to Norwich, I asked the band how relevant their shaky satire could possibly be within these self-imposed punkish limitations. Gathered around a bar (where else?), the assembled Drinkers reply with considerable hesitation. Those present include Andy the guitar dynamo, drummer Lance, Jem the black-haired billy bassist and Eugene, the brace'n'boots crop-head who makes up one half of the deadly vocal duo. The other half, Martin, has moved down to East Ham and couldn't make it up to Norfolk in time.

Jem finally decides to answer: "Satire's always been an important part of Serious Drinking, from the name onwards."

The name does sound too crass for words.

"It all stemmed from Garry Bushell really," Andy explains. "He used to write all these duff articles and every time he'd say something really crass like 'and then we went down the boozer for some serious driking'. The name was just a pisstake of that."

"And the strange thing is," Jem continues, "Bushell's somehow picked up on the name and gone crazy about it. We get a mention in *Sounds* almost every week and he's even dedicated the new Oi album to us, as being at the helm of his new 'herbert' thing, whereas we're quite far emoved from anything like that. Sure we play fun music . . . but we're not stupid."

"It's ridiculous really," Andy concludes, "the single's doing well but for a lot of wrong reasons. Bushell's pushing us non-stop and he obviously hasn't got a clue who we are or what we're doing. He'll have a nice shock when he reads that most of us have got degrees in the *NME*, anyway. I can't stand the creep, he manipulates so many people in a very suspect way."

With the exception of Lance, every Drinker has done time at the local university. On the face of it, the marriage of supposedly intellectual minds and plebeian escapism through drink, football and sex (and roughly in that order) harbours perverse paradox. Eugene, a mild-mannered boy for all the outwardly aggressive look, disagrees strongly.

"As you said, we've probably got more in common with The Mekons and Gang Of Four than we have with The Sex Pistols or The Clash," Jem adds. "We do have something to say. OK, maybe it's hidden too far behind this fun and games and escapism thing at the moment but, speaking from a personal viewpoint, I'd like to introduce much more of a political feel to the band . . . more of a sense of purpose."

Isn't it a little bit risky? Judging from bands like The Au Pairs, and even looking back at Pursey's Sham and their personal politics schtick, the pitfalls may be bigger than the ones you're facing at the moment.

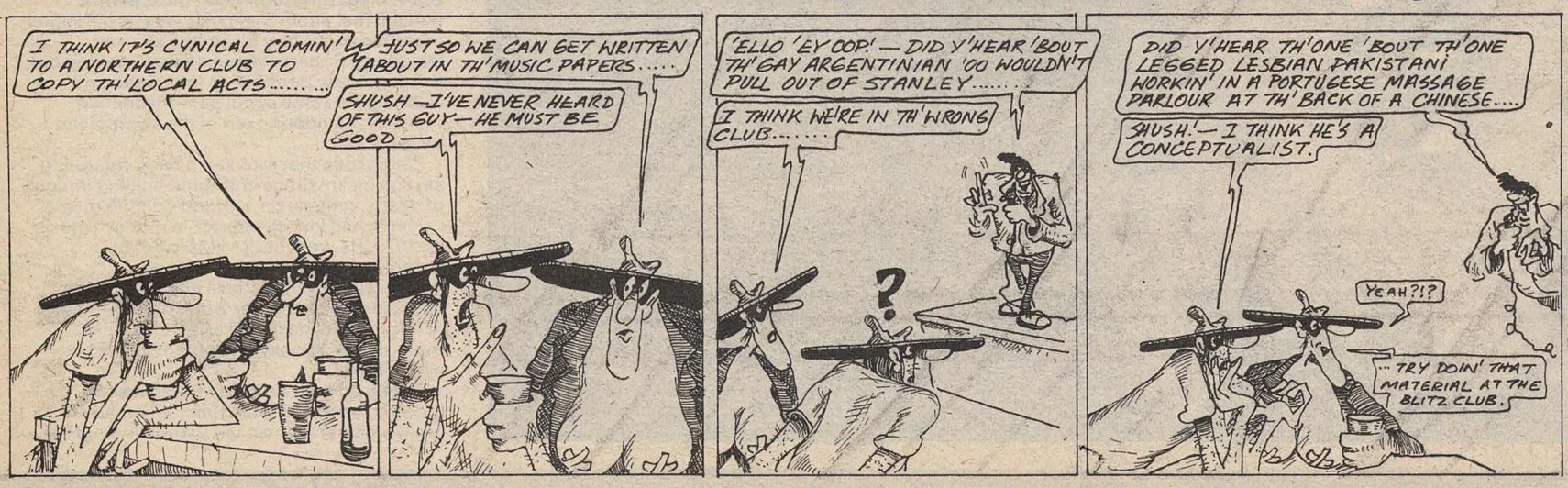
"There's a choice," Andy decides. "You can either be like The Au Pairs where the only people interested in them at all are already like-minded souls . . . they hold no relevance at all outside of their closed shop of followers and it's all a waste of time and energy . . . or you can shout louder and still not be heard like Sham. I can still remember Jimmy Pursey crying 'cos everyone was 'seig heiling' and ignoring what he had to say totally. What we want to do is something a lot more subtler . . . but, at the same time, we're not big-headed enough to think we know it all or anything."

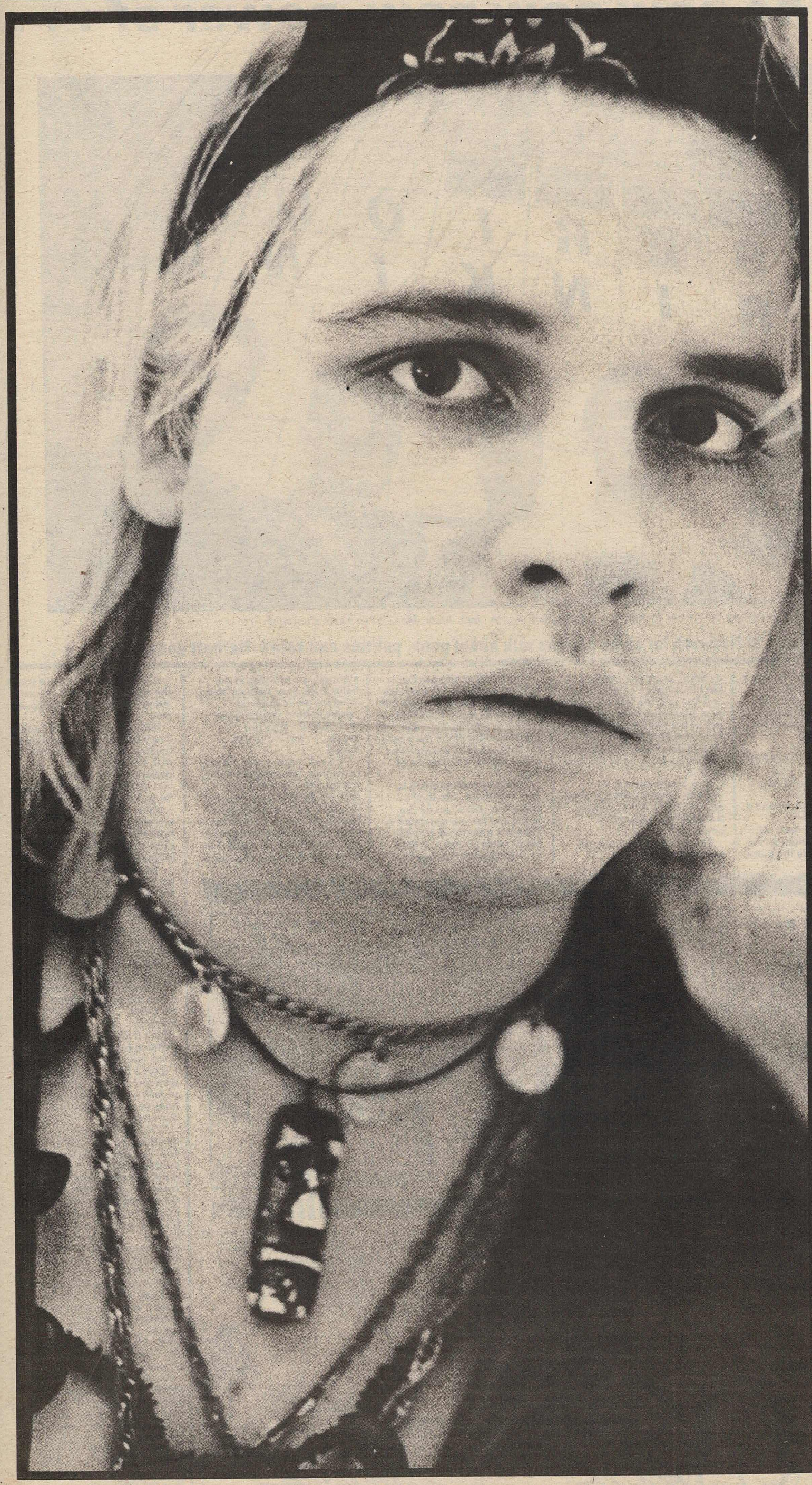
For the time being, Serious Drinking are happy enough with leadingsinglesoftheweek status in several pop journals, persistent session repetition and airplay from John Peel and a music steeped in the nouveau punk tradition of riotous fun and laughs. But just wait 'til they get SERIOUS.

note oilskin base — lowry

She lured him to adventure!
AT THE NEGLECTED BLANKET CLUB, THE COUNTRY AND WESTERN BOOM CONTINUES..
STAND BY YOUR MAN!!
HOW INSUFFERABLY CRASS..
MEAT LOAF
TIPSY, AGAIN..
DO YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE EYES LIKE CAMP BEDS
WHAT A CRASHING BORE..
EMBOLDENED, MONTY PRESSES HIS ADVANTAGE..
I'VE PROBABLY STUNNED HER WITH THE ORIGINALITY OF MY OBSERVATIONS. -I'VE CRACKED IT!.
CONT. P. 96...
JAN LEEMING LOOKALIKE
LATER..
I CAN SAY, 'DO YOU FEEL LUCKY, PUNK?' IN FOURTEEN FOREIGN LANGUAGES..
WHAT ABOUT THE WORLD-WIDE CRISIS OF CAPIT-ALISM?
BACK AT THE TENT AGAIN....
WORLDWIDE CRISIS OF CAPITALISM! IT WOULD NEVER HAVE WORKED OUT. SHE HAD ABSOLUTELY NO SMALLTALK..
BILLS. BILLS. BILLS.
LONDON DANCE INSTITUTE
Note oil-skin base
NEXT WEEK-BRING BACK CONSCRIPTION', T-SHIRT OFFER!

the lone groover — benyon


I THINK IT'S CYNICAL COMIN' TO A NORTHERN CLUB TO COPY TH' LOCAL ACTS.....
JUST SO WE CAN GET WRITTEN ABOUT IN TH' MUSIC PAPERS.....
SHUSH—I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THIS GUY—HE MUST BE GOOD—
'ELLO 'EY COP! — DID Y'HEAR 'BOUT TH' GAY ARGENTINIAN 'OO WOULDN'T PULL OUT OF STANLEY.....
I THINK WE'RE IN TH' WRONG CLUB.....
?
DID Y'HEAR TH'ONE 'BOUT TH'ONE LEGGED LESBIAN PAKISTANI WORKIN' IN A PORTUGESE MASSAGE PARLOUR AT TH' BACK OF A CHINESE....
SHUSH!— I THINK HE'S A CONCEPTUALIST.
YEAH?!?
... TRY DOIN' THAT MATERIAL AT THE BLITZ CLUB.



CLUB

PAUL DU NOYER encounters Jeffrey Lee Pierce of THE GUN CLUB, and discovers how their hillbilly trash is fuelled on death and sex. Photos PENNIE SMITH.

1. All dressed up like an Elvis from Hell

JEFFREY LEE PIERCE, eyes closed, lies on his back and groans about how wasted he's getting. He doesn't know what state he'll be in by tonight's show — when his group The Gun Club make their UK debut, a one-off at London's Venue — or even if he'll make it at all.

A sacrilegious crucifix hangs down over his leather jacket, along with a fearsome array of animal teeth. A red bandana is wrapped around his cowboy boot, and lank strands of Blondie-esque hair arrange themselves across his bloated face. This boy doesn't look to be in good shape at all.

And yet, he says, he'd be happy with a job in the US Library of Congress, buried in its archives of long-lost American music, exploring the bewildering richness of the continent's folk heritage, its gory lore and legends and all the unsung heroes who forged it and made some precious makeshift art out of it all.

His love and fascination for all that stuff is obsessive and his knowledge is impressive. But he still doesn't look like anyone's idea of a librarian.

And The Gun Club, steeped as their music is in arcane influences and esoteric inspirations, don't sound one bit like academic revivalists. It's all there to be *used,* Pierce insists, not just to be stuck in some museum and revered. It's not as if people have really changed since those old songs were written — the same passions, fears, still apply. So you don't go back to the originals to pay sterile tribute, but to find fuel for your own fire.

PIERCE IS FROM Texas, grew up in California, and spent the rest of his time anywhere and everywhere from New York to Jamaica, New Orleans to El Salvador.

Back in Los Angeles ("a desert. A great big boring stinking desert. Everybody's an alcoholic.") he started up The Gun Club with Kid Congo, who went on to join The Cramps. Pierce says he formed a group just to fight off the crushing, soul-destroying emptiness of life in that town, and so he could get into clubs for free. He thought they'd play maybe six shows and then explode back into nowhere.

But somewhere along the line The Gun Club came good. Last year they cut a great first album 'Fire Of Love' for Slash Records. (Pierce, in his time, did some rock writing for *Slash* magazine, too.) What most people noticed first about the music was its deranged mutation of country blues (the LP even included a Robert Johnson song) howling out through a raw punk attack that raged and crashed like some awful pain-maddened monster, blundering out of the swampland undergrowth.

Pierce rode that monster's back, mouthing savage incantations and spine-chilling images of death, vengeance, sex and voodoo magic.

Pierce had lost all interest in modern music by 1979. He went back to Marc Bolan, Creedence, old R&B, then kept on "regressing". What drives him now, is the re-discovery of pre-war white music — most of it forgotten, despised as hillbilly trash, much of it as spooky and potent as the black man's blues.

But for all that, he kept a fondness for Blondie: he met Debbie Harry when he presented her with an old Standells single at a

COUNTRY

record-store autograph session. He moved up to New York and helped run the group's fanclub. And Debbie and Chris Stein helped Gun Club make another LP. 'Miami', released the other week, is on Stein's Animal label and he produces it. Debbie Harry even sings on it.

And 'Miami' is another great album: smoother, more professional than its predecessor, but lacking none of The Gun Club's violent virtue.

2. The Fire Of Love

"I DIDN'T KNOW what I wanted to call it. After you've written all these songs and put so much into it, and someone says, OK, what are you gonna call it? It's so hard, I mean, figure out a *title* for all this shit, all this work? Title it? I wish it could just be blank. . .

"I'm a lot happier with this title, 'Miami', because it encompasses everything that's in there, in the record."

How's that? It just sounds like a place name to me.

"It basically has to do with my absolute conviction that Miami is the biggest death house in the world. The East Coast just sends all its unwanted old people down there to die. I saw people dropping dead in the streets. It was one of the most morbid things I've ever seen, like an elephant's graveyard. Decorated to look like a tropical resort! The whole idea that the Americans have *created* something like that seemed to be simultaneously the most amazing thing I could think of, and one of the saddest. Disgusting in one way, and ingenious in another!

"There's a lot of young kids go down there too, and they've got nothing to do. There's probably more drugs in that town than anywhere else in America; tons of junkies. And all the West Indians, practising lots of magic. I just think that town alone seems to be the sum total of everything I wrote on that record. It's like, if I ever did something and they put me on trial, and had to do something with me, well, they should just send me to Miami!

"I guess at the time I really felt pretty hopeless. Chris and Debbie were saying, Jesus, the world's not gonna end, what are you so depressed about?

"Somebody said to me the difference between the first record and this one was the first was fiery and crazy, but this one's more like a dirge. That's exactly what it is, a dirge. At the time I was going backwards and forwards to hospital, I had a bourbon drinking problem, swollen liver, been on tour for about eight months. I was all these things coming to a head until you reach a point where you're just completely burnt-out and wasted.

"The album probably *sounds* clearer 'cos we had money to produce it correctly. And Chris and Debbie took all this dirgy self-centred neurosis and made it sound like a nice record.

"I'm in a better mood now, but last June I was just too damned self-destructive, too depressed about the friends I'd lost, the home I'd lost, the complete loss of identity when you don't live anywhere, just jumping from one town to another. All personal identity goes out the window. You don't have a mother or a girlfriend, 'cos they're way back, like a 100 years ago before all this shit started. That's when you get real morbid, like Hank Williams did. You gotta be careful, there's so many casualties.".

3. The key to the highway

FOR THE FUTURE, Pierce sees himself developing the country strain exemplified by the last track of 'Miami' the dark and morose 'Mother Of Earth'. Beyond that notion, he's chronically vague about what happens next.

"Who knows? That's so long from now. Maybe I'll be a raving Nazi by then, or convert to the Jewish religion. Maybe I'll have no control over what I'm doing. It's too bad all this didn't happen a few years ago, because I was pretty much a well-controlled kid. Now I'm too far gone. . .

"I've got two opposite directions I wanna go in. I kinda like that chiming psychedelic sound, and on the other hand I like that real country and western thing. But I couldn't do that with The Gun Club. I'd have to start something new — the first drugged-out country singer or something. I would love to run around just writing slow E-minor country songs — every one about heroin and death! Play 'em all on the Grand Ol' Opry!

"But," he reflects, suddenly wistful, "they would probably never allow that. They don't have much of a sense of humour."

I mention the resistance to country music which still exists, maybe as the best old stuff has been buried, overlaid by three decades of saccharine rubbish.

"That's the damn Yankees. The notherners always take southern things and slick 'em up for the major market. By the time they get over here you get a very diluted version.

"Whereas the southerners live down there in that damned heat, and there's no money down there, it's economically destitute. A place like Mississippi is as badly off as El Salvador. And all those people down there are completely out of their minds. Absolutely. A lot of those people aren't controllable. . .

". . .I've started up all these bands now. I decided I got sick of doing just one band"

He wakes up out of maudlin reverie to tell me about his new projects. There's a group he plays guitar for, Tex And The Horse Head.

"We play all standards like 'Big Boss Man', make 'em all sound like 'Sister Ray'. It's like where Gun Club's set ends, this one begins."

Then there's a group with Dee Pop of The Bush Tetras, and more work with Stein and Harry. And *then* there's a plan for an act called "Led Zeppelin, A Tribute To The Doors", the idea being they'd all wear blond wigs and not play a single Doors tune, or else do them skiffle style. They tried, unsuccessfully, to enlist Ray Manzarek — "but I don't think he found it too funny".

4. Good ol' boys

"I HATE ELVIS Presley's guts. He got so bad in his later years, this dreadful symbol of America. Typical southerner, everybody in the south deteriorates. I mean, I'm deteriorating right here in front of you now! Everybody eventually becomes a big burnt-out wasted alcoholic. It's just the style in that part of the world. They just can't seem to do it any other way. It's not a very healthy part of the country for me to be in.

"By the time I got to New York I was a raving maniac. Debbie got real worried about me. But all those country singers, the Texas people, they destroy themselves. Unless they make a lot of money, like Willie (Nelson) or Waylon (Jennings), or they hook up with a really good woman to straighten them out.

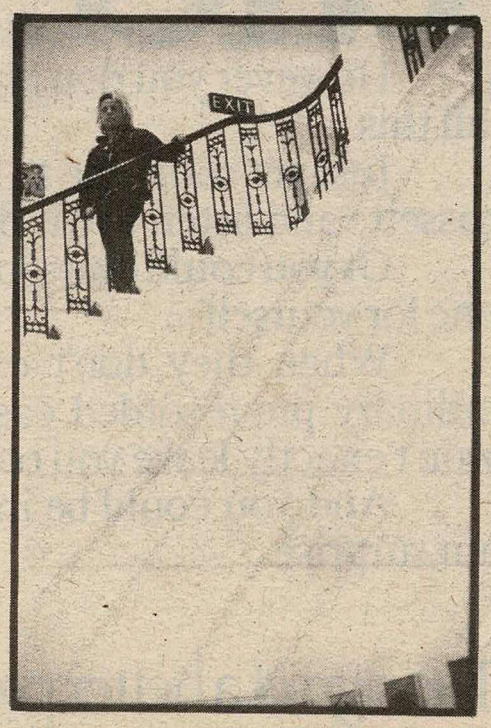
"But Elvis is ridiculous, and people are so reverent about him. I think *nothing's* reverent. I guess I'm very blasphemous. I think everything should be made fun of."

5. The End

"I DON'T really live anywhere anymore. All my stuff's in storage. I was in New York for a month, that was the longest I spent in one place for a year. Friends start to become important to you because you never see them at all. You're always arriving in towns like Norfolk Virginia or some shit, and you don't know *anybody*, and you look funny, and they all hate you, and think you're gay 'cos you're wearing a leather jacket. . .So you just stay in your hotel room and watch TV and. . .

"Uh. . .It's all gonna come together eventually. I just wish they'd have a great big war or something. Just so people had something to *do*."

Releax, he doesn't mean it, he's not that far gone. Not yet. What I'd like to see Jeffrey Lee Pierce do now is make one, two more LPs like 'Miami'. Then find some good woman to straighten him out. Then maybe take that job with the Library of Congress.



Monsoon

Tomorrow Never Knows
7" & 12" Out Now

Hearing aid.

This symbol is going to be appearing on more and more pre-recorded cassettes.

In fact, if you've recently bought a tape of 'Complete Madness' or Blondie's 'The Hunter,' you may already be wondering what it's all in aid of.

If you've listened to them, on the other hand, you may already have discovered.

Because it means that the cassette has been recorded on chromdioxid tape.

Chromdioxid is set to change the quality of pre-recorded cassettes as much as Dolby did in the early '70s.

If you think that sounds a trifle exaggerated, try the proverbial simple test.

Listen to an ordinary pre-recorded version of a piece of music you know well.

Then listen to the same piece on a record.

The difference is, to say the least, noticeable.

Do the same with a chromdioxid pre-recorded cassette, though, and it's a different story.

Because chromdioxid covers a much wider dynamic range than you'll find on conventional pre-recorded cassettes.

In other words, high frequency response (the treble end of the scale) is sharp enough to pick out every instrument with unrivalled clarity.

While bass response is full enough for the most reverberating of reggae riffs.

And background hiss (which always used to be the big drawback of cassettes) is inaudible even in the quietest moments of Supertramp.

In fact, whether you're listening to a bit of Leo Sayer or some ear-splitting heavy metal, chromdioxid makes it virtually impossible to distinguish between a pre-recorded cassette and a record.

But the real beauty of these new cassettes is that they're designed to be played at the normal bias setting.

Which means you can get these results when you play them on portable cassette players like the Sony Walkman, in cars and on music centres.

However you don't have to take our word for all this.

Just get someone to lend you a chromdioxid cassette and listen to the difference it makes.

Or you could even go mad and go out and buy one for yourself.

When they don't cost a penny more than ordinary pre-recorded cassettes, they won't exactly leave you out of pocket.

And you could be in for a pleasant surprise.

CHROM
FOR HIGHER QUALITY

The sign of a better pre-recorded cassette.

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY GAVIN MARTIN

THERE'S NO SINGLE OF THE WEEK; a situation which I find disappointing, having returned to the country to find our pop charts in as healthy a state as they've been for some considerable time. But searching through a daunting pile of over 100 new singles there's nothing that stamps its identity hard and fast over the proceedings, nothing that comes hurtling into place with breathtaking certainty, nothing to make me melt. In short, nothing to get worked up about. I'd gladly swop most of what we have here — the majority of which escapes drab mediocrity by being plain *bad* — for one Fat Larry, Musical Youth, Shalamar, Evelyn King, Culture Club, Rockers Revenge, Grandmaster Flash or the wild re-recording of **DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Jackie Wilson Said (I'm In Heaven When You Smile) (Phonogram)** which hasn't been reviewed in this paper. Instead, we're left with several under-achievers whose records lack that final push, the X factor that separates the pleasant from the special.

CLOSE BUT NO CIGAR

WILLIE HUTCH: In and Out (Motown Import)
THE COMMODORES: Lucy (Motown)
The Label That Could Have Saved The World if only it was still a little hungry, if only it was still based in Detroit, if only it was still a bit age-ist in its outlook (the sound of young hip black or white America). But who could begrudge Gordy and his cohorts all those megabucks, LA mansions and a refined new audience after all the joys and glories they've left behind?

'Lucy' is a fine stately ballad. Slightly country in flavour it unfurls from a nice little piano motif into a big bold stirring epic which blunders well short of Immaculate Conception but is saved by the rich timbre of main voice Commodore. A performance reminiscent of Elton John at his best, although like ol' Four Eyes, The Commodores could benefit immeasurably from stronger songs.

Mr Hutch's single represents what may be Motown's most successful invitation to the modern dance so far. The label has always seemed a little uncomfortable on the disco floor, never able to counter the harshness and extremes of the sound and mixing with the same daring or vivacity as some of their contemporaries. Derivative as it may be, 'In And Out' (lyrics taken from *My Big Book Of Disco For Beginners)* overcomes past weaknesses by keeping it simple at the base and piling on layer after layer until the drum machine, scathing guitar, synthesiser hysteria, steamhammer bass and hi-flying cymbal figures have concocted a dizzying, compulsive romp. At seven minutes it's a pretty relentless romp, too.

MAVERICK OF THE WEEK

CHAMPION DOUG VEITCH: Lumiere Urban (Drum)
A drained pint glass and accordian sit on the bar top. On a high stool dressed in lumberjack shirt, fraying sombrero, kilt, sporran and steel toecapped cowboy boots Doug Veitch gazes wistfully at his empty beaker and a framed photo of his loved one who has left for the city lights. I was loathe to endorse this at first, as it was sold to me on Celtic eccentricity chic; I'm a mad drunk Scotsman, buy me. As a responsible journalist I can't go round endorsing any old wino north of Hadrian's wall who decides to put out a record, and though I couldn't help but fall for the excellent cover shot I had Doug labelled as a cross-Atlantic legendary Stardust Cowboy — all whacky concept and no real gist — before we'd even began.

Actually 'Lumiere Urban' is a genuinely absorbing piece of Clydeside cajun. From nowhere we're confronted with violins, peddle steels, trumpets, double bass, accordian and trombone — slithering round, wheezing in, dubbing up and jigging down. Hank Williams meets Augustus Pablo while Andy Stewart takes notes. One for drunks and headcases of all ages.

DON'T PISS DOWN MY BACK AND TELL ME IT'S RAINING

BILLY MACKENZIE: Ice Cream Factory (WEA)
The way my colleagues talk about our Billy I keep expecting to hear the greatest, grandest, sweetest, creamiest most luscious voice of the new pop era every time he opens his mouth. What do I get? — a malformed alley cat shriek, a voice trying so hard to be *rilly individual* that it loses all sense of verve and clarity. 'Ice Cream Factory' is jingle time gibberish similar to all those wasted opportunities on 'Pelican West' with Bill turning in his usual "David Bowie being severally harassed by hungry whippets" vocal. Music to make the flesh creep.

ABBA BA BLACK SHEEP

ABBA: The Day Before You Came (Epic)
THOMAS LEDIN AND AGNETHA FALTSFOG: Never Again (Epic)
FRIDA: Turn To Stone (Epic)
The worst mistake Abba ever made was forsaking their crashing, thunderous pop for winsome adult(ery) sermonising and divorcee rock. 'The Day Before You Came' is a weedy narrative, a typically self piteous and po-faced example of the genre *("I must have read the morning paper on the way into town and having got through the editorial I guess I must have frowned.")*

Meanwhile, Frida follows up her big 'Something's Going On' flop with a song that has even less chance of getting in the charts than its predecessor.

THE THE: Uncertain Smile (Epic)
What a wonderful state the world must be when a mushroom casualty like Stevo can elicit literally thousands of pounds from record companies in exchange for fey, precocious electro whimsy. But let's leave Soft Cell out of this. Matt Johnston is the new bore with the synth snore and wet fourth form poetry. The song and the words drone away in the most inoffensive, inactive manner possible. Matt sings as plaintively as a mountain goat at milking time with no one to squeeze his udders. A very rich goat, but a goat nonetheless.

ESG: Dance To (99)
When the young ladies from New York go for percussive heavy dance rotes with the electro bop they do it possessed of a good deal more intent and sly humour than their British counterparts. But speaking as one who sold his feet to '60s soul some time ago, more than a minute of any of these mechanical thud thud Nuremburg disco opera is as dull as dishwater and a surefire sedative.

Aye, aye — it's Billy Mackenzie *Pic: Peter Anderson*

BIG COUNTRY: Harvest Home (Phonogram)
Ex-Skid Stuart Adamson comes into view with a new band and a new look. Men of the wilds! Grimaces! Muscles!
The Big Country, raw, rough and ready — another beacon of inspiration to dispirited pop fans everywhere. I thought they'd be up, up and away with a few ropes and a pickaxe, over the photographer's mountain-prop before I'd have time to finish the review. But the sound, the sound, aargh the sound — dour declamations over an ugly spartan beat — the mouth-full-of-gobstopper vocals and the strident upper register lead guitar do battle to the fatuous, brittle end.

MONSOON: Tomorrow Never Knows (Phonogram)
THE BEATLES: Love Me Do (Parlophone)
The Beatles made two telling errors in their career. One was the long coda at the end of 'Hey Jude', which opened the flood gates for similar atrocities from several sources, the other was rubbish from their hallucinogenic curry period like this Monsoon single. To hear dear sweet Sheila Chandra sing words like *"Listen to the colour of your dream"* without wincing is further proof of the damage done. Ms Chandra's advisers certainly know how to play it safe, this song fits perfectly into their pop-up picture book guide to India laid out on her previous singles.

A pity we couldn't all pretend 'Love Me Do' never existed, because without it The Beatles would have a track record of over 20 truly sterling singles. But here it is again with its squeaky sound, ho hum melody and nasal vocals. Good cover shot though of eight bloodhound eyes recovering from the great Hamburg pep pill and booze binge.

DIANA ROSS: Muscles (Capitol)
MARVIN GAYE: (Sexual) Healing (CBS)
Lady Di is obviously trying to keep a grip on the youth market by enlisting the services of 'mad' Michael Jackson as both writer and producer of her new single.

It's hard to picture the man with the cheeky little grin penning words like *"I just want a man I can hold on to, I want muscle"*, but along with the lolling Imagination type tune and the doo be doo back-up vocals they're all his own work. 'Muscles' is ultimately a shallow, vacant little piece. It sounds as if half the scheduled musicians didn't turn up in time for the session and those that did were afraid to play any higher than Ms Ross' frail vocals.

Marvin's life after Motown single never really gets off the ground either, the whole thing sounding like a warm-up for some real meaty business. A fine voice, a few innovations and several classic moments behind him, Marvin's three main calling cards have always been — Christianity, charity and sex (a trinity which one thinks belies an altogether more hedonistic lifestyle). Given past glories, '(Sexual) Healing' is an undeniably hack title and, as it turns out, an undeniably hack tune, being the nth re-write of 'Let's Get It On', this time with a drum machine over the top.

THE BLUEBELLS: Forevermore (London)
Whimsical cooing, jangling guitars and studiously integrated strings. The Bluebells are attempting to bring pristine melodic pop back to the record shop. But it arrived there a few months ago when CBS issued the great cut price 'Best Of The Byrds Volume One' which shows up palsy faced, yellow belly crud like this for what it is.

SQUEEZE: Annie Get Your Gun (A&M)
Deptford pub rock band make their parting shot with a song they've written 20 times if they've written it once. A chirpy little guitar dominated pop ballad 'Annie' has a very Police-ish intro, though the pace soon quickens and towards the end of the song you realise how powerful the drums have been. By then it's a little too late: a mundane job performed well is the ultimate effect, although their orthodox down to business approach has a certain endearing quality when set against the majority of this week's competition.

COLD FISH: Love Me Today (CBS)
This is like the dire, loathsome, beneath contempt (am I getting the point across?) Altered Images with a 'serious' song and singer (read bleeding hearts and melodrama). Substitute synth swathes for Woolworth's toy counter tin guitars but keep the hollow head and the feckless heart and lo and behold CBS have a carrot to dangle in front of all the Clare Grogan fans growing up and discovering new braincells, gradually finding out there's more to life than nursery rhymes and midget gems.

THE DAMNED: Dozen Girls (Bronze)
SCARLET PARTY: 101 Dam-nations (Parlophone)
KING TRIGGER: Temptation (Chrysalis)
Pop music in its most depressingly unifrom and guttural state, three records that blare out loudly, bang their heads against so many metaphorical walls (inventiveness, style, attack . . .) and end up sounding like they were a chore to create, bereft of a glimmer of raw nerve or enthusiasm. The Damned is Saturday night with the lads rock trying to recapture the boiling anticipation of 'New Rose', but the bleary eyes can't focus on their goal and the beer bellys make nimble moves as remote as my chances of winning *Daily Mirror* super bingo.

My writing is more like James Joyce's than Scarlet Party's music is like The Beatles. Trying to sound like the mop-tops is the definite kiss of death for any aspiring combo because they end up sounding gammy and nauseous and are in the waste disposal before you can say The Pleasers or The Knack or The Rich Kids or...

All of these records sound like they were recorded by microphones insulated with cotton wool. Perhaps the studio engineers wanted to get on with the important business of playing gin rummy and rolling massive double enders — and with records like these who could begrudge them their solitary vices. In addition to the cotton wool mikes, however, King Trigger seem to have been lowered into a fathomless fjord off the Norwegian coast where they emit a treacherous sound akin to Ian McCullough with a hangover singing along to old Wagner records played at 16rpm.

BURNING SPEAR: Jah Is My Driver (Radic)
Don't get me wrong, I've nothing against spiritual devotion in music but *this*, you must be bloody joking. It's a dowdy death chant, lame production line stuff which would be shot down on sight were it from a white Englishman rather than a black Jamaican. But it's Burning Spear with primitive words of wisdom and a big bag of ganga, so the liberal critics sit at his feet and murmur appreciatively in hushed, reverential tones. Those that manage to stay awake that is.

THE COMSAT ANGELS: After The Rain (Polydor)
Happy death men from the provinces left without a leg to stand on these days when we've finally destroyed that whole hollow sorrow synthesiser mythology.

THE GYMSLIPS: 48 Crash (Abstract)
It was hopeless when Suzi Quatro recorded it and now it stinks worse than a kipper on compost.

THE FRESHIES: Fasten Your Seat Belts (Stiff)
Kleenex pop — use once and discard.

APOCALYPSE: Teddy (Jammin')
THE QUESTIONS: Work And Play (Respond)
Two Paul Weller productions, both very sub-Jam, the first a confused amalgam of tried and trusted Jam tunes and textures, the second a very stilted, very starched approximation of their latter day white funk forays.

PLAYLIST

(According to Danny Baker's Guidelines, 4.9.82)
VAN MORRISON: Moondance (Warners)
JULIA LEE: Can't Get Enough Of That Stuff (NME/Charly cassette)
GRAM PARSONS: Las Vegas (Warners)
JACKIE WILSON: That's Why (I Love You So) (Coral)
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL: Bad Moon Rising (Fantasy)
ARETHA FRANKLIN: Respect (Atlantic)
THE BEATLES Twist And Shout (Parlophone)
OTIS REDDING: Try A Little Tenderness (Atlantic)
VAN MORRISON: St Dominics Preview (Warners)
ELTON JOHN: Crocodile Rock (DJM)

THE

IT'S GEORGE'S birthday — no biological landmark but a time of transition for a boy about town with big ambitions.

Today is Tuesday, and Culture Club have a successful single that's just climbed the charts to number three. This same week has seen the release of their first LP. Tonight there's a concert for London's Capital Radio to be broadcast from Camden Palace. And almost overnight Boy George has become a bonafide popstar, a public figure with a famous face.

The Boy's full of beans, but not completely bowled over. He looks back on a life that's been crammed with fun, and turns towards the future with a trace of trepidation. For a boy who has always seemed accessible, unselfconscious and almost everywhere at once — whether working in a clothes shop off Carnaby Street or unostentatiously enjoying himself in the thick of London nightlife, there's an inkling of other considerations soon to be confronted . . .

"The other day I went into a hamburger shop on Oxford Street. I was dressed up and I forgot. I mean, I don't feel there's anything *to* forget. I was hungry and I thought I'd better get something to eat. These little kids got round me in a circle, poking me. It was quite amusing, because they were going, Are you the girl from Culture Club? And I said, Well, actually I'm not a girl.

"It's great, all that, because you don't deliberately set out to do anything, and I really haven't. I don't think I look like a girl, I'm just a bloke with bit of an ego problem, I suppose."

GEORGE ARRIVES at the Virgin offices immaculately attired, his long hair falling in a profusion of plaits from under a high hat, his face perfectly painted, the bone-structure delicately shaded and his eyes emphasised with discreet shades of lilac.

Spend a few minutes in his company and George's appearance and personality blend into a happy, lively, harmonious whole. But when we walk through West London to look for some lunch, strollers stop to gape and double-take.

The Boy is as bold as brass and has the cheek of the devil. When a workman leaning from some scaffolding rudely attracts his attention, not sure at the distance whether he's ogling an object of ridicule or arousal, George looks up sharply.

"Jump, wanker!" he shouts.

Boy George drinks tea and eats steak and baked potatoes. He's an anti-elitist who squashes pretension and pounces on pomposity. George is shrewd and candid, occasionally spiteful and well attuned to the sheer absurdity of his own situation. Warm and witty, with one of those faces that explode into a smile, The Boy's no fool and you'll

When is a boy not a boy and even mistaken for a girl? When he's THE BOY of course. Here he talks about gender, culture and fashion plus the things that keep a boy swinging . . .

STORY: LYNN HANNA PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

EVERYBOY CULTURE

occasionally catch him shooting you an appraising look from under his long lashes. Just as Culture Club are making some of the most logical and delightful pop of the present, so George is all set to become one of the best of modern music stars. Sane in the right places and humane where it matters most, with sufficient self-respect not to take himself too seriously, George is garrulous and fizzy — but not too dizzy.

Point him in the general direction of a question and he's off on a quicksilver catalogue of loves, hates, fears, desires and furies . . .

I ORIGINS

"IT ISN'T George and Culture Club, it's Culture Club — and that's how it'll always be. I really like the band . . . well, personally there's a few things I dislike about them, because I'm a difficult person to get on with. I'm very temperamental and quite selfish in my opinions.

"There was that big thing in *NME* about how I wasn't in Bow Wow Wow anymore and how I should get my own band. I found Jon through Kirk Brandon from Theatre Of Hate. Jon's been in a hell of a lot of bands and I knew I wasn't capable of organising one. I met Michael in a night club. We wanted a guitarist who was just a competent guitar player, never heard of me, never been to any of the clubs, just someone who was really enthusiastic. I really liked Roy as soon as I met him. He wa quiet, didn't have a big mouth.

"That's how it started. No fairy story; basically like a lot of bands. I wanted to get people who didn't agree with me. It's quite good that we got people who weren't involved in that cliquey rock and roll thing. I hate the sort of people who come up to you afterwards and say, Hey man the bass stack was a bit crackly. That artistic crap. You think, Oh God Almighty help me, get me out of here. We'll all end up like that, I'm sure. I hope not though.

"I believe in doing what you're good at. If you're good at copying pictures, you should do that; if you're good at creating things, you should create them. There's no Flash Harrys in this band. That's the most important thing about Culture Club, that we're fluid about what we're doing. If you break up the single, it's a bit like 'White Christmas' and 'All You Need Is Love'. If you can really listen to it, and think what does it sound like? — that makes a good song to me."

II THE NORM, FEAR AND FASHION

"I'M JUST a normal person. I'm not an Andy Warhol, I'm not a concept. I'm just a normal Hello John from down the road.

"I've got beliefs, but I don't mean that's it, black and white, and that's all you should believe from me. Confidence comes and goes, it's a human thing.

"Last night I was so pissed off; I think that was the loneliest I've ever felt. People are being nice to you because . . . I'm very cynical and if people come up to me and say, Congratulations, I'll just say, Fuck off. Not because I'm trying to be an anarchistic little popstar, but because I don't think I'm someone special and I'm *not* doing it for that reason. I don't need people coming up to me and saying, *Now* you're OK, *now* you're acceptable. I don't want to ever see those people, *ever*. And I don't want them involved with my life.

"I'm not frightened of not being successful, I'm frightened of not being successful as a person. I'd much rather that people think, Oh, he's a happy person, rather than, Wow, isn't he clever? Because I'm not. It's all luck and what you make of it.

"The only nice thing is that if a housewife comes up to you in the street and says I like your record. You feel much better than if someone with a really sickly sneer on their face says, Ooh, congratulations, it's *sooo* good. You just really want to punch them.

"I know why people hate me. The thing is, if you go to the Palace, those people are very normal. I'm not saying they're idiots because they dress up or they don't dress up, but their reasons for doing it are very silly. They really want to be normal and they actually fit into that environment perfectly because they want so much to be like everyone else. I suppose I'm the sort of person who spends most of their time trying *not* to be like everyone else, which is probably why I'm so ordinary. I feel so natural in what I'm doing.

"It's quite sad, that big fear of alienation. You get it at school, because you're taught not to have a personality, it's better for them if you don't. I'm not saying I hate school, but I think it could be done a bit better. I think there's a lot of things about this country that could be done better.

"It's a fear of not being accepted by other people. I went through that at school, but it hardened me up. It made me more secure because I suddenly realised *why* people were doing it. I mean, I look at people and think, Idiot! But if I meet them I'm prepared to back down. Unless people meet you on your level, they're never going to know what you're like, are they? They're going to say, I don't like him because he wears make up. If they project their uprightness on you, that's their problem.

" 'White Boy' is not about white people, it's about people who are shallow, see-through. Also at the time I started there were a lot of cynical people around me, who I don't mix with any more. A lot of Bow Wow Wowites and a lot of very trendy people. They were saying to me, Ooh, your band's really white, you should be tribal. I just kept saying, We're a rock band, we're going to do all the things other people don't.

"The song's about this guy I knew who kept saying, You're really white. I was supposed to be upset by that."

III OPTIMISM

GEORGE HAILS the waiter with a friendly grin and a polite holler.

"I'm leaving the mushrooms. I didn't think they'd be like that. I'm optimistic."

IV GENDER

"ALL THE OTHER countries are really frightened about the LP cover, because a lot of people just think I'm a girl. Of course I enjoy that, I love it! It's great because I've got a certain female element to my character. But I'm not a pouf. I'm effeminate in the way I look, but I'm not an effeminate person. I don't like effeminate people. It's like when you meet gay people and they say, Oh, hello. That is put on, because I've done it, put on a very camp voice. You do need gay clubs, because if you're gay, and you walk up to someone in a club and they're not gay, they're going to punch you in the teeth, aren't they, if you try and chat them up? But I don't believe in the gay identity, that you have to be noted and recognised as a gay.

"In that album there's a lot of references to gender. When we first started I wasn't aware of it, but when we did 'White Boy' everyone was saying, Who's the girl? That's why I called myself Boy George.

"I really like symbols, so I decided to use the sex symbols on the cover. The picture was really androgynous. It's a heterosexual symbol, but it doesn't have to be. Things aren't as black and white as they look, which is the whole idea."

V INSTINCT AND AGGRESSION

"THERE IS an element of you wants success, but you follow your instincts really, don't you? You want to have a hit because that's the whole idea of signing a record deal. But if you start worrying what other people think, you're useless to yourself.

"It's best if you don't lie to yourself. I don't mind about lying to other people — I do it all the time! If you can admit you're a creep to yourself, you're halfway to solving your problems. I always do what I feel is right at the time. Sometimes it isn't, but it's much better to take the chance. I believe in acting how you feel, I'm very like that.

"Of course, I get annoyed, I'm a human being, I'm not a star. It's not all this, Oh you can't embarrass yourself. I'd just go up to them and say, Look, don't fucking slag me off, 'cos if you do, I'll punch you. I'm always going to be like that, it doesn't matter how successful I am. If they're going to slag me off, they're going to get it back.

VI CHARACTER AND STARDOM

"CHARACTER'S SOMETHING you have to create, you can't get it by dressing up. I like old women that you meet at bus stops. They're characters, it's not someone who comes up to you and says I was a punk in '76. Remember that old rigmarole? I hated all that, such a load of shit.

"I've got a snotty nose. Sorry. It's very un, er, starlike, isn't it?"

CULTURE CLUB at Camden Palace for Gary Crowley's Capital birthday party are shrill girlish screams and a shower of confetti. There's something wholesomely natural about a stage full of blacks and whites, males and females. Culture Club look good and are something worth watching, but there's no sly gloss or nasty attention grabbing — two girl singers, one wearing glasses, have been chosen for more enduring qualities than mere appearance.

Culture Club make a lovely music that's clear and sheer and sunny and there's a pleasure taken in its communication that defies distance. In the middle of this musical melee, George is a warm, coquettish presence. Handing out posters, listening to small requests or dedicating a song to his sister, he has the gracious glow of a cherished but slightly snappish maiden aunt after two glasses of Christmas sherry. Something about the easy joy of Culture Club's performance turns a half-hour recording into a short celebration.

VII UNITY

"I'VE GOT five brothers and one sister. It's a real Irish family.

"You don't have to accept someone's culture to like *them*. It's like being Irish, all this Catholic and Protestant thing. You don't have to dislike someone for being Protestant just because someone else does. That was the idea of using all the symbols on the clothes and things. Use all the symbols together so that it was like an everyman culture rather than one sided.

"We've dropped the Star Of David now, because I've no intention of hurting people's feelings, and it's not a very good time for that symbol. I'm not anti-Arab and I'm not anti-Jew, but I don't like the idea of provoking people, sticking things down their throat."

VIII LOVE, SEX AND MARRIAGE

"OF COURSE I fancy people, but I don't usually sleep with people I fancy. I sleep with people I don't fancy and then I really like them. I don't like people who are physically everything and psychologically nothing. People who've just got their sexuality are pretty sad.

"I'm not a sexy person. That's one thing about people who are into the band, it's not like, *Wooooaaar*, I'd like to go to bed with George. It's more they like what I say and the idea of me. You are what you give out to people.

"There's a lot of thoughtless people around. I don't believe in getting what you can out of people, whether it be in a relationship or a business attitude. I dislike decadence a lot, whether it's decadence on *Top Of The Pops*, with the mini-skirts and girls making themselves look like they're nothing. It's like the whole pop scene. I can look at something and think, Oh no, it's awful, please don't do it. It's really hideous and false.

"The whole idea of calling the album 'Kissing To Be Clever' is like the kiss of death, the kiss of life. The whole of that album is like a cynical love song. It's all about the new boy gender, it's all about pop. It's a very pop album. The songs are very personal, but also they can apply to other people. It's almost like saying, Think about what you're doing, don't *not* do it because it's right or wrong, but think about it.

"The best songs in the world are love songs. But love applies to everyone. It doesn't just apply to a few people in the room with pink eyebrows and stilettos on. Everybody falls in love and everybody wants somebody to love at the end of the day. I've been in love with somebody for about a year now, but it's a bit on the rocks at the moment. I don't play games with people. I don't not love them because they don't love me. It upsets me, but I don't believe in acting a different way. I'm into relationships rather than sexual encounters. Also I'd never sleep with fans. None of the band would do that. I don't believe in abusing the position.

"I don't believe in marriage. If you love someone you don't have to prove it. The thing is, I can go two ways on that subject, because if you love someone you're going to want to keep them forever, aren't you? You can't be dogmatic about love, it's such a heart-rending thing. I'm sure I'd get married if I loved someone."

IX HYPOCRISY

"I'M LIKE that — a hypocrite."

X HONESTY

"AN HONEST hypocrite, I hope."

DANGEROUS VISIONS

IAN PENMAN spends a fortnight trapped in a Los Angeles hotel bedroom with just sixty episodes of Bilko and the entire Peyton Place saga (twice) for company. Is British TV jetlagged, or what?

Home thoughts and transatlantic confusions:

UPON MY RETURN from the United States of America, I set about writing a short piece on one of my favourite tourist pursuits in that empire of empty signs, television viewing. It is a work I have attempted before, but always without success; it remains untranslated, spread out amongst the disengaged fragments of a tourist's discourse.

During this recent visit, I seem to have picked up more infections of observed details than ever. This has something to do with staying in Los Angeles; a city that resists the advances of a tourist, who may only advance as far as the nearest liquor store and back if he doesn't possess a car. Add to this the fact that it is often impossible to insert a division between what is real and what is mythology — what came first; the TV appearance, or the actuality? — and things start to get unduly complex.

Despite the vast accumulation of details — or partly because of it — I find writing something "on" the American TV screen no easier. I divine two basic reasons.

Firstly: American TV is viewed by Britannia with a lopsided *moral* suspicion, grounded in an even more basic attitude towards TV, or *doing nothing*. The ability to reverberate with the pleasure of 'doing nothing' is, for instance, revered in the East — where their concepts of time and self help rather than hinder the compulsive TV viewer. The puritanism of the Left and Protestantism of the Right — as well as "self improvement" exercises everywhere — combine to instil guilt into matters of supposed "frivolity". But you'd better get used to doing something with nothing, kids; the micro-chip wills it.

The second hurdle is to do with the frequency of American TV — a 24-hour strobe light, a hyper-production of cultural inertia. It is a different televisual metabolism altogether — and our electroencephalic brainwaves are used to a much slower voltage. Television viewing is supposedly a 'non-activity'; but surely the frightening thing about it — or the fun, for us beach bum semioticians — is that it requires so many subtle shifts of attention, from Entertainment to Information to other functions yet undiscerned.

The camera goes everywhere, sells everything — sometimes an electric prod, then a vacuum cleaner, then a voyeur.

The most consistently irritating thing about British TV is its pretence of "neutrality". (What does that disembodied BBC voice circling a spinning globe mean?: tongues of soothing imperialism lick the lands left behind?). Because of the way time and rhythm have been *programmed* on British TV over the years, we are used to our favourite programmes being *rationed;* they become markers. You can see your favourite programme twice a day, seven days a week in the USA — ridding it of any Event status. Over here, your once-a-week *Bilko* or *Rockford Files* become something you associate with a certain time of the week (video notwithstanding). The *Bilko* theme, for instance, comes to resonate with the terror of an approaching Monday morning.

Where British treatment of current affairs so often seems to retain an air of the gentleman's club or college debating podium, it is just another lightning-flash hardsell on American network TV — "this News is brought to you by our sponsors . . ."

It's all there, *up front;* politics *is* sold like mouthwash. It is impossible for politics to pass for respectable, or advertising — Kapital — to pass unnoticed as 'subliminal'. News is just another quickfire segment, not a pompous fount of knowledge.

On American TV there is no such thing as a "repeat"; or rather, there is nothing *but* repetition. The idea of repetition has been inflated to an other-wordly extent. Some programmes have been repeated for decades, without pause! Programmes are sliced like salami between chunks of news, trailers, and adverts — with no telling which segment will last longest or, for that matter, be more entertaining. The resulting speed-read amalgam is so quickly and carelessly put together, it's ten times more effective a "cut up" than any Burroughs-style avant-garde attempt could be.

The actual *experience* of American TV is quite a barrier to get past before you can begin to isolate individual strains of craft or structure. You don't talk about this week's *Barney Miller,* but this afternoon's. This is why the newcomer is dazzled.

The most apposite thing to do, seemed to be a mini-edition of my TV Diary entries: the assembled phantasmagoria of a bewildered slave to the tube . . .

"I WAS ONCE compared to Milton."

"Berle?"

Those peculiarly American blisters of "crime", treated so luridly by the NEWS. The ritual murder of a 'respectable' doctor by his three favourite rent boys. Camera lingers on the dinner arrangements. The preacher whose sermon is interrupted by the taunts and abuse of some teenage kids. So he gets in his car (romantic icon as murder weapon) and proceeds to run them over. It goes wrong and he ploughs into a crowd, killing instead two four-year-old kids. The "preacher" is 22. News footage of the "spot" where it happened — a corrugated fence decorated with the thick red letters of a graffito: BURNING SPEAR.

"Ever worry about . . ."

Adverts for products not so prevalent on British TV: denture adhesive, feminine hygiene, de-caffeinated coffee

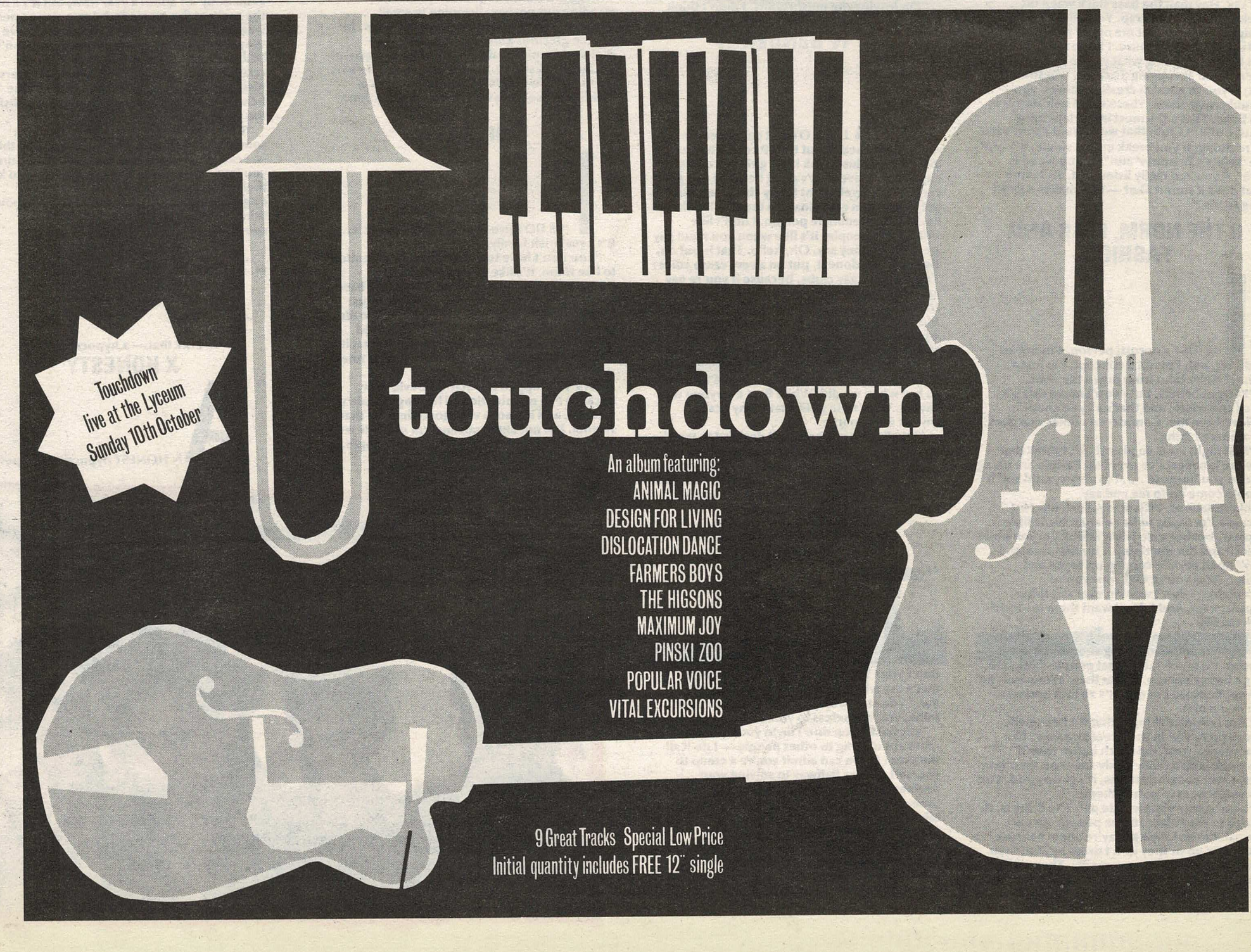


Illustration: Mark Fairnington

the further confessions of a cathode addict

(obsession in America), Roto Rooter, politics (Senator Glenn my predition for Big Things). Favourites: Oxy 10 — "Don't Play Games with Your Pimples!" Franken Berry and Chocula. Don Adams / Maxwell Smart (*Get Smart*) selling spark plugs. *Can the alcoholic ever lose the desire to drink?"* (Here the question signals a complex psychiatry: it's not the drinking that's the problem, but the *desire to* . . . to do anything?).

Curiosities: *Rolling Stone*-style reader sitting at bar: "Some guys my age, man, they forget about drinking milk. I dunno *why* . . ." They've lost the *desire to*?

Two-dollar semiotics: PEPSODENT nictotine stain remover: a sly merger of two solid sounding icons — Pepsi and President?

Johnny Carson parodies Anita Bryant's anti-homosexuality, in a redneck character whose latest demand is: "Buy a Judy Garland album, go to prison." Also gags about Zen Disco and Drive-In Psychoanalysis. Told as if they aren't gags but observations.

Garbo in Billy Wilder's *Ninotchka*. Trailers: "Garbo discovers Paris, Love . . . and Melvyn Douglas." "Garbo as the *Russian* who steals the heart of an unsuspecting American." The stuffy Ninotchka on a Hotel bell boy's job status: "That's social injustice." Bell boy: "That depends on the tip."

See the last ever Barney Miller and shed a tear. All over so quickly. Levett is finally promoted. Inspector Luger gets married. Wojo goes to the Canine Corps. Harris leaves for Literature (RAH!). Barney last to leave, signs off and turns out the light. "Goodbye and thank you from all of us at the ol' One Two." Intimacy with audience. Reflect on the natural, *unforced* hipness that *Barney Miller* and *Taxi* often have.

"Alternative" comedy never seems to.

Morbid prologues from Alfred Hitchcock for his *Presents . . .* series, repeated every day on Channel 5 along with *Twilight Zone* and *The Outer Limits.* Example: (Holding up a revolver): "This is for the man who has everything. It will help you take some of it away from him."

The dreadful rock band X on a Jerry Lewis telethon for multiple sclerosis.

"If they are dreams, why should you be afraid?"

Drowsy state occurring whilst falling asleep, and to experience hallucinations during this state — *hypnagogic?* I fall asleep and wake up with the TV on. At this advanced state, grip on reality can be precarious. Out in the bathroom of my motel room one night, through the window I see someone spreadeagled against their car, being searched by one cop as his partner sifts through the dashboard. Am I a viewer or part of the story? A witness if something goes awry? Am I watching *myself?* Registering details and reactions? A tourist of my own CNS & emotions?

A typical morning: bugs bunny different strokes the price is right twilight zone alfred hitchcock presents outer limits best of groucho and a movie.

Excerpt from an Arty magazine article on TV News: "On July 20, 1969, approx 400 million people watched the same Warhol movie at the same time. As far as iconographic imagery goes, there's no appreciable difference between four hours of EMPIRE and four hours of LANDING MODULE. There were even similar hallucinations of redundancy in our sustained, hot cognition of NASA's primary structure. . . . *one giant leap for mankind.* But mankind hadn't moved an inch. No one said how really convenient it was to sit there in your home getting metabolic information about the astronauts in a closed-circuit loop than extended humanity's total brain-eye out around the moon and back."

Would Freud make of Jim Rockford an "absent Father"?

Death in a visual parapraxis (slip of the togue): *Saturday Night Live's* classic series is being repeated. Each opens with elaborate sketch winding towards someone announcing "It's Saturday Night Live". In one such, John Belushi is wheeled in, cold, on a stretcher. He is accompanied by his doctor, who says: "If he doesn't go on, he doesn't get paid. And if he doesn't get paid, I don't get paid . . . and he doesn't get his drugs." At which point Belushi sits bolt upright and announces . . .

Last ever *Lou Grant* a very depressing affair. Everyone cracking up.

Another Alfred Hitchcock prologue, very pertinent: "Time is very important on television. We buy it, fill it, we must start on it, we must finish on it . . . And somethimes we kill it."

This could go on for ever . . .

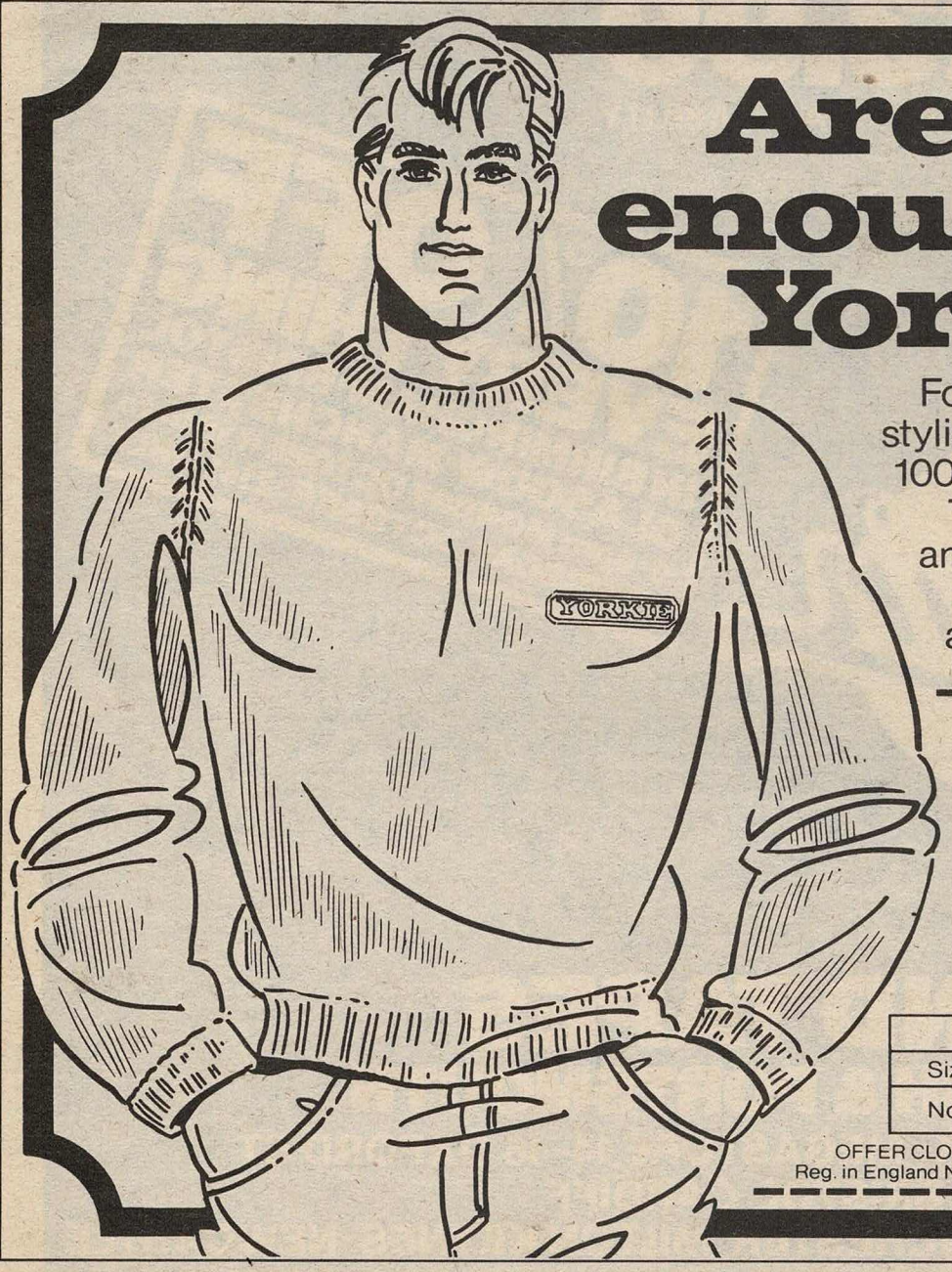
RECOVERING FROM Culture lag, back in the UK, the most obvious Big Event was *Alec Guinness in Smiley's People* (followed nicely on Mondays by *Spike Milligan on form in A Lot Of It About*). When high-minded folk take it into their high minds to 'defend' British Tv against the fast-buck flimsy-set elements of USA TV, this is the sort of epic they claim Only We Could Have Produced (although we are, in fact, co-produding it with Paramount).

It's true. *Smiley's People* is an exemplary piece of British film-making over-extended for television. But let us not forget that Only We Could Have Produced smug, redundant, self-pitying rubbish like *Solo* or insults like *The Late Late Breakfast Show* — which is rubbish without the grace of Trash. And only We could get so hysterical over the technological mutations of cable TV and the Encyclopedia Britannica of Channel 4.

***Smiley's People* is an unprovocative enough tale, very well retold for TV. If it's ideas about the spying world — the labyrinth of class guilt and gilt-edged betrayal — we're in search of, I would rather plump for an hour and a half of Dennis Potter *(Blade On The Feather)* than six weeks of John Le Carre. The *Smiley's People* script comes complete with some duff short-circuits in the script — where urbanity tries to be Profound and takes a long while about it. Where it works — an archetypal "Britishness", or what critics would call sluggishness — is the attention to tender detail, the relish of surface, imbuing an essentially banal narrative with graceful visual tact.**

TV has brought to life what George Smiley's job has taken away from him. It's about resignation, in both senses of the term. A bit of a

■ *Continues page 23*



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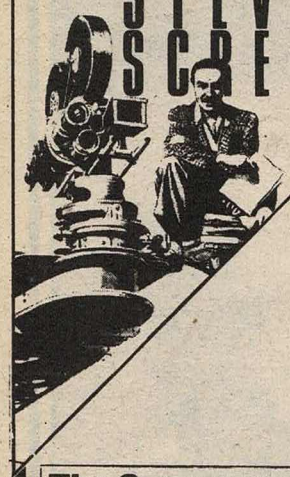


IMAGES OF FEAR

The Scarecrow
Directed by Sam Pillsbury
Starring John Carradine, Jonathan Smith and Tracy Mann (Blue Dolphin)

ITS BRUSQUE opening suggests a traditional horror piece: sharp cross-cutting between the nocturnal theft of some chickens and the pursuit of a young girl (as a chicken neck is furtively grasped, so the girl's throat is cut by a slashing dagger) gives way to a gloomy, sparsely-attended burial, suitably set against a sinister tree-lined skyline and the doleful tolling of a church bell.

Even the morose voice-over hints at unspeakable terror: "Maybe I'm biting off more than I can chew in telling you this story," says the adult incarnation of the 14-year-old narrator, Ned Poindexter. "But then, I'm the only one who can."

No one else survived, you mean? Well, for the answer to that — and many other intriguing questions raised by a pleasingly quirky script — you'll have to see *The Scarecrow,* the second New Zealand film of any consequence to reach these shores. (The first was *Goodbye Pork Pie,* last year. Since then, there has been *Pictures,* a scrappy and ultimately dull little affair, and the nightmarish *Sleeping Dogs,* as yet available only on video.)

Blue Dolphin, the increasingly enterprising independent distributors, are releasing *The Scarecrow* both on video and in the cinemas, and one hopes against hope that it's a success for them. Because Sam Pillsbury's directorial debut (he was an assistant on *Pork Pie)* completes a triumphant hat-trick of remarkable first-time efforts in 1982: Jean-Jacques Beineix's *Diva,* Neil Jordan's *Angel,* and now *The Scarecrow.*

"Will there be anything else, sir?" John Carradine as The Scarecrow.

Its audacious opening is attention-grabbing enough; what follows is a deeply satisfying evocation of youthful fears and humours, the shocks and subtle sexuality subordinate to a delicately balanced study of a sensible and sensitive lad in a dreary New Zealand backwater in the sleepy '50s.

Ned Poindexter (an appealing performance by Jonathan Smith, in a difficult role) is the aforementioned narrator and main protagonist, manfully attempting to come between his adored older sister Prue (Tracy Mann, effortlessly exuding the innocent eroticism of a ripening naif) and the very strange stranger (John Carradine, no make-up required to remain as evil as ever) who suddenly appears in their midst one listless summer.

No prizes for guessing that deaths will soon occur in this dormant little town, but it's the fine attention to details in this smashing little film that one remembers with affection, and the sureness of touch that Pillsbury brings to these disparate elements.

The Scarecrow is not a horror film, nor an adolescent comedy, nor even a study of pure evil (of which John Carradine's serpentine character is surely the most repellent physical embodiment since Orson Welles' Hank Quinlan). It is *all* of these things, but Pillsbury's adroit juggling makes it seem so much more.

And one classic image will live with me forever: the Scarecrow himself standing on the railway station, one second as large and still as life in the platform's shadows, the next completely enshrouded by the steam from a passing train. We shall be hearing a lot more about Mr Pillsbury.

FOR THE time being, though, the 35-year-old director in question is happy to continue working with miniscule budgets *(The Scarecrow* was made for a pittance, something like £350,000).

Over a couple of pints in a Wardour Street watering hole, the visiting Mr Pillsbury was happy to elaborate: "The problem is, when you get into big money, the less control you're likely to have — unless you're as big as the picture." *(Believed to be a reference to Steven Spielberg. — M.S.)*

"If I had a $10 million picture to do I'd have less control than if I was on a $1 or $2 million picture. And that's the thing that worries me. I was offered a $10 million film earlier this year, but it frightened the life out of me. If it's a disaster, it could really fuck you up." *(Believed to be a reference to Michael Cimino. — M.S.)*

"You see, there's so many arseholes in this business, the more money that's around, the more bullshit. It's disgusting — money just being thrown away."

He's equally forceful when praising his crew and cast, who had to endure adverse weather conditions and predominantly night-time shoots on the location-based *Scarecrow.*

"It's horrible what you have to put actors through sometimes, just for the shot," says Sam, genuinely concerned. He reserves special praise for the young Australian actress Tracy Mann, who adds such a discreet sexual dimension to the film with her assured playing of Prue.

"Yeah, she's got it. She's got a lovely body. Good to work with too. The kids loved her. They all used the same caravan on location because we didn't have a lot of facilities, and she'd take all her clothes off, put her costume on and was ready to go. She'd change on the side of the road sometimes, and cars would crash. Lovely tits, terrific ass."

We finished our drinks in respectful silence.

Monty Smith

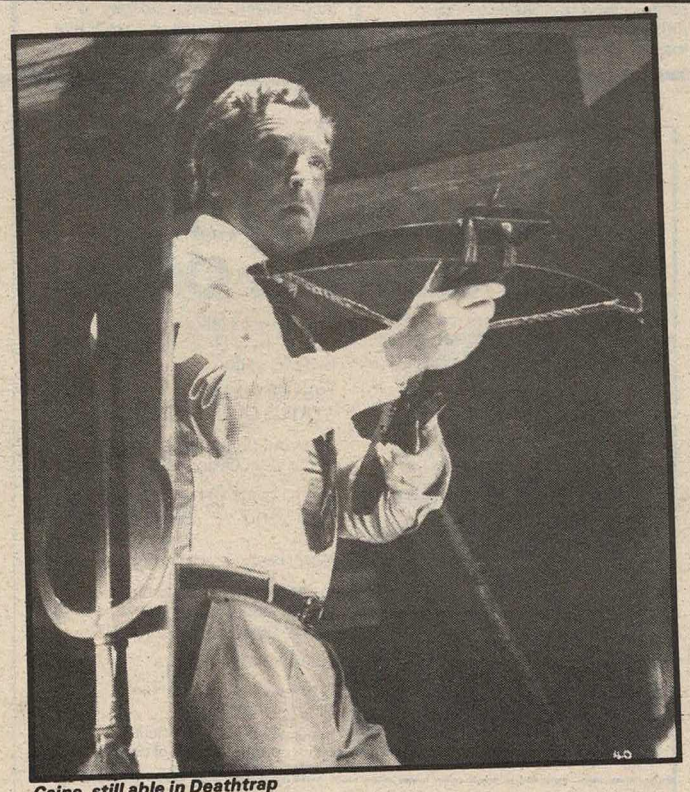
(Currently available on Channel Video, ***The Scarecrow*** *is also playing at the Classic Hendon from Sunday October 17, on a double bill with Henry Jaglom's engaging comedy* ***Sitting Ducks.)***

PLAYING THE GAME

Deathtrap
Directed by Sidney Lumet
Starring Michael Caine, Dyan Cannon, Christopher Reeve and Irene Worth
(Warner Bros)

SIDNEY LUMET has never been a director to shirk the problems of stage-to-screen transference. From his very first picture — the tremendous *Twelve Angry Men,* originally a television play — he's ignored the prehistoric epithet applied to screen-plays ('stagey') and tried to flesh out the salient characteristics of an original with the developmental possibilities of film, rather than flattening and confining the camera eye to an uneasy recreative exercise.

It's a difficult task, one that's — perhaps unexpectedly — best brought off in a static ideas context, where the lens can scrutinise selectively the slow revelation of emotion under wraps. *Deathtrap,* a run-and-runaway London stage success, is a convoluted comic melodrama that depends so heavily on its surprise triggers it really outpaces itself: while awaiting the next gasping upset you tend to forget there's a film unreeling here.



Caine, still able in Deathtrap

The stage permeates the story too. Thriller playwright Sidney Bruhl, written out and struggling for another success, is galled at the arrival of an almost perfect script for his appraisal from a former student of his. Just the sort of potential hit he needs, in fact — so why not pass it off as his own work? All he has to do is get the real author, the beatific, Adonis-like Clifford Anderson, out of the way. And Sidney's written about murders long enough to know plenty about them.

The plot, of course, is due to thicken a lot more yet. One might expect the tide of duplicities that washes through this sort of tale to take a wispy, delusive shape in a deceiving cinematic world but, as Lumet recognises, it has to be carried on character. Not the gradually mapped-out contours of the soul, either, more the mantle of bombastic thesping.

What floats the film is the consummate casting. Michael Caine eats up Bruhl's spasms of rage and cold-eyed planning with superbly overplayed relish: he's done this kind of thing before, in *Sleuth* (though he had the meek role there), and it's a pro's holiday. Christopher Reeve has the correct rippling frame for Anderson, and Irene Worth is rampant as the neighbourhood psychic Helga ten Dorp, an inveterate caller at inopportune moments.

Outplaying everyone is Dyan Cannon as Bruhl's awful wife Myra. Given to well-meaning outbursts and hysterical entreaties, her gaping grin and splayed hands will suddenly freeze as if a spider's dropped down her back. Dumb blondes seldom come this fearfully strung out, even in an environment where eyes are forever on stalks and larynx gauges rarely move out of red.

Lumet covers all the holes smartly and it's an engaging enough trick-piece, lightheaded fluff after the seething, enormous *Prince Of The City.* Claustrophobic tensions are exchanged for a playful malice — everybody has fun.

Richard Cook

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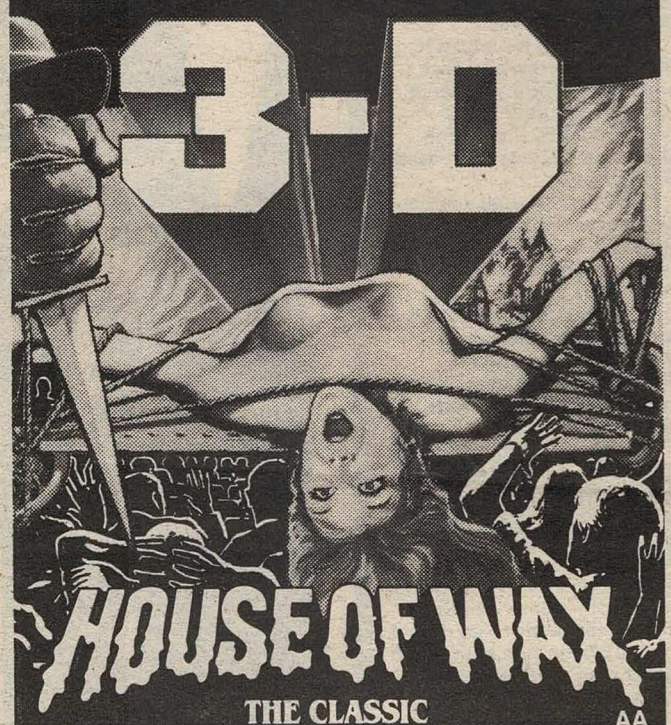

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IN THE CAN

Another Way (Karoly Makk). Supposedly excusable sexual voyeurism for 'politically correct' cinema goers: soft porn, soft politics, soft symbolism. Combines lesbian love and Left wing repression, but only ends up being another way of saying you'd rather be at the theatre than the cinema ("mature, literate, sensitive" . . . bleeuurgh!) **(Miracle)**

Blade Runner (Ridley Scott). Supposedly excusable sci-fi violence in a cinema of all too much craft and little artfulness. The symbolism gets soft enough to gargle, Harrison Ford is the most convincing non-human of the lot, and the 'dazzling' Special FX are a smokescreen for a palpable lack of narrative imagination. **(Warner Bros)**

Brimstone And Treacle (Richard Loncraine). I prefer Dennis Potter when he lets his Good/Evil divisions go a bit scatty and indistinguishable, but this is a very stable and stridently crafted modern fable. The Father's (Freudian) guilt is a bit too simple, but Denholm Elliot's characterisation adds unforeseen layers —as does Joan Plowright. The humour is nearer Brimstone than t'other. **(Brent Walker)**

Cat People (Paul Schrader). But you've seen this already. Haven't you? **(UIP)**

Conan The Barbarian (John Milius). *Spare Rib* Film of The Year? And believe us there are plenty of ribs spare in this epic evocation of warrior mores. **(20th Century Fox)**

Diva (Jean-Jacques Beineix). *NME* Film of The Year? And believe us, there are plenty of lost bets and red faces if this shifty, flashy debut from somewhere a million miles from Hollywood takes the honours. Could be questioned for lack of *thematic* guts, but the kinetic and visual confidence is startling. **(Palace)**

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (Woody Allen). Lots of midsummer, night, and Bergman, not too generous with the sex, or indeed the comedy. Slightly less mature, literate and sensitive than *Another Way* — and another way for Woody Allen to escape the terrible secret of his 'former', un-analysed self; he was an incredibly gifted funny man. **(Warner Bros)**

The Thing (John Carpenter). The idea is terrific — taking the monster away from the shadows and making it scarier in the process: it lives in our flesh, adopting all the guises of human communication — as nasty and calculating as a John Carpenter film, in fact. And ultimately as hermetically doomed by its own clever shape? See it twice and argue the toss. **(UIP)**

Ian Penman

"Look out in front of you!" Anton Corbijn creeps up on Phyllis Kirk.

House Of Wax

Directed by Andre de Toth

Starring Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy and Phyllis Kirk (Warners Bros)

A BIG welcome back to one of the seminal horror pictures of the 50s:* House Of Wax *goes on re-release this week nearly 30 years after its first appearance, in the full glory of an original 3-D print. Aside from one daft sequence there's a noticeable lack of the usual gratuitous and irrelevant shots to show off the effect, so the ghoulish story of twisted genius Professor Jarrod and his suspiciously lifelike waxworks actually sticks fairly close to the point — plenty of room for the characteristically urbane Price to stalk around a fanciful and fog-ridden New York of 1900.

There's some terrible bit-playing to be enjoyed, including a modest cameo from Charles 'Bronson' Buchinsky as, ahem, Igor (total dialogue: "Uuuhh!"). God knows what hack western director Andre de Toth was doing here, but he lets the cameras run without jamming and there's some pleasingly macabre atmospherics. The famous unmasking scene doesn't however challenge the one in the original 1933* Mystery Of The Wax Museum *when the cinema's greatest screamer Fay Wray cracked open Lionel Atwill's face. Don't forget your spex.

Boris Cook

ON THE BOX

Saturday October 16

Jeremiah Johnson (Directed by Sydney Pollack 1972). Robert Redford shoots for the moon in his attempt to make the title character mythic; unfortunately, Redford is all wrong as the solitary mountain man coping with the savage Rockies of the mid-1880s . . . Toshiro Mifune he ain't. Still, it looks impressive and there's an affecting cameo from Will Geer, a convincingly grizzled old trapper. **(BBC1)**

Tobruk (Arthur Hiller 1967). Most notable for providing stock desert war footage for the equally dire *Raid On Rommel*. That one had Richard Burton camping it up on the sand dunes; this one opts for Rock Hudson and George Peppard, two of the most expressive actors who have ever lived together. At the same time in one film, I mean. **(ITV)**

The Tree Of Wooden Clogs (Ermanno Olmi 1978). This much-acclaimed portrait of Italian peasant life at the turn of the century won the Cannes Festival Palme D'Or. And now you expect a load of cheap gags at the expense of ice cream-swilling, pasta-bellied, greasy wops, don't you? Well, I'm not going to stoop that low. Because this is a socialist classic (I know this because Chris Bohn just told me it was) and it runs for three — count 'em — hours. I think I'll go down the pub on Saturday night. **(BBC2)**

The Black Sleep (Reginald Le Borg 1956). A terrible hack horror based on the stunningly original concept of the mad brain surgeon, starring a bunch of old duffers (Basil Rathbone, Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr) well past their prime, which was never anything to shout about in the first place. This kind of incompetent crap is no way to replace a Hitchcock retrospective. **(BBC2)**

Sunday October 17

Lord Of The Flies (Peter Brook 1964). You're reading the book at school (if not, complain immediately), now see the film. A brave, bold adaptation of William Golding's dog-eared Penguin, vividly brought to life in startling black and white photography. The story? You know — 40 English schoolboys crashland on a deserted island and attempt to maintain a "civilised" society. But little do they know that a giant gorilla stalks the jungle *(Are you sure about this bit? — Ed.)* **(BBC2)**

Monday October 18

The Omega Man (Boris Sagal 1972). Tremendously entertaining pulp cinema, cagily set up and superbly paced, with Charlton Heston as the last man alive after a worldwide plague. Loosely adapted from Richard Matheson's terrifying *I Am Legend*, this is a vivid, violent horror film, played dead straight by an impressive cast. And if Ron Grainer's soundtrack score is naggingly familiar, it's exactly the same music he used for *The Prisoner*, tarted up a bit. **(BBC1)**

Monty Smith

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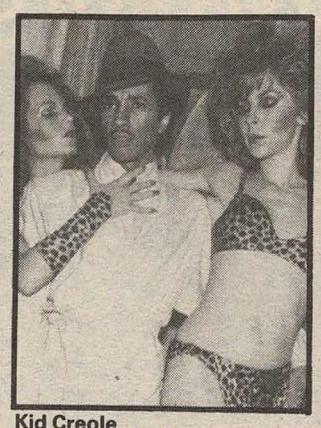
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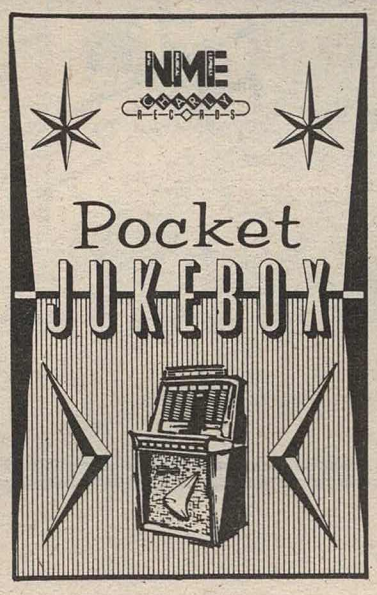

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D.VISIONS

■ *From page 19*

cruel joke, really. For if *Smiley's People* had simply tried to repeat the formula of *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* it may have floundered. Instead, the narrative isn't reliant totally on unveiling A Secret which explains everything that has gone before.

The structure is a plain man's *Heart Of Darkness* — with, in the distance, the Russian spymaster Karla as George Smiley's nemesis and reflection. Along the way, every contact, every issue, is a matter of "half devils, half angels" — and, interestingly, no *politics* whatsoever. Le Carre's world is nearer *The Archers* than Kim Philby, as Smiley sleepwalks back into a past where present values mean little, and seldom intrude. It is a twilight world of russet-hued, vaguely remembered Englishness.

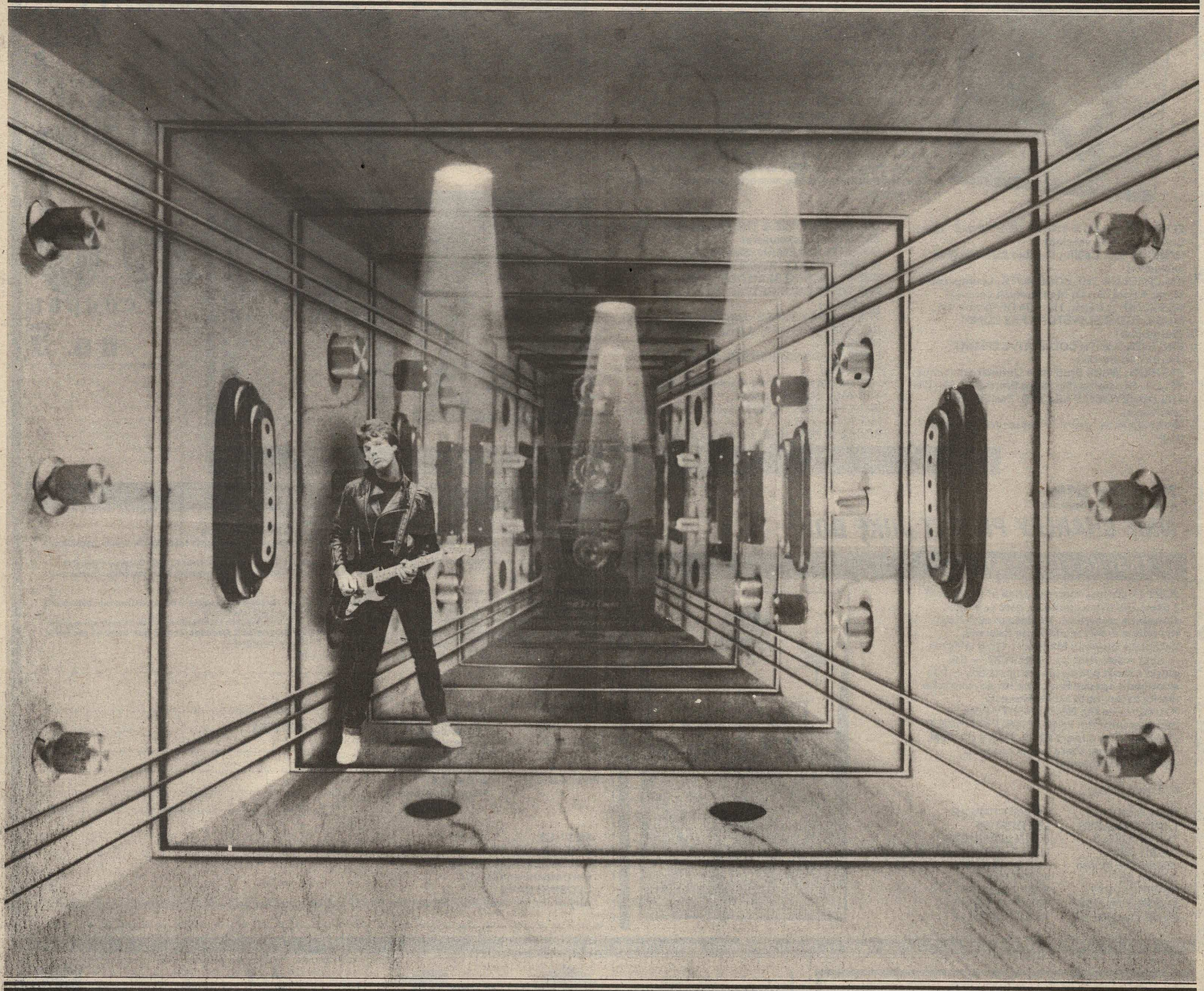
Alec Guinness translates ideology into worry lines, and a careful direction fills in the human gaps that a *Panorama* report would leave out, and that most TV drama irons out. In a media world where scandalous information is always only a satellite away, and images of death can be relegated to 'fillers', something such as *Smiley's People* restores the *humanity* to affairs of the state.

Spike Milligan parodies the obscenity of TV News detail viciously, using farce to rupture the coagulation of British complacency. At the halfway stage, *Smiley's People* hints at a devastating showdown, but could compromise in favour of grandiose gesture.

Still, given the creeping, seductive pace of *Smiley's People*, an ex-colleague's classification of George as "an old spy in a hurry" has to be one of the BBC's best jokes this year.

GARY MOORE

CORRIDORS OF POWER



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FOR WHOM THE BLUEBELLS TOIL

GRAHAM K. SMITH discovers a new kind of blue beat — that of THE BLUEBELLS. Are they just another bunch of '60s revivalists or the (Bell) stars Nick Heyward and Elvis Costello claim them to be? Photos ANTON CORBIJN

DID YOU know that Bobby Bluebell's hobby is "self indulgence"? Or that Laurence Donegan's favourite cartoon character is Foghorn Leghorn? Or even that Russell Irvine's fave TV series is *Love Boat?*

Nope me neither . . . well, not until I had the authorised Bluebell biographies thrust upon me by some charming Decca person who was still grinning like a Cheshire Cat having signed this Scots beat five-piece — apparently *everybody's* fave group at the moment.

Lauded by the press with one front cover already under their belts, they've also been courted by the likes of Nick Heyward and Elvis Costello, who jumped at the chance of bossing the original recordings, and gladly offered them the support slot on the already legendary Imperial Bedroom tour.

It's in Oxford, on the second date of their tour, that I attempt to confront this Bluebell 'thing'; to meet the mere mortals responsible for this other wordly glory called Bluebelldom.

There's Bobby Bluebell, already an international household name, prompting a quip from a thousand lips; also the showbiz facade of genteel retiring Robert Hodgens — mop-topped, bespectacled, rake slim and at 23 (some say *even older)* an awesome father figure to the young whippersnappers who do the rest of the bashing 'n' strumming.

Brothers Ken and David McCluskey, handling harmonica and drums respectively, bubble and effervesce with nigh on incomprehensible Scots twangs. Ken is called Stan. David is but 17. Milder, quieter, possibly deeper, is the dauntingly fresh-faced Laurence Donegan, a bass player who wears his glossy new Fender so high as to almost cut off circulation to the brain, and who, on his own, turns out to be the warmest Bluebell — a more thoughtful version of the blustery *Hard Day's Night* image The Bluebells toy with like a shiny, unsullied novelty.

And then there's Russell.

Russell Irvine seems slightly distanced from the narrow path of Bobby's blueprint — erring, perhaps, toward a more forthright Scots hardman attitude, apparently at odds with the (very occasional) mannered tweeness that The Bluebells lay themselves wide open to. The balance he provides, though, could well be the single ingredient that will prevent a slide to the dizzy depths Altered Images and Orange Juice have plumbed.

Russell's fave words — cheggy, charming.

IN RECENT years there's been a certain fondness for the attractions on Alan Horn's Postcard label — the outfit virtually responsible for the so-called "Scottish boom" that has been fizzling and spluttering ever since those few soaring moments last year.

So why did The Bluebells never appear as a bona fide Postcard group?

"First of all we were going to do a flexi, then it was a 12" EP called 'Introducing The Blubells', then he chickened out because Orange Juice — which was his main interest — got paranoid about the '60s and started changing. It ended up that he thought we were too much of a parody of the Postcard 'sound'.

"All these people were saying we were brilliant and that Orange Juice should give up — 'the Blubells are doing what you're trying to do', but in the end it was decided that it was *us* who had to give up. Orange Juice just got so paranoid — they were signed up as a good pop group but then they wanted to be Roxy Music — an influential band. It was silly.

"It happens to lots of groups who get signed up. We got signed because we've got 12 songs that Decca like — we shouldn't go away and become another group. We should try and become better at what we *are*."

TO SAY that The Bluebell phenomenon has the ring of conceptualism — an almost too obvious exploitation of the tried and tested pop pathways, while smacking of dour cynicism — is backed up by the fact Bobby is much older than the others and has written the vast majority of the material.

The Concept: happy-go-lucky Bobby Bluebell with a clutch of zippy songs and a shiny Epiphone getting a group together and being stars. Explain, please.

"But that's how it happened. It definitely started as Bobby Bluebell's Band, but now it's open for everybody to do songs. The Postcard thing and Bobby Bluebell was just a jokey name.

"I met Russell through the girl in the last group — I was sacking her that night. He couldn't play the guitar but he promised he could. I taught him. Then I met David at an Altered Iamges concert. He said he had a drumkit which wasn't quite true either!

"We were practising in the Hellfire club and this group The Jazzateers lent us their bass player, Laurence. He thought we had more of a chance of being famous than The Jazzateers so he left them and joined us — completely mercenary about it.

"So we played a couple of concerts and Ken came onstage for a song to play harmonica — he never actually got asked to join but he's by far the best singer among us. Plus it also gets away from having four guitars; I always like The Beat and Madness in that respect."

But how important is The Concept now that you're well under way?

"Concept?

"I've never really thought about it. obviously if I left at the moment it would be different than if they left. I'd take away ten songs. The thing is, since the Haircut tour we've had loads of letters and they're certainly not all to me so the others are equally important now."

Ken's hero — Sonny Terry
Ken's heroine — Mrs Sonny Terry.

AND SO TO Elvis Costello. His connivance with The Bluebells marks another step in a humanising process that has become apparent over the past months, highlighted by his smiling and *actually appearing to enjoy himself* when playing. The association can have done The Bluebells no harm whatsoever.

"We were talking about doing a single for Demon and they asked who do you want to produce? And there was a picture of Elvis on the wall, so we said Him. So he says, OK, picked up the phone and rang him up straightaway. Elvis came down to see us at the ICA and we got on really well."

Making the demos with Costello was less than satisfactory.

"I didn't like it at the time because he put a lot of obviously '60s things in — backward guitar solos and ride cymbals. I wanted to get away a little from such blatant sounds. It sounded like 'Daydream Believer'. He was going to do the single though, but then he went to America. F-Beat wanted to give us a two-singles deal using those demos but then bigger things came along.

David's hobbies — kissing and fishing.

THE GREAT British public's first taste of vinyl Bluebellness occurs tomorrow, with 'Forever More' plucked from the frothy set they've played on the Haircut and Costello tours. Backed with 'Aim In Life' and the sublime, 'Everybody's Somebody's Fool' the record does pack a surprise as the violins sharpen up the group's already edgy sound.

Whose idea was this?, I ask.

"We wanted a T.Rex thing — a riff. It's not quite what we intended though. That violin solo we didn't really ask for, but coincidentally it was something we'd been talking about — sort of Bob Dylan 'Desire' thing.

"If you make a record it should be special, different from onstage. People go to concerts to see the group, not wait for one particular solo. It would be terrible not to make good records — I'd dread that. I'd rather be rotten live than make bad records. It's more important to make good records."

How did you sort out a producer once Costello was no longer available?

"It was the hardest problem — if you want a good producer you have to wait. We wanted someone unknown. We'd eventually like to produce ourselves. Robin Millar and Colin Fairley did the single but apparently they're trying to get us Barry Blue or Langer/Winstanley — I'd like to get the guy who does the Banshees."

Bobby's favourite groups (among others) — The Byrds, The Beatles.

SO WE RETURN to the '60s.

To the casual observer there is an unquestionable air of pastiche surrounding The Bluebells — the '60s refences are so pristine, so proud of their origins — the image of peaky caps and neat casuals, those resonating guitars, and *that* name . . . I mean, *Bluebells* indeed!

"Edwyn Collins is really frightened of the '60s: he's frightened to sound '60s or like '60s groups because it's not hip or something, but lots of good things happened. If your group has got guitars, bass and drums you've got a good chance of sounding '60s.

"The first set of songs I wrote just with the few chords I knew — I tried to write songs as an exercise because Alan Horn told me to — I was thinking of a couple of things at the time like the *Day Tripper* riff. But now I just write a song, play it to the group and it either does or doesn't sound '60s."

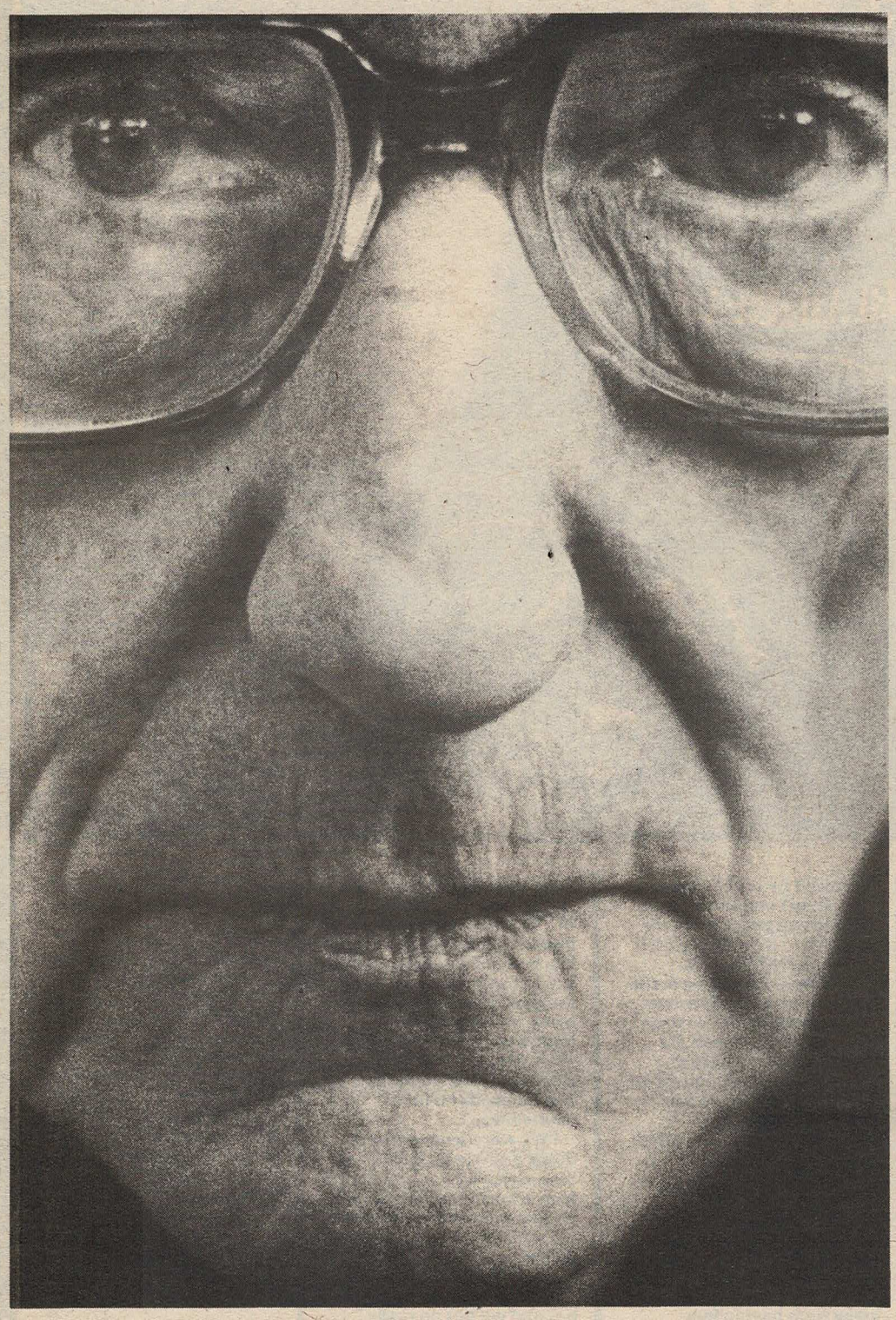
Your joy at The Blubells particular brand of delight depends entirely on your attitude to the great history of pop in general, and the specifics of '60s beat in particular.

Bobby's group encompasses all the hallmarks of glorious pop — the trivia, the lightness, the disposability and the excitement, the thrill and the sheer heady delight.

Like I once said about the Haircuts, I hope The Bluebells' stay is short, but steeped in glory. There's hope in those chords, those harmonies — The Bluebells *will* be your favourite group.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

"Commandos parachuted behind enemy lines in time!"



We take turns playing the tough cop and the con cop

THIS MIGHT not be the Garden Of Eden, but God strike me down if the sunshine don't bring it somewhere close.

Breakfasting out on the patio — Chelsea Arts Club September 30, 1982 — basking in the delayed Summer heat are William Seward Burroughs and Brion Gysin, venerable serpents if ever there were a pair, whose forbidden fruit has been the most nourishing food for thought and savage amusement these past 23 years.

Nibbled at by every subsequent generation and taken up in earnest by The Final Academy students Psychic TV, Cabaret Voltaire, 23 Skidoo and Z'ev, it is still subjected to hysterical howls of moral indignation or ardent admiration, the polarisation itself confirming the pair's position at the forefront of what Jon Savage describes as "the information war" — *"the war between knowledge and anti-knowledge"* (Genesis P-Orridge).

Burroughs entered it in earnest in 1959 with the publication of *The Naked Lunch* (after 1953's *Junky* his second novel), which described a phantasmogorical journey back from The Fall from God's grace to a hellish heaven of man's own dreaming via addiction, arousing sex fantasies and unsettling caricature of stereotypes — all pointing a way to the violent shedding of conditioning.

Though the controversial campaigning, litigation and literary debate, which finally secured the right to publication in Britain, belongs very much to the lingering post-war puritanism of the early '60s, its impact on an individual picking it up for the first time today is probably as great now as it has ever been.

So the significance of its publication victory, rightly pales beside the more lasting influence Burroughs has exerted in that same information war. He was given his most effective weapon by his longtime friend and collaborator Brion Gysin — a British-born, Swiss national, American-by-choice painter and writer — who accidentally chanced upon the cut-up technique — a mechanical method of introducing spontaneity by cutting passages into strips and permutating them, folding them into other texts — in Paris in '59.

The cut-up is their most potent legacy, but they've also amassed and exchanged an extraordinary amount of usable information and experiences. While Burroughs filled Gysin in on the details of his heroin addiction and his explorations of South America — his experiments with the telepathic drug yage, his studies of Mayan mythology and symbol languages — Gysin shared with him his 23 years in Morocco, introducing him to the trance pipe music of Joujouka and the work of Hassan i Sabbah. Sabbah, the legendary Old Man Of The Mountain, led a fanatical 12th century sect of Moslems whose hit squad gave us the word assassin. From Hassan Burroughs picked up the credo *"nothing is true everything is permitted"*.

Between them Burroughs and Gysin have merged magic and science with literature and art. Their writing is effective because it is so accurately informed and not a little mad, in that it resists conventional logic. They have made available all manner of mysteries, de-mythologised the workings of control organisms, and provided an index of endless possibilities via permutation, the methods of which are helpfully described in their collaboration *The Third Mind*, in Burroughs' *The Job* and *Ah Pook Is Here* and the Gysin book of interviews, *Here To Go Planet R-101*.

Their practise is the freedom of information, not the usual selfish guarding of secrets.

"That's the idea," enthuses Brion Gysin in a rich, youthful tenor that belies his 64 years, "putting an idea out that spreads by itself. We called that the open bank as a matter of fact. Give away your ideas! Give away your stock!" He pauses smiling, "I don't think it was such a good idea ..."

Neither Burroughs nor Gysin are particularly rich, though since the former returned to America in the early '70s he has upped his income with public readings and the increased royalties that go with long overdue recognition. As Gysin still lives in Paris, the pair rarely see each other, except for the occasional conference or something like The Final Academy, an event prompted by Genesis P-Orridge's admiration which finally united the two mentors with the groups who've updated and adapted the cut-up to modern technology.

"I wouldn't be here except for these readings," intones Burroughs readily, "because I don't travel at all unless someone else is picking up the tab ..."

That he travels still is some feat. If, when seated onstage behind a desk with two microphones, reading in that lovely parched faintly aristocratic crackle of a voice, he ressembles an ageless, dementedly enthusiastic newscaster, face to face his 68 years are more telling.

His face is deeply engraved with the rigours his thin body has been through these past five decades. His head topped by a becoming cap, he sways back and forth on a cane like a sporting country gentleman, but I have no doubt that he can wield it as the deadly anti-mugging device he describes in a *Re/Search 4/5* interview. He and Gysin as usual are forthcoming with information, triggering off each other's arcane anecdotes, odd theories and reminiscences. Yet, within the hour's allotted time it's not easy to pursue lines so well documented in the plethora of extensive interview handbooks already available — mentioned earlier.

What follows, then, is more a series of codas and witty postulations on the pair's favourite themes. (Bold type crossheads are gleaned from Burroughs' readings and recordings, unless otherwise stated.)

New tunes for old words *(Brion Gysin)*

BG:... That's why I used the cut-up thing back there (he was supported at The Final Academy for some routines by three musicians including Tessa of The Slits). New tunes to fairly old words, which is one of the things about the convention, which is about the subject of cutting-up material. I don't use it anymore, even though I discovered it, first put the idea across and everything. Like William I thought it was something you could go on from — it had more applications in other fields ...

WSB: Remember, the cut-up principle of introducing randomity was actually the basis of strategy in World War Two. Read Dr Neumann's book *Theory Of Games And Economic Behaviour*. Suppose you got three alternative flight paths. If the enemy find out which one you're gonna use, they're gonna intercept you, right? So minimise! You assume the worst has happened, that they know you're going to select one, but that information would be of utterly no use to them, because it would be a throw of the dice! We don't know ourselves which one we're going to use until the dice falls ...

BG: This is a big step beyond the whole idea of codes — codes which could be broken. Here you have no coded way of doing it.

WSB (postulating): Well, of course, life is a cut-up. The consciousness is cut by random factors as soon as you move, the only place where life would not be a cut-up is in a sensory withdrawal chamber! Oh Yeah, I've been in one. They've got them all over the place now, six dollars an hour to go lie in these tanks. Oh well, it's just restful, just like being in a quiet place that's all. I cannot but feel it's rather insanitary ...

Question: You mean they don't change the water?

WSB: Presumably they do, heh heh, but how can I be sure of that? This water I'm floating around in ...

WSB: *The Place Of Dead Roads* is straighter narrative more or less, because narrative is more applicable to the material I'm using. The cut-up, like any technique

***Dropping in and out of the third minds of BURROUGHS and GYSIN, survivors of the original Beats, pioneers of the cut-up technique, and authors of* The Naked Lunch *and* The Process *respectively. Their work has inspired such groups as Cabaret Voltaire, Psychic TV and 23 Skidoo, and influenced film directors as diverse as David Cronenberg* (Scanners) *and Ridley Scott* (Blade Runner).**

BY CHRIS BOHN
PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

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MAGNET

AND BRION GYSIN

is useful in certain areas and not in others. People seem to think that one is obligated to use something because you have used it before, but it's not like that at all ...

Though The Final Academy was in many ways a celebration of The Cut-Up Burroughs has for the moment dispensed with the technique he has applied so relentlessly in writing and, to a lesser extent, the short films he made with the late Anthony Balch, in favour of a more straightforward structure.

This isn't to say his most recent novels *Cities Of The Red Night* and the as yet unpublished *Dead Roads* are any less adventurous. Both narratives leap back and forth through time, folding scientific fiction into hilarious genre parodies, the former of Graham Greene, pulp detective, the latter — from the extracts heard or read so far — of Western dime novels and movies. Both return to decisive points in history where, but for a specific incident, things could have gone either way. *Cities* hinges on the hanging of a pirate Captain Mission who had set up a shortlived control-free utopia. What if ...?

Stay out of churches, son. All they got is the key to the shithouse. And swear to me you'll never wear a policeman's badge.

WSB: *Place Of Dead Roads* is a sequel to *Cities Of The Red Night*. What happened there was, like, commandos were parachuted behind enemy lines in time and they sort of cleaned up and drastically altered South and Central America. *Dead Roads* is the same sort of thing applied to North America.

They did South and Central America and the Catholic Church, now they're doing North America and the protestant ethic and the Bible Belt ... There's drastically fewer sexual scenes in *Dead Roads* than *Cities Of The Red Night*. There's really not that many at all. It's really concerned with weaponry more than anything else. Weaponry on all levels. The whole theory of weaponry and war. The history of this planet is the history of war, the only thing that gets a homo sapien up off his dead ass is a foot up! And that foot is war!

Now, there are more advances in medical sciences, say, in one year of war than there are in 20 or 30 years of stagnant peace. That's where all the big advances come from. In World War Two, of course, there was anti-biotics, and they really found drugs that would cure malaria, where quinine would only keep it down. There are all sorts of other vital, important discoveries. People need pressure to get anything done.

BG: And everyone gets more practise, that's all. As far as doctors are concerned war's a field day!

All arguments, all nonsensical condemnations as to what people 'should do' are irrelevant. Ultimately there is only one fact on all levels, and the more one argues, verbalises, moralises, the less he will see and feel of fact. Needless to say I will not write any formal statement on the subject. *(WSB letter to Allen Ginsberg)*

QUESTION: Now that censorship has relaxed, are targets harder to pinpoint?

BG: I don't think censorship has relaxed, it was beaten down quite legally! That's quite different. I don't think Mary Whitehouse, or whatever her name is, has relaxed for a minute!

WSB: It didn't relax voluntarily. These things never do, The French kings did not abdicate voluntarily. (He feints a chopping motion). THWOCK! Heh heh. Not very relaxed ... Censorship was never an issue. You don't have to have something that is presumably forbidden or difficult, that isn't at all important.

A running sub-theme through Burroughs' four readings traced together his contempt for the "do rights", those who for the sake of expediency will either work for the control organism or meekly submit to it.

"Junky: 'Doctor when I die I want to be buried right in the same coffin as you'... 'I'm putting you down for additional medication son'."

Or, from *Roosevelt After Inauguration:*

"Hopkins, unable to control himself, rolled on the floor in sycophantic convulsions, saying over and over, 'You're killin' me, Chief, You're killin' me'."

Better to *"scan the horizons for new frontiers of depravity. This is the Space Age; we are here to go. We can float out of here on a foam runway of sheer vileness."*

To Destroy enemies and, quite literally, *make* friends ...

BRION GYSIN'S Academy readings came from either his book of interviews, conducted by the young Englishman Terry Wilson, or a forthcoming novel — the latter read better.

Question: Tell me about your novel in progress, Brion.

BG: 'Scalled *Bardo Hotel, Beat Museum Bardo Hotel,* something like that. Pieces have been published here and there ... The idea is that my hero dies and finds the old beat hotel (in Rue Git Le Coeur, Paris where Burroughs and Gysin lived awhile, playing host to beat visitors), because he was very interested in the beats and he intended to buy this place and take it to this museum in California.

That's where he finds himself when he is dead. It's turned into a sort of Tibetan Bardo to him: seven floors, seven rooms on each floor, and he has to go through all the floors of the hotel.

WSB: I think it's a very good format — between worlds you see, the people waiting to be reborn, whether they're gonna make it back as a cow or not ...

BG: Yes. Also unlikely people meet there ... each floor is a sexual situation, levels of the hotel are sexual levels going right up to anormality and then out — or back again!

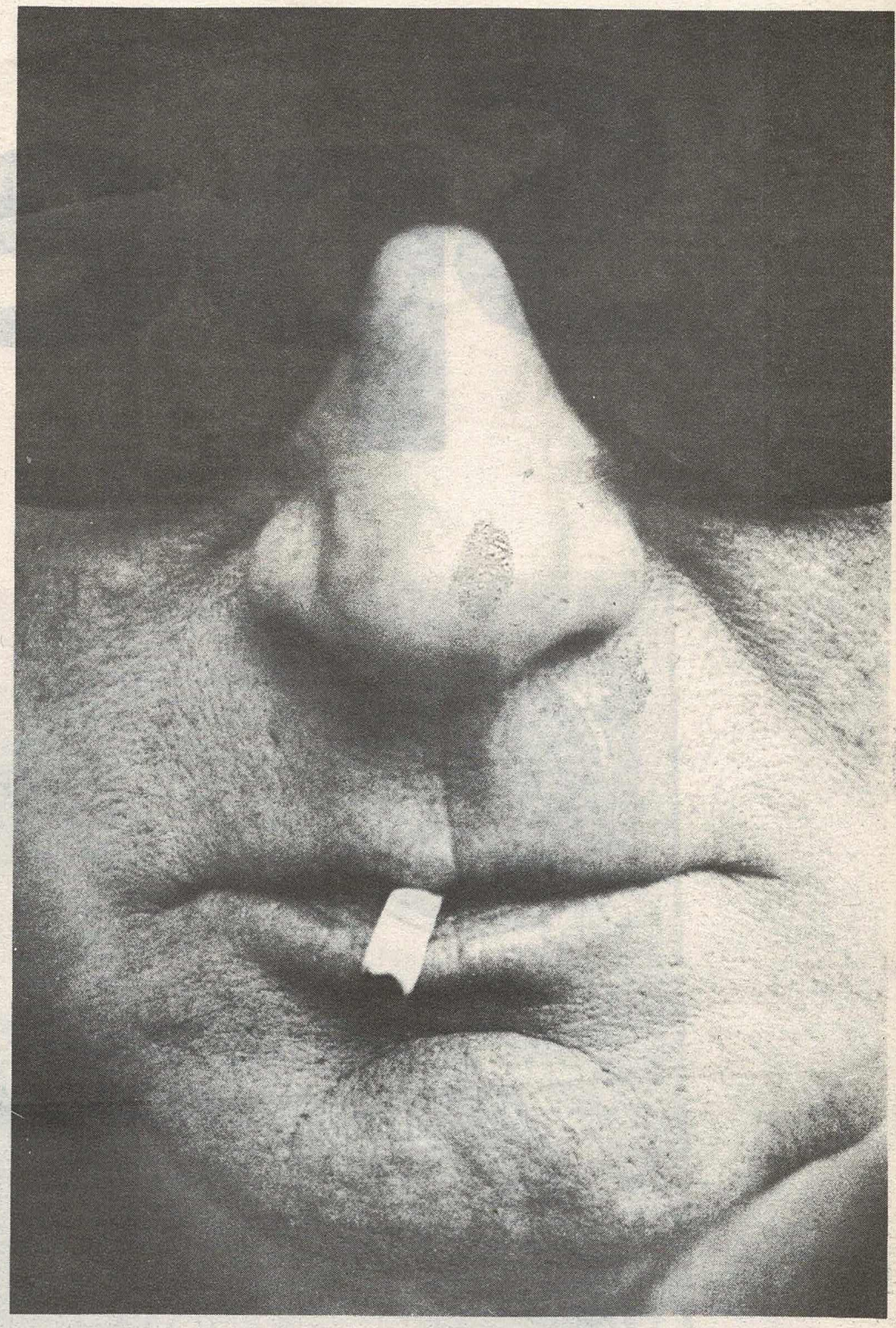
WSB: Because, as you know one of the great dangers of living between worlds like that is sex. That is what lures them back into reincarnation.

BG: That's right. *The hideous trap of the waiting womb* is continually spoken about in *The Tibetan Book Of The Dead*.

WSB: Absolutely! Say, if that's not a good pop song: *"Closing that old womb door"* (pause / whirr / chuckle) *"Don't wanna come back no more ..."*

BG: Haha. I don't think The Slits would play that.

WSB: Well, there are whole batches of spells for closing the womb door in the *Bardo Hotel,* because you want to be sure you're going to make it! You don't want to close the womb door if you can't make it.



Like a prisoner who killed his guard, he steps lightly through an open door.

SEX, IN an Eastern scheme of things studied by Gysin and Burroughs, is just one rite of passage. Other modes of transcendence include trance musics such as that practised by the pipers of Joujouka, whom Gysin incidentally brought to Western ears — firstly at the restaurant he ran in Morocco, and secondly, by leading the late Brian Jones up the mountain to record them.

What with the villagers Westernised, the sons of

Continues page 48

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TAINTED AMBITION

MARC & THE MAMBAS

Untitled (Some Bizzare)

WHATEVER ELSE you may think of Marc Almond or his new album, one thing should be stated right away: 'Untitled' is a surprisingly bold move for a major pop star.

Major? Quite definitely. In fact, if you took a crafty look at Ye Olde Derek Johnson Chart Points Survey for the past calendar year, I'm sure you'd find Soft Cell leaving all comers for dead in the singles chart, and precious few to touch them in the LPs. Not many people know this, but in the 13 months since 'Tainted Love' hit tilt, Soft Cell have spent over 40 weeks in the *NME* singles 30 — and they've had two big-selling albums as well.

Now undoubtedly, this represents the output of a pair of unreformed vinyl junkies-turned-pushers. Someone's gone and given them the key to the pop playground, and they're determined to try out every ride going. But at the same time, Soft Cell have become extremely bankable assets. All they've got to do is keep trotting out that corny old electronic sleaze and romance, and sure enough the hits just keep on coming.

So whether you think (wrongly) that Marc Almond is a camp little twit with an infantile porno fetish whose massive success only serves to emphasise the shallow depths current Brit-pop has sunk to; or whether you feel (rightly) that Almond is an intriguing mixture of gay-glam torch artist, '60s re-stylist, electronic romanticist and quintessential '80s pop artist — and a brilliant singer to boot . . . whichever way you see it, you certainly can't accuse him of playing it safe.

Not when, after slumming his way through all categories above, he then goes off on his own and makes a psychedelic album! Except where it's a dub album, that is. Oh yes, and not forgetting the bit where he makes like a nightclub crooner, of course. Tell you what, maybe I'd better just tell you what he *doesn't* do . . .

Well, for a start, he doesn't sing everything. Here and there New York Cellite Cindy Ecstasy turns up on second, and even co-vocals. And he doesn't play the instruments either, though he does chuck in the odd snatch of synths or vibes. In fact, a classical pianist by the name of Ann Hogan plays virtually the entire LP on her Todd, so to speak — except for a couple of tracks where Matt Johnson (Cell manager Stevo's latest protege, aka The The) plays the whole lot himself. Johnson also offers lead guitar on a couple of Ms Hogan's efforts.

So 'Untitled' is very much a joint effort (psychedelic pun!) — and one which breaks down into four distinct parts: a pop psychedelic side; a non-psychedelic ballad side; a psychedelic psychedelic side; a dub psychedelic side; the last two sides coming in fact as a 12-inch 45 (and I promise not to use that word again. Side).

Despite all this, 'Untitled' sets off in a deceptively Soft Cellular mode. The title track, 'Untitled' (hmm), is a Johnson/Almond song whose light, lush texture and sweet synth melody recall Ball & Almond's recent undemanding singles 'What' and 'Torch', Marc's lonely boy in the rain lament being redolent of his kitsch Sacha Distel style persona.

Marc Almond and friend — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

Unexceptional but pleasant — and Johnson proves that he *can* steer clear of the over-ornamentation that pushed his 'Burning Blue Soul' LP into the interesting-but-unlistenable class.

Hogan's first offering 'Empty Eyes' — based on a 'Green Onionsy' electric piano riff — is the most likely single, a neat electronic soul item with a restrained Almond in great voice.

Finally in this section Johnson gives full rein to his trademarked re-reverbed guitars and percussion, as Almond picks his way through a mantra-like song called 'Angels', a hypnotic tour de force which — under the right condition (and not necessarily 'stoned') — is first mesmerising and then, quite deliberately, turns nasty: a great slice of (got to say it) psychedelia which makes you wonder what marvels a youthful Grateful Dead could have wrought in a modern studio.

If that's a bit of a surprise, what follows is quite remarkable. In a trio of haltingly slow ballads, Almond takes on Scott Walker on his own turf — and actually escapes unscathed. For all the tributes from the likes of Cope and Bowie, nobody has ever had the nerve to take Scott Engel *straight* — and when I first heard Paul Buckminster's string arrangement come sweeping spectrally across Ann Hogan's delicate keying, and realised Almond was actually going to attempt Engel's masterpiece 'Big Louise' *even slower* than Scott himself, it was love at first chord.

Of course, right from 'Say Hello Wave Goodbye' and the first LP's chillingly brilliant 'Youth', it's always been evident that Marc Almond was in a class apart from his *TOTP* bedfellows as a great interpretative singer. But talk about going in at the deep end.

For a while, in fact, I thought he'd blown it. Almond's reading just seemed *too* ponderous. But after all, it did take Scott Walker about six years to reach the majestic command and depth of sensuality of 'Scott 3' — and the more I listen to Almond's lovingly controlled rendition, the more convincing it seems.

More than just brave . . .

After this, though, it has to be said, Almond's bravado gets the better of him — as he ditches the safety net of the string section to stand naked but for Hogan's piano.

'Caroline Says', taken from Lou Reed's harrowing 'Berlin' album, is performed as a breathy torch ballad, Almond seeming to relish the masochism of *"why is it that you beat me?"* — whereas Reed's original rendition was far more desolate and dignified. Not one of Lou's greatest songs, it *is* one of his greatest performances — and it's not enough for Almond just to emote valiantly.

The same goes for Jacques Brel's 'If You Go Away', which follows after a touch of the Russ Conways from Ms Hogan. Here again the master is Scott Walker (again from 'Scott 3'), and although Marc Almond's melodrama avoids falling right into the Bassey trap, it's a close shave.

Even so — what nerve! They may be flawed, but Almond still manages to carry off three of the most difficult songs he could set himself. Now let's see him go on from 'Youth' . . .

And so, reluctantly, to the 45. First up is Syd Barrett's 'Terrapin', a lovingly performed whiff of whimsy which does nothing to alter my view of Barrett as a tedious wet.

But the main track on the 45 takes Soft Cell's major fault — as exemplified by 'Tainted Dub' and too much of 'Non Stop Ecstatic Dancing' — to an extreme: it goes on and on and on and on. 'Twilights And Lowlifes' is where all four Mambas (plus percussionist Peter Ashworth) get together and indulge themselves until the audience goes home. The weird thing is how they managed to sustain their *own* interest so long: you can go off and make a cup of tea, read the paper, idly pick up the headphones and — Christ — they're still going on!

You what? Oh, you really like that kind of thing. Right, well all I'll say about the last track — an electronic dub of the previous epic, titled 'Twilights And Lowlifes (Street Walking Soundtrack)', is that it is possibly the most exciting performance in the history of recorded music. Just don't make me listen to it again.

So, a very *interesting* record but — when you get down to it — not actually very good; a couple of flashes of brilliance, some good efforts, and a hell of a lot of wasted time, talent and money (yours).

For sheer gall, past glories and great taste, Marc's gotten himself a sympathetic review here; most *NME* writers would've smacked his bum and told him to go and do something useful. And perhaps they would have been right.

Phil McNeill

KING OF THE TAME FRONTIER

ADAM ANT

Friend Or Foe (CBS)

THE CAMPAIGN for global supremacy grinds on . . . a new single, a slightly altered image, a powerful television push and now the first album from Adam since his peripheral accomplices The Ants were politely given the push at the end of last year.

'Friend Or Foe' is the most confident, fully realised record that Adam and his sturdy sidekick Marco Pirroni have yet produced. It also represents the final sanding down of the splintered, spiky Antmusic that first surfaced so refreshingly during those grey days between 'Dirk Wears White Socks' and 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier'.

The formula for 'Friend Or Foe' remains essentially the same as before, but the music nowadays has been stripped of all its former guts and glory, the initial abrasive edge now a sacrifice on the altar of family entertainment, leaving nothing but a soft-centred residue . . . bland and deliberate.

The Ants are long gone, replaced here by an impressive supporting cast of sessioneers who coat Adam's farcical fantasies with layer on layer of swashbuckling gloss. Together they plagiarise genre after genre, hopping from vaudeville to glam, thriller theme tunes to spaghetti western soundtracks with Marco even resurrecting the ghost of Johnny Thunders in his garish guitar break on 'Something Girls'.

Where last year's 'Prince Charming' set was a garbled, directionless affair, 'Friend Qr Foe' is at least more finely focussed. Adam and Marco know exactly where they are going now and are wasting little time in getting there: they have dropped all pretence of being a rock band or pop group, the emphasis of their act now resting almost entirely on those elements of slapstick flash and superficial dazzle that were previously kept in some check.

Adam the television personality is now much bigger a phenomenon than Adam the musician, as the video stills which decorate the sleeve only reinforce, but never before has the sheer emptiness of his songwriting been quite so apparent — if his career prospects had depended on the quality of his songs, Adam would surely have disappeared ages ago.

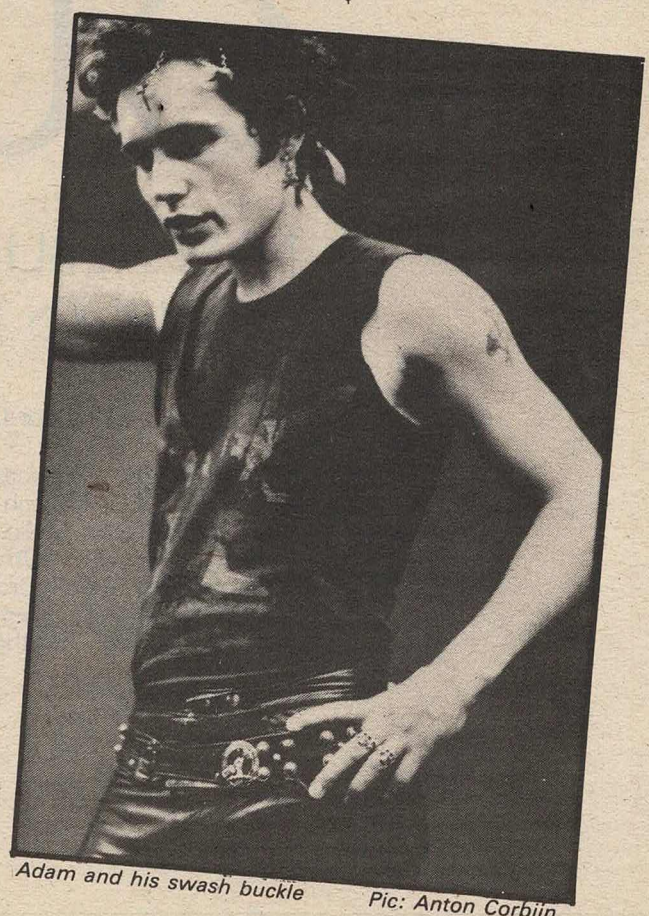
If the material is largely in the same musical vein as the two recent singles 'Friend Or Foe' and 'Goody Two Shoes' — both included here — then the lyrics wallow unashamedly in Adam's obsession with his own fame. They give no real insight, however, into the pain or pleasure of that stardom. Adam is scared to show any sign of weakness or uncertainty, his raving self-obsession manifesting itself in a series of sour, twisted little asides that lurk bitterly between the lines.

"When you get a number one the only way is down,"* he broods on one song before turning first to his rivals with *"how the hell can you complain, what a bore you popstars are"* and secondly, naturally, the press in *"mister pressman with your penknife, always asking about my sex life."

Finally, all those who ever dared form their own opinion about the Mighty Ant are dismissed in 'Made Of Money': *"Instead of trying to use your brains/You sit around and suck my veins/Your kind of rat belongs in drains . . ."*

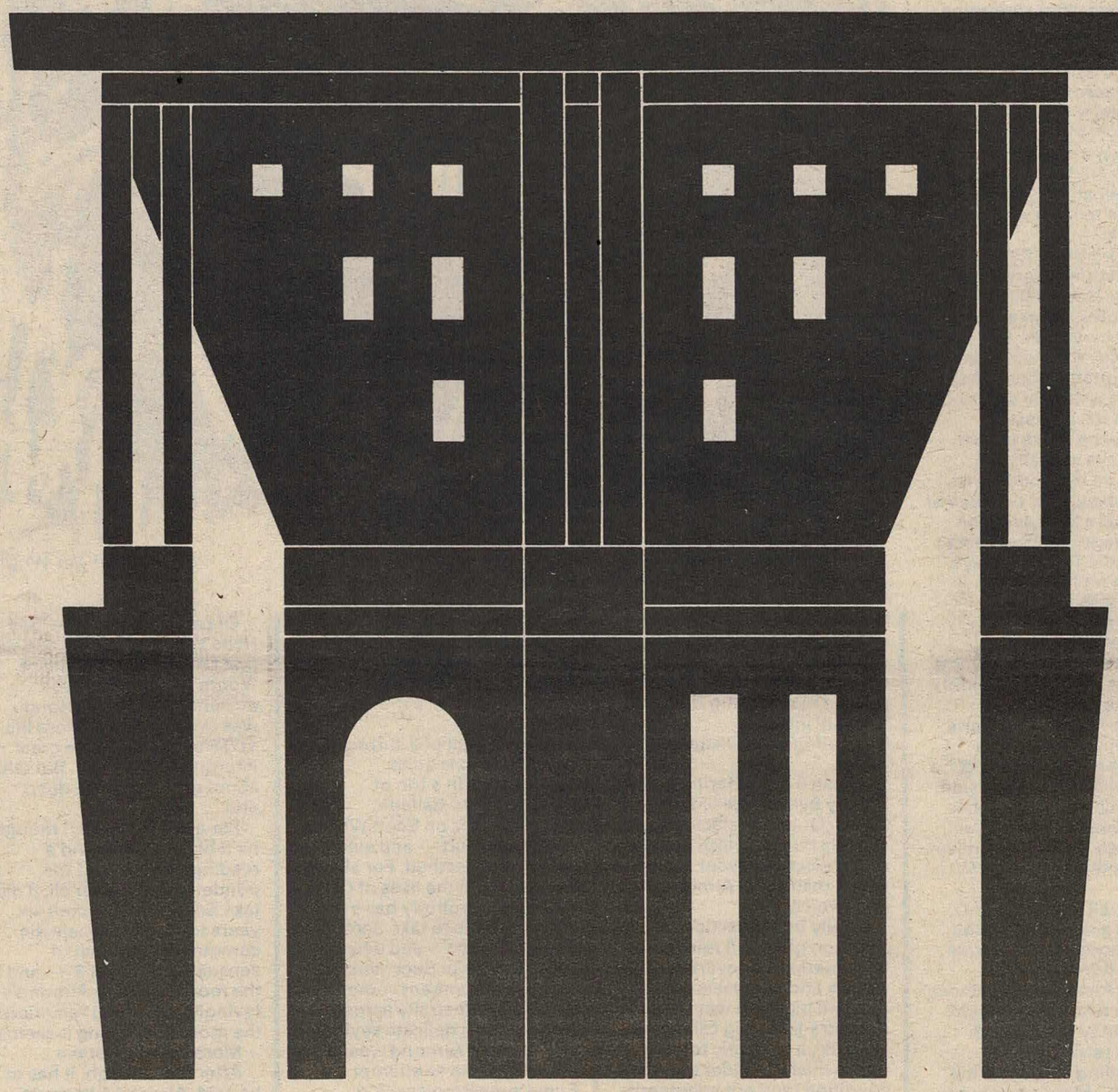
Adam's barbed bitterness reeks of an artist trying desperately to resurrect a star that seems to be ever so slightly on the wane. It is amazing, though, that he can manage to get so worked up about it all. After all, ridicule is nothing to be scared of . . .

Adrian Thrills



Adam and his swash buckle — *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

ULTRAVOX



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Chrysalis Records & Tapes

GUYS...

ANDY SUMMERS AND ROBERT FRIPP

I Advance Masked (A&M)

WHAT COULD be more agreeable than this collection of 13 triumphs of the miniaturist's art? Who could fail to be charmed by this exquisite set of watercolour impressions?

Well . . . this album may not be such grist to the critic's mill as 'Ghost In The Machine' or 'Beat', but I'll be listening to it a sight more often.

Much as an artist on holiday might knock off a few sketches more for private pleasure than public acclaim, Summers and Fripp have made a beguiling, even mildly beautiful album, which succeeds because its aims are so modest.

'I Advanced Masked' makes no attempt to demand one's undivided attention, but rather evokes a series of moods. Such an exercise usually floats away from conscious awareness in a cloud of whimsicality. At best — for example Vini Reilly's 'March Of The Durutti Column' or Eno's 'Music For Films' and 'On Land' — it can achieve Satie's ideal of promoting a congenial background for civilised discourse and also standing as a valid musical work in its own right.

'I Advanced Masked' is not as absorbing as any of those three. Its themes and textures are slighter and more conventional. But, in its pastel-shaded, pastoral manner, it's more accessible and interesting than Fripp's overrated 'Exposures', and displays Andy Summers' versatility and deftness to greater advantage than The Police's restricting format.

The prevailing ambience is lyrical and contemplative. Only towards the end are there are hints of disquiet to break the spell. But even they are in the same restrained, meditative vein that characterises the rest of the album.

No passion is worked up — no 'Walking On The Moon' plangent chords or 'Baby's On Fire' fretboard frenzy. The whole album testifies to the soothing balm of country air and absence of career pressure. A summer breeze.

Mat Snow

Fripp gets dozy *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

Olivia gets physical

... & DOLLS

JOAN JETT

Bad Reputation (Epic)

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

Olivia's Greatest Hits (EMI)

LINDA RONSTADT

Get Closer (Asylum)

Let me hear . . .

WOMEN IN rock — continued. A long time ago, when pop music was still toddling, girl singers were supposed to be uncomplicated fish: bouffant-topped dollies, shielded and sheltered at one moment and pushed onto a glaring ledge over idolatry the next. Virginal cuties like Helen Shapiro, Susan Maugham and Brenda Lee were what you aspired to be if you were a girl, and the only alternative was to hide behind a wooden box and a jumper and pretend you were Joan Baez.

If we map out a course to enlightenment — Franklin, Springfield, Joplin, Quatro, Jackson, Harry, Bush — then we arrive at the present and find . . . well, here are the dollies all over again. Look at these three: older, richer, harder but — dollies. Aren't they?

Joan Jett certainly seems to want to be, although she looks a tired and sulky sort to me. 'Bad Reputation' is an ugly, stinking record, a clot of three-year-old demos whipped and scraped into what Kenny Laguna presumably imagines is a tough rock 'n' roll album. There are vile and humourless covers of two Gary Glitter songs (I bet you can guess which ones), an insulting 'Shout' and a very poorly 'Wooly Bully'. I fear Joan is destined to live out a rags to rags story.

There are six worthwhile things on 'Olivia's Greatest Hits', which means there's fourteen which don't make it. In 'Physical' (tied up), 'Tied Up' (physical), 'Heart Attack' (graphic), 'Make A Move On Me' (merciless) and 'Magic' (breathless) the logistics of wanting are fragmented and rebuilt at a heady remove from the customary white disco tease — brilliant productions and tempting performances that demand a fuller thesis than this. The other one is 'You're The One That I Want', the faked masterpiece which Annette and Fabian never made. As this undeniable dolly pirouettes she knows she has it all — I love her.

Lastly, the most maligned of them all. Hers is the maturest approach — although she still tries to look younger and younger in her cover pictures — and truthfully 'Get Closer' is not so sullied by a dolly's deceit as it might be. Ronstadt's rockers are the same crusty exercises they ever were, but when she sifts regretfully through the pages of a ballad a strange change overtakes her. In two outstanding Jimmy Webb songs — 'The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress' and 'Easy For You To Say' — the soulless, clear blue purity of her voice evokes the *numbness* of a personal sorrow more closely than any loose histrionics could. 'My Blue Tears', written by Dolly Parton in very gentle script, ends with a heart in pieces.

One day, perhaps, Linda will make an entire record like this. For now, she must serve out her time with the other dollies.

. . . your body talk.

Richard Cook

... & DULL BY DULL

DOLL BY DOLL

Grand Passion (Magnet)

A REMARKABLE business, this. Doll By Doll have been entirely re-modelled, and now comprise two central persons and some musicians. The important pair are bossman Jackie Leven, of course, and Helen Turner who either is, or for conceptual purposes is playing the part of, Leven's girlfriend.

"If the rulers stopped ruling," proclaims the sleeve blurb, "and let Grand Passion take command . . .". The cover illustration is *The Kiss* by Gustav Klimt (a famous painter, fellow philistines). The mutually enraptured pair cling defiantly to each other on the reverse-side photo. You guessed it. 'Grand Passion' is a celebratory examination of the utter fabulousness of physical and spiritual coupling.

Leven presents big, bold songs of love and lust in various old-fashioned ways. Some of them are fast, and some of them are slow. The basic plot is, rather like in the first *Star Trek* film, that the cooing, grappling couple put the rest of us through a good deal of tedium, but ultimately transcend all their own pain to finally unite in some glorious inter-galactic orgasm which acts as a paradigm for the salvation of the world. Not bad on a circular bit of plastic, eh?

Trouble is, I cringed through most of it. Helen has a rather nice, swinging voice (Leven does too if prime Humperdinck is what gets you at it), and she's no simpering softy. She does, however, 'know her place' in a gonzo 'Strong Hands', and she steps obediently back whilst big Jack does his worst with the album's one cover version. Would you believe 'Under My Thumb'?!

There are some serviceable parts. 'City Of Lights', a traditional nightmare, is noisy, which helps, the band for once making themselves heard above the rustle of bedclothes. 'Natural' and the title track are, limply OK. But a song like 'Dancing Shoes' is not only archaic, but a terrible embarrassment. I buried my head in a cushion. And frankly, any entertainment which inflicts a clammily-crooned lyric like *"If the thighs of Heaven part / If the gun is at your head / Wounded gods sing in your heart / The warmest kind of miracles happen in bed"* is pretty hard to take straight-faced. Let alone lying down.

Dave Hill

THE ROCHES

Keep On Doing (WEA)

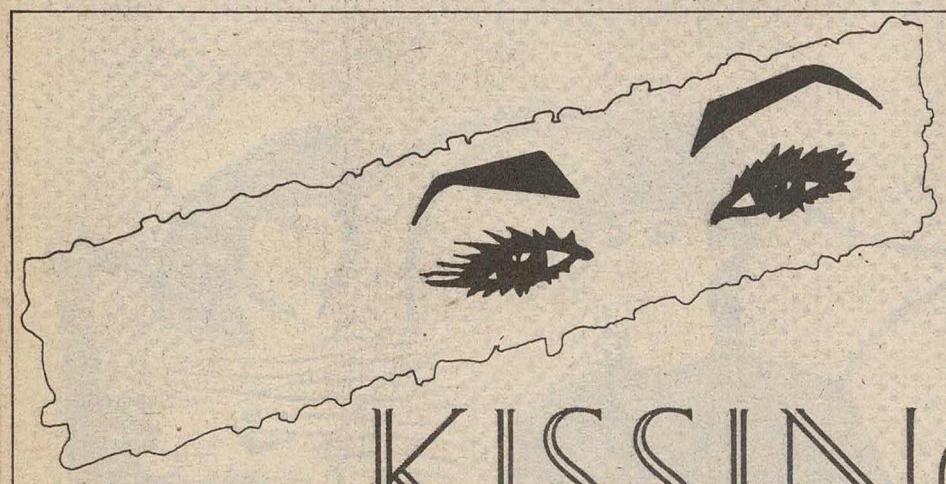
THERE'S SOMETHING so preppy about The Roches. Ordinarily they'd just be a woolly threesome of folkies from the Village, hairband hummers, a stock support at college gigs or beanery entertainments. Instead, by dint of an admirer in Robert Fripp (producer again here) and a few penetrating quirks in approach, The Roches aspired to be some sort of knowing confidence shared among the callous intellectuals of the J.G. Bennett set. Folk singers in fall-out twinsets.

They sing the ten songs of 'Keep On Doing' like Christmas carols: flawless descants, sentimental harmonies, the scent of a gas lantern overhead. They guy their own standing, it's true, but the injection of the debris of broken happiness — divorces, older men, small-town girls and loose jerks are caught in the light of the lamp — is insufficiently ironic, and it damages the tender charm of a genuine folk tune like 'On The Road To Fairfax County'. Some of it ('The Largest Elizabeth In The World') is merely silly, some ('I Fell In Love') too cleanly studied.

When they start with a perfectly executed arrangement of the 'Hallelujah Chorus' the reaction is neither bemusement (waiting for the joke) nor wonder (it's well-practiced). Nothing is celebrated in The Roches' world — their sculpture is too fine, their subjects already too cold for such icy detail.

The prettiest tune is 'Losing True', where Fripp plays a wry rejoinder and the heavenly counterpoint grows wings — that one I'll play again. When the carol singers come around.

Richard Cook



WATCHING THEIR EYES

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KISSING THE PINK

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DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES

H_2O (RCA)

DARYL HALL and John Oates are potentially a formidable partnership. 'I Can't Go For That' was the slickest snappiest ditty the wrong side of the disco boom. A promise, I thought, of better things to come. But 'H_2O' leaves me cold. Looking for the reason I put on The Thompson Twins' excellent 'In The Name Of Love' and Heaven 17's impeccable 'Penthouse And Pavement', and then it hit me. It doesn't. Hit, that is, at least not where it hurts.

'HO' has no sting, no bite, not even a gentle nip. It prepares you for the punch then lets you down. Hall and Oates have got all the right ideas — steady backbone throb, twitching bass spasms, shudders of sax, occasional handclaps — and there's nothing wrong with their voices either. It's just the *way* they sing.

Surely the whole point of spicy melanges of background noise is to focus attention away from the vocals, to slip the song effortlessly along on top of the rest. Hall and Oates' voices don't ride the beat, they suffocate it. Their vocals don't slide, they *drag*. Imagine Martin Fry on your personally most detested ABC single at 33⅓.

They've kissed the light airy touch goodbye, a move that immediately puts the music on a different footing, demanding the old, heavy pulling-apart approach — you know, nice bass here, strong chorus there, a decent note on the trumpet, good thump on the drum, blah blah bleah. By the time analysis is over, the hot bits have gone tepid and the rest has congealed unappetisingly.

Disco was never meant to be dissected. Hall and Oates are trying too hard.

Leyla Sanai

Mac — the life *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

IT'S A POST-GUMBO PIANO SOLO, JOHN

DR JOHN

Dr John Plays Mac Rebennack (Demon)

AH YES ... this is *the stuff*. An elegiac solo piano tribute to the rhythmic wealth of New Orleans — the marching bands, the boogie pianists, the second-line strut, the parades, the saloons, *everything* — 'Dr John Plays Mac Rebennack' is elegant, witty, soulful, inventive and powerful in the most relaxed manner possible.

Dr John — for those who came in late — is Mac Rebennack, who has been actively involved in the New Orleans music scene since the mid-50's, became a star in the late '60s by adopting the pseudonym 'Dr John Croeaux The Night-Tripper' and recording a brilliantly lurid form of voodoo-rock, cut a brilliantly stylish exercise with Allen Toussaint and The Meters and released 'Gumbo', a tribute to New Orleans traditions which is a direct predecessor to this album despite being almost a decade old.

'Gumbo' featured Dr John's rollicking, sly and dignified piano and inimitable vocal croak on a series of tunes associated with the likes of the VERY GREAT Professor Longhair, Huey Piano Smith, Earl King and Sugar Boy & The Cane Cutters. He was supported there by a large and sympathetic back-up crew with battalions of horns and vocalists, but here he strips his subject down to the basics: the piano. He wrote half the tunes himself, but they are all in the same rolling vein; a measured torrent of piano.

All are instrumentals with the exception of Hoagy Carmichael's 'The Nearness Of You', upon which Dr John sings; just like the offspring of a crow and a bullfrog, as a matter of fact. The performance has been released as a single, and as such was justly commended to your attention in these pages by Danny Baker a couple of weeks back.

There's not much to say about this album, except that it is wonderful, and also that it is marvellously *sane* music. There is something irresistible about music that is simultaneously and convincingly sane and joyful, and whenever the Doctor plays Mr Rebennack's music, you can feel it. From the bones outward.

Charles Shaar Murray

GBH CAN DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH — OFFICIAL

GBH

City Baby Attacked By Rats (Clay)

"Perpetual torture from those we love to hate."

NICE 'N' SLEAZY rocks the GBH warcry as yet another crass compendium of punky gobbledygook strains against the shaky low-fi. Just a minute ... how's about the 'innocent until proven guilty' bullshit? Alright. Charged GBH. How do you plead?

"There's only one place where you can rock. Come on let's go dancing down at the bellend bop."

It would seem, your honour, that old Lurkers' riffs never die. They just get assimilated into the stained refrains of the Subs/Slaughter/SLF genre for this blander blast of nonsense called GBH. Continue please.

"There's no escape from this social rape. You've gotta pay for being young today."

I believe this is an example of a phenomenon commonly diagnosed as 'Heavy punk discipline', m'lord. Chapter 653 states quite distinctly that the obligatory ten-a-penny social-commentaries must be stressed beneath a characteristic aural rape.

"We're a bunch of desperados, a brave and fearless crew."

Objection, your honour. Desperate is the correct descriptive element in the prosecution's view. They're obviously just another bunch of dados pushing a duff sex and tough violence ticket.

Objection sustained.

"Your brain is getting eaten away by the rat living in your skull."

Point of order: it is not George Orwell being charged for GBH.

"So I've failed in my quest of crime, my one and only vice."

Charged with GBH is nothing to be proud of. It's not the sort of thing decent folk want on record.

"I'm strapped into my bed. I've got electrodes in my head. I'm a sick boy and there's no cure."

Pleading diminished responsibility will not aid in avoiding the true course of justice. Sick boys like you ought to be sent down, and not spared.

"I wanted you 'cos of your bust. And now I want a night of lust."

Sicker, boys, sicker.

"There were people dressed as Batman, they really looked a mess. Then to my amazement I found it was a fancy dress."

Contempt of court is not advisable. This situation is becoming increasingly farcical, your worship. The prosecution demands a verdict of guilty on all counts.

VERDICT: GUILTY.

Has the defence anything to say before sentence is passed?

"Boston baby, Boston baby walking down the street."

Where have all the boot boys gone? They're here kicking the shit out of old Slaughter songs, your honour.

JUDGE'S COMMENT: There was a time when the act of releasing an atrocity like 'City Baby Attacked By Rats' would have warranted a hanging ... as it is GBH deserve leniency (a suspended sentence?) for the undeniable sense of naivete that courses through this product. When Clay Records — the home of Discharge — reveal the blueprints for GBH's next LP, there is no doubt in my mind that we'll hear saxes and synths bleeping and wailing the cliche blues away, but 'City Baby..' is just criminal.

Amrik Rai

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14 Karat Soul

WHAT A DOO WOPPER

FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL AND BEN HALLEY

Sister Suzie Cinema And The Gospel At Colonus (Burning Records US import)

THE FIRST thing that this review should be making you aware of is the fact that the vocal group is once again a coming thing. Ever since the bottom fell out of the disco boom a few years back, a stream of velvet-voiced American ensembles like The Whispers, The Manhattans and acappella kings The Persuasions have been in the forefront of a welcome vocal renaissance.

The second thing that this review should be making you aware of is the existence of Fourteen Karat Soul, another group to place complete faith in their silky singing strengths rather than hide them behind some ornate instrumental arrangement. A black New Jersey quintet, all in their late teens or early 20s, their roots are in gospel music and street-corner acappella but their ambitions stretch far further afield.

Rather than pursue the lucrative nightclub career that their talents might initially seem suited to, Fourteen Karat Soul have turned their attentions to theatre, and specifically to the two musicals 'The Gospel At Colonus' and 'Sister Suzie Cinema', which they recently presented on an adventurous double bill at Hammersmith's Riverside Studios.

This album is the soundtrack of both the musicals, recorded by Fourteen Karat and black actor Ben Halley Jnr earlier this year in New York, and it shows just how well the quintet's vocal sorcery adapts to the theatrical task.

The music, penned by lyricist Lee Breuer and composer Bob Telson, gives the group plenty of opportunity to stretch and develop their talents in territory not normally associated with a vocal/acappella group. Conversely, their inch-perfect intonation and dipping, soaring harmonies breathe life and sparkle into an experimental score which might otherwise be too dry and academic.

Of the two pieces, 'The Gospel At Colonus' is probably the more complex. It is a gospel adaption of the Sophocles tragedy 'Oedipus At Colonus' with the characters from the ancient Greek 'original' transformed into their latter-day black gospel 'equivalents'; King Oedipus becomes Ray Charles, a messenger of the gods becomes Martin Luther King, and so on, with Fourteen Karat providing the running commentary as an updated version of the classical Greek chorus.

The concept is occasionally strained, the transformation at times laboured and Lee Breuer's pun-heavy wordplay often a little too dense, but the whole thing works thanks to the performances of Halley — as Oedipus — and Fourteen Karat, who slip effortlessly from traditional deep southern gospel to the more countrified contemporary style of the Staples Singers.

Despite being billed loftily as either a doo-wop opera or a tone poem, 'Sister Suzie Cinema' is both lighter and more immediate (particularly to those with no great interest in stylised Greek tragedy), being an affectionate tribute to the romantic fantasies and teendreams inspired by movie heroines like Veronica Lake and Natalie Wood.

The four songs that make up this second cycle are performed completely acappella, minus even the minimal musical accompaniment afforded in 'Colonus', allowing the sparkling vocal capabilities of the fivesome to shine even stronger. Rather than perform the songs totally 'straight', however, Fourteen Karat tinge their delivery wtih a slightly camp sense of irony, gently mocking the cornball dreams of the screen in the same breaths as they salute them.

Some of the magic of their live performance is, of course, lost on record. There's simply no way a soundtrack album could recreate the onstage spectacle of a razor-sharp vocal quintet singing a song as absurd as 'I'll Be There When The Popcorn Is Gone' while rhythmically tossing handfuls of popcorn over the shoulders of their white zoots. That would be asking just too much.

What this record does confirm is the depth and adaptability of the talent running through this one vocal group. A golden future for the Fourteen Karat boys seems assured. And you can bet your bottom dollar that they'll still be around when all the popcorn is gone.

Adrian Thrills

ICEHOUSE

Primitive Man (Chrysalis)

THE BAND'S name and the album's title may suggest further Australianisms along the lines of Birthday Party's teeth-gnashing nightmares, but no speculation could be further from the truth.

To be honest, there's little on the surface to invite a deeper look. Everything — the faintly onerous song names, the scrawled stick men on the sleeve — implies that weighty human matters are being mulled over. Yet the sheer ordinariness of the tastefully monotonous music inspires nowt but sheer mental sloth. Full stop. Synths, low moans, middling beats and general uneventfulness comprise Icehouse's initial substance. Kind of 'Manifesto' Roxy meets a *Mogodoned* Cure.

In short, so little excitement is suggested that any desire to seek out further (probably non-existent) fascinations, is instantly pre-empted. Is there anything less useful than arty MOR?

Dave Hill

COCTEAU TWINS 12" Single (bad 213)

2

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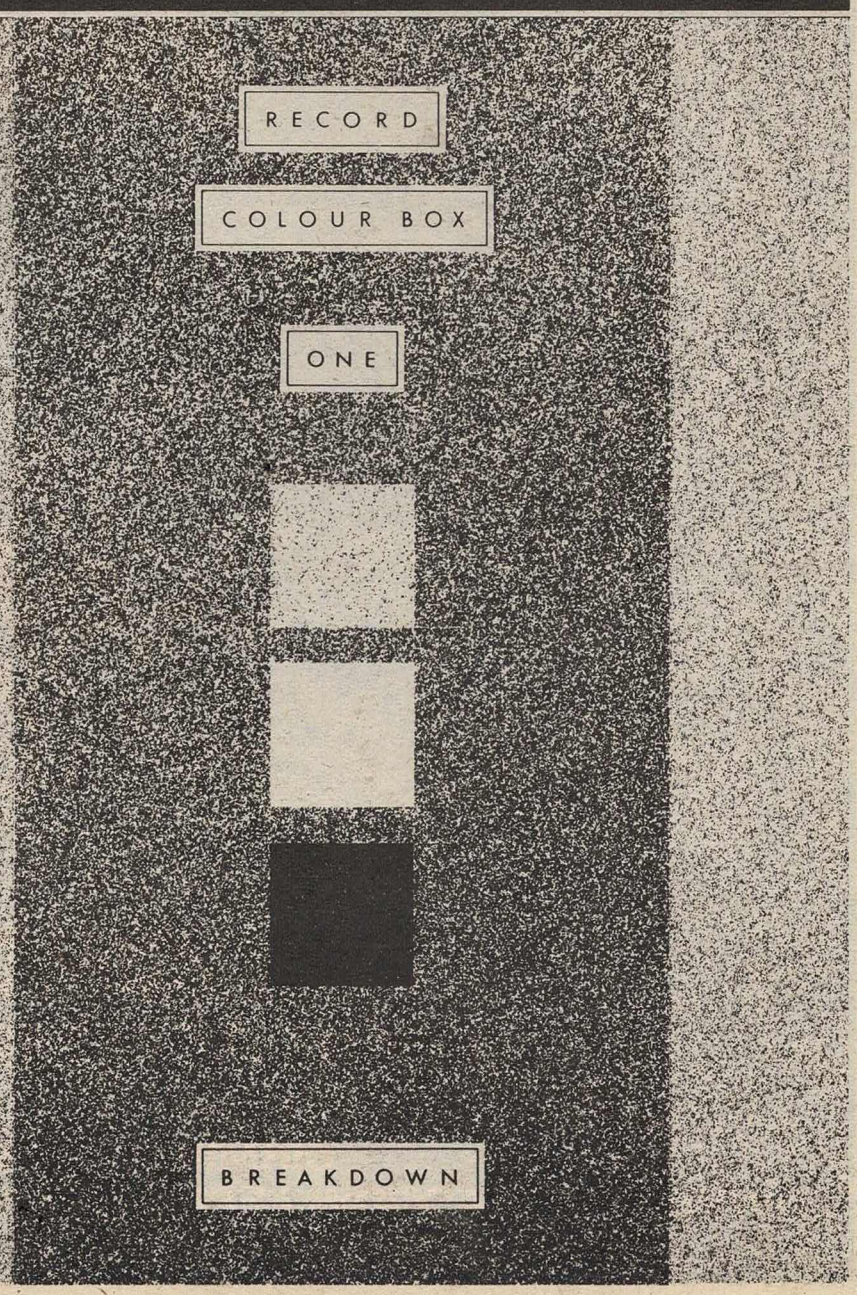

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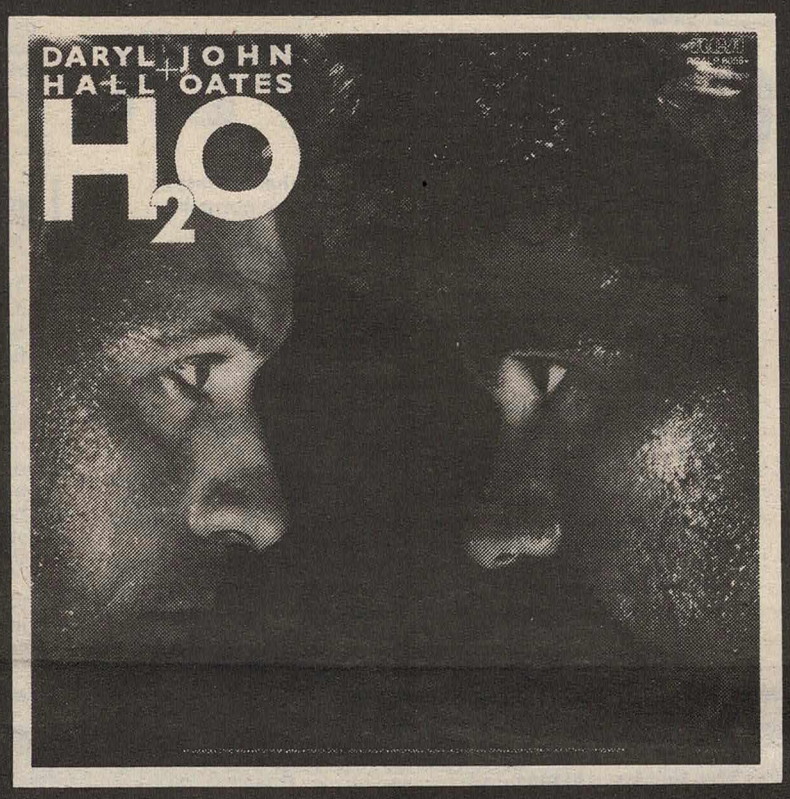

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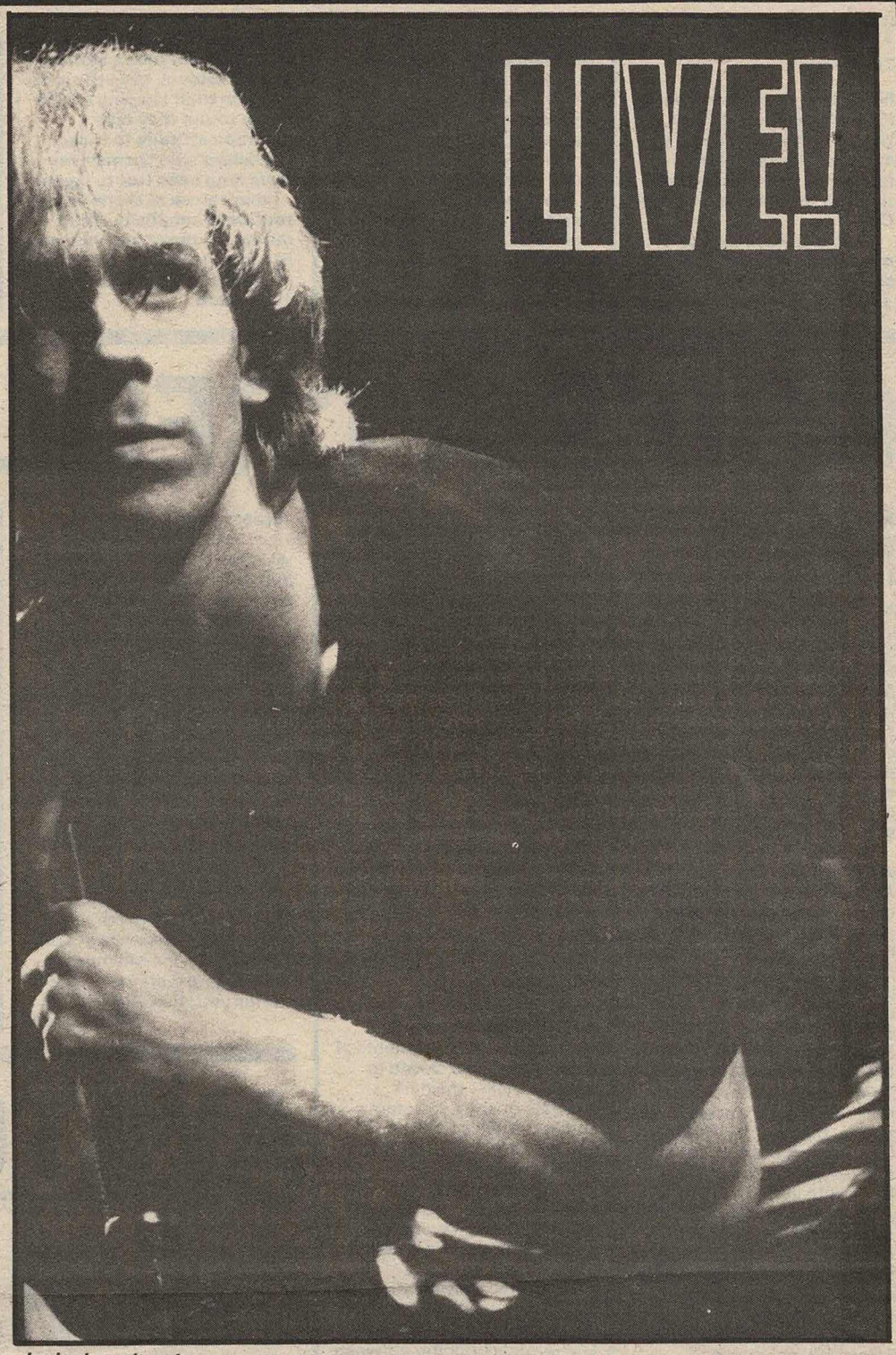
TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH



Jools doesn't quite cope. Pic Kevin Cummins.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES

Brunel University

TEARDROPS LIVE used to soar above the atmosphere of even the most stoical venue, transport the audience on a wave of vitality and create a whirl of life, colour and joy. The last gig I heard was a bootleg tape of a Radio One *In Concert* over a year ago, which captured the blueprint for 'Wilder' and hinted at new hidden depths, a shift forward from the clear voiced bright eyed pop glory of 'Kilimanjaro' to unexplored horizons.

The world flattened out. Teardrops reached their horizons and trampled all over them. I'd heard of a change in attitude but I didn't expect this.

From the start the massive cold basketball hall made all attempts to transcend the setting futile and ridiculous. The dry ice machine dutifully belched that familiar white stuff, the stage lights flashed pompously, and the Teardrops . . .

. . . fell apart at the seams. There wasn't even a decent explosion. For a start, the group has whittled down to Julian Cope on vocals, Gary Dwyer on drums, and Dave Balfe on cassette player. Julian's kicked the little boy lost look away forever (and whatever anyone says about it being simulated, that image was as much a hallmark of Teardrops as the music), instead depending on mock Morrison heroics for stage charisma. With none of the supportive effect of bass or spontaneity of brass section, they rely heavily on backing tapes, killing any hope of live power or feeling.

The first half of the set consisted of new songs from the forthcoming third LP. All the ones I can remember — or rather, can't — they faded into oblivion quite quickly — showed little of the vocal variations of the first two albums. Julian's voice is still potentially glorious and crystal clear but he's harnessed the emotion, disposed of the tender edge. Superficially it's probably 'better' than when it faltered or crackled with feeling, but it has none of the life it used to have. The new tracks are neither moving in the vein of 'Tiny Children' nor sparkling like 'Treason'. It all sounds very jaded — like a tried and tired rehash of an age-old formula.

When Julian started on the oldies, I anticipated a flash of the old magic, but it didn't come. 'Poppies', possibly the finest Teardrops track of all time, was massacred cold bloodedly, shambled through with no regard for timing, the words hurled and slurred around, the second 'Wait around' no higher than the first. Then came the token renditions of the other favourites, occasional glimpses of the old passion being obscured by rushed execution or the dull flatness creeping in. I got the impression they were relieved when they'd got through their repertoire, thankful to tick off another date in their diary, raring to go and live 'til the next cumbersome appointment. Frankly it was a relief when they finished. I hate seeing legends die.

Leyla Sanai

CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT

Sheffield Leadmill.

THE LEADMILL has to be seen to be believed; you've got dreads and punks, skins and students all stoned and pissed in one room. It's brilliant but bloody hot.

And then, CRASH BANG and Clint Eastwood and General Saint bounce from carefully hidden trampolines to take the stage by storm. Almost as if ranking Suggs and toasting Chas Smash had crashed the party, Eastwood and Saint powered through a well tuff piece of all-in entertainment.

Well rehearsed in the art of controlled chaos — if not on a par with the titans of Madness, then pretty bloody close — the double act delivered lashings of comedy and tight talkover.

'One Skank Beyond', 'The (Far I) Prince' and 'Badness (They Call it Badness)', they did 'em all with a surplus of zest and colour and the swingiest, rockiest reggae intrusion Sheffield's seen for a long time. To the pop steady beat of The Inity Rockers backers, Eastwood and Saint danced non-stop for an hour for the hot-headed skinheads and the skank and file. The gangly Eastwood's bitter-sweet harmonies flowed with a vengeance, smoother even than his loping locks, to crash in sharp contrast with the funny man figure of Saint delivering a rappy collection of gruff voiced sonatas.

In truth, the Rockers' crispy, funky reggae was most probably quite bland, but the way the dynamic duo bossed around in complete control, it really didn't matter. With a relationship as easy and as overtly natural as theirs — they charge straight into another song without a moment for choreographed etiquette — the emphasis and critical perspective is inevitably drawn away from the backers' shortcomings and surely onto the two mad hatters.

"You feeling irie?" demands Saint in one of the rare vocal interludes where I understood more than the token syllable. Yep Saint, guess so. I'm no stranger to this plebean sex-music sensuality, this buoyant, accessible showmanship ethic. It's grand. It's like being at the Circus all over again. Bring on the clowns.

Amrik Rai

General Saint, for a few hollers more. Pic Kevin Cummins.

THE GUN CLUB

The Venue

IF YOU'VE ever heard Charley Patton's 'Mississippi Boll Weavil Blues' then you'll be aware of the kind of high lonesome wail that blows through the spirit of The Gun Club.

Just as a black-lipped meanness whipped Patton's surly Delta blues into pure, scalding venom, fed through the text of a folk tale old as the plantations, so The Gun Club take and shake the misty lore of the Southern bible belt, demolish its respectable trappings, and attack the bag of bones with the charred tools of primitive rock'n'roll.

The Gun Club's method is so simple — it *punishes* the facile elements that make up rock'n'roll. It's misleading to keep pointing to the influence of the country blues — you can sense they're *aware* of that thread in rock's stolen coat of colours, but little more — yet in their shaping of this harsh sound they take a common attitude to those musicians who themselves have long been lost to legend — they refuse to settle for the routine of simplicity. They renew the terror and violence in a form boiled dry by stupidity and endless reiteration.

In their Venue show, at once stunningly intense and impossibly sloppy, The Gun Club worried and eventually ripped through their set of songs in a display which, for its sheer lack of sentiment and false loving, beat any rock performance I've seen all year.

Jeffrey Lee Pierce drags his corpulent bulk over the stage not with the laughable indifference of charlatan punk boredom but a chill, unsettling aura of fatalism that seems to admit only a wrathful isolation. There can be few such brilliantly idiomatic figures taking a stage at present — Pierce's thunderous, hog-calling' roar, like Patton's turpentine growl, is the only feasible channel in or out of this music.

It's no surprise that one of their songs has Elvis Presley in Hell. Although he looks a little like a cold, uncaring Meatloaf, Pierce more closely resembles a Presley come back from an awful purgatory, tearing away at his oldest roots. When he swings his great silver crucifix and majestically crosses himself as he stares out at us, the absolution hangs in the balance. Rock'n'roll is living and dying in The Gun Club.

Richard Cook

GOD'S A CREOLE—NO KIDDING!

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

Lyceum

ACCEPT THIS little diary: in honest spite of my tyrannical schedules and parlous state of temperature, it was quite a party. It ran on a moment too long, like even the finest socials, but it ran explosively contrary to any scepticism. In this sublime celebration of entertainment it's hard to grouse over *anything* — I'll be a fool, suffer gladly . . .

Perhaps thousands of words are still to be written on August Darnell and his grasp of showmanship: for this particular performance, a hurried return after a matter of months to mark an almost sudden success, there is time and necessity only for reprise and clarification. So: 'Que Pasa', 'Stool Pigeon', 'Table Manners', 'I'm A Wonderful Thing', great and acclaimed excerpts from a fantasy factory built on the romantic chippings of old Manhattan and a mythical tropicana. Sewn into something like a greatest hits tableau, though no loveless machine-gun delivery or empty stage-frightened dismissal — all savoured, made supple or snapped across.

Individuals: Creole, impeccably astonished, righteously exuberant; Coati Mundi, dome teasingly flaunted, Brooklyn bark in order, energy undiminished by familiarity; The Coconuts, classic 'feminine' allure, acrid 'feminist' aloofness, all routines pairing erotic temptation and the heated intelligence of smart contemporary dance. Nothing held back, nothing given away.

The expertise of the players is something to marvel at. For them to keep their heads with that tumultuous kinetic blaze in front is something, but they push and dig harder than that. The waves of percussion call for a separate speech: Latinate rhythms are herded beside the stock muscle of the rock beat to fashion a language of dance that — well, that isn't so new. It springs from environments of dance long since closed to wide appeal — the dark taproots of any Latin step — and in Darnell's hands a different and more respectful sophistication has been implemented. Seeing a Lyceum full to the Gods with captives is just reward for a populariser coming home at last.

All is flawlessly played, stepped through, struck out. Creole's mastery of dynamics and tempos bobbing between expressway and the easy inner lane. If I had one regret it was that some of the wisdom and reflection in his ballads — a real and gifted taste for cornering the hurtful sweetness of a heartache in a song's most tender complexion — is lost in a show that runs gloriously on its capacity for joy and swingtime. That and the slight over-concession to a side of showbiz that Darnell and Hernandez are usually content to resolve in brief exchanges of patter, cartoon expressions and playful duels.

And well enough. A rerun without notable surprises, a lap of honour with credit intact. With those hits at last behind him, the Kid must be waiting and working on better things yet. I had a great time.

Richard Cook

THE HIGSONS
MAXIMUM JOY
THE FARMERS BOYS
DISLOCATION DANCE
ANIMAL MAGIC
POPULAR VOICE
DESIGN FOR LIVING

Lyceum

'TOUCHDOWN' it was called and touchdown it was. For the creme de la creme of the funk/new jazz based bands this was their all-dayer cocktail; the gig of the LP, of the movement . . . the bastard son was now a worthy cause.

In the crowd and amongst the wantons; the debris and clutter that fills any 'New Art School', the desolate hedonism of the cliquey London college all mixed in the melting pot Lyceum; everybody hip to the end, the ultimate, the 'Funx Last Stand'.

Design For Living on the other hand. Well yes, Design are on the other hand, and in the bush, screw loose . . . They entertain all the rhythmic discord of, say, Rip Rig, yet make it more easily digestible, less manic, more fluid. Mad trombone and dance from Tom Fawcett jerked a knee into the balls of an otherwise staid afternoon. Flute and guitar were played with an imagination and clarity that left all comers standing at the line. Wham, Bam, Fusion Juice — the crowd loved 'em. I really liked them.

Animal Magic . . . oops, nearly missed out Popular Voice (to be honest I lost them between one funk disc and another). Voice were real white, WASP funxsters . . . anaemic and bland to er . . . the point of exhaustion. Contagious funk . . . like Herpes. You could have danced if you lost a leg . . .

But back to Animal Magic who were sadly lacking their usual prowling impetuosity in the first half of their set. But the genius of brass always shows through — grating and stretching away from the subtler inflections of the rhythm section. Feet moved, fingers clicked — score so far? Bristol 1 - Norwich 0.

Dislocation Dance bring you the usual 'people-all-over-the-show' scene; girl, brass, muck, funky bass . . . oh baby! do it. Original, dig? Fast, furious, flabby, fat chance of fame . . . .

AYATOLLAH RASTA!

JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART

Manchester Hacienda

JAH WOBBLE has been tormenting me with his untidy but seductive shuffle for some time now, from the earliest mis-matched sparring days with Public Image to the crazy but cool spoof dub of 'Dreadlock Don't Deal In Wedlock', through several exotic excursions on 'Betrayal' and 'Blueberry Hill' and even, finally, with an appetising brew of Canned delights in the company of one Holger Czukay. The nicest compliment I could possibly hurl at the eternally eccentric Wobble is that there's never been a stitch of consistency in his leapfrogging musical chairs.

Hubble, bubble, boil and Wobble.

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Gun Club's Jeffrey Lee Pierce set to stand in for Meatloaf. *Pic: David Corio.*

the lash back is on its way. Dislocated — definitely. Dance — if you had dislocated legs.

A question. Why, amongst all the 'notes-of-the-unexpected' and the funk of ages was there such an aversion to dance? Are these 'dance bands' or not? Everybody was stuck in the Lyceum as a 'rock venue'. Shame that, but come on, face front. The Farmers Boys have arrived, the band that has eclipsed The Higsons as numero uno band from Norwich. They are an identikit band — give them a drum kit and they're Orange Juice, brass and they're The Swinging Laurels . . . but, unlike the others, they can deliver the goods. Tighter, more accomplished, less nervous; they impressed not with cool suits or hard hooking brass lines but with ordered play and flowing melody. Everybody liked them.

And Maximum Joy — well indeed. Maximum in strength of thought — but not in deed! Loved Janine (the singer) — but can't forgive them for what they did to the Timmy Thomas classic 'Why Can't We Live Together?'. Like mud wrestling in a white silk suit . . .

And The Higsons? The band that puts the FUN in funk? Well they played all the favourites . . . 'Conspiracy' and 'Monkeys' and . . . well maybe a day of so called 'funk' (give me Bootsy anyday) had deafened me to their refinements, their punchy originality, their quick and clever wit . . . but the songs seemed to merge into one. The bass was nonexistent for the first fifteen minutes lost to the guitars' infuriating pitch of cat killing quality. The choice of evils was limited. Score at full time? Bristol 1.5 — Norwich 1.5 . . .

Three quid — eight bands . . . like christians to the lions, they just kept throwing the meat on stage. The crowd loved it (I suppose).

David Dorrell

Beki beckons the boys.

VICE SQUAD

Bradford

SCARLET. It's everywhere — the tribal marking of Bradford's 'bugger fashion' punks. This pinky luminescence flares on the streaks and spikes of the bristle of hardcore punk junkies, awaiting the arrival of Vice Squad — the band behind the name on their leather jackets, the name that gives them an identity. They're *Punks,* they've always been *Punks* and they've coom 'ere 'cos its a *Punk* band, OK *pal?*

After the Gothic organ intro, a slashing and kicking into the Riff, the muddy thud — the beat, beat, beating that all young punks are here for. Thrash, scratch, scream, wow! For one bondage beau, the scarlet felt tip dedication to Beki already smeared across his face by sweat, it's all too much to bear — just one burst of movement and he's up there under the spotlight, dancing like a drowning epileptic, and still smiling as he's hurtled viciously back onto the spiky surface of his mates' heads.

"Those bastards," spits a skinhead next to me, referring to the brand new student security force in their bright new T-shirts. He heads for the stage in a flurry of righteous rage.

"They've interfered with the ritual now," a more philosophical crop-head comments ominously — a running battle ensues. Beki, however, is faintly hoping her audience will be satisfied with a less controversial burst to fame, and is yielding over the microphone — safe in the knowledge that the front rows can chant any part of the songs to order.

"If you're angry, sing along and dance, don't demonstrate," the bassist helpfully suggests. Now doesn't that remind you of something — the Errol revival, anyone? "The Times They Are A Changing," Beki announces — they sure are dear, but Vice Squad are refusing to move with them. With the emergence of more effective expanders of energy, Vice Squad's three-minute knuckle raps simply amount to a bruised brain. I refuse to believe that after years of playing, this battering is all they can manage.

The sad thing is, when you penetrate the pummelling, you do find a content more convincing than the core of some of the recent musical devastaters. 'Scarred For Life', given a format as genuinely menacing as the lyrics, could be a bolt of realism as shocking as Rhoda's 'The Boiler', As it is, it sounds like another hollow chant.

Vice Squad are sadly following the 'new' punk into middle age, when they could be screaming loud but clear with the new guard. Their name may be painted on leather and not stitched on denim, but they still play to a ritual-crazy horde who worship the riff with all the reverence of a new heavy metal underground. Most of the faded thrashers who've given punk a bad name can continue with their clod-hopping cliches as long as they can find people to abuse, as far as I'm concerned, but in Vice Squad's case it's such a waste.

Don Watson

Now he's back — still as bratty and batty, just as larger than life — with, of all things, a gutsy glut of Islamic funk.

Opting to showcase his newest musical compound — modestly announced as the fabulous Invaders Of The Heart — to the receptive ears of Manchester's Hacienda, was obviously a wag to test the circuit waters and iron out any Invaders' chinks before the real pressure begins.

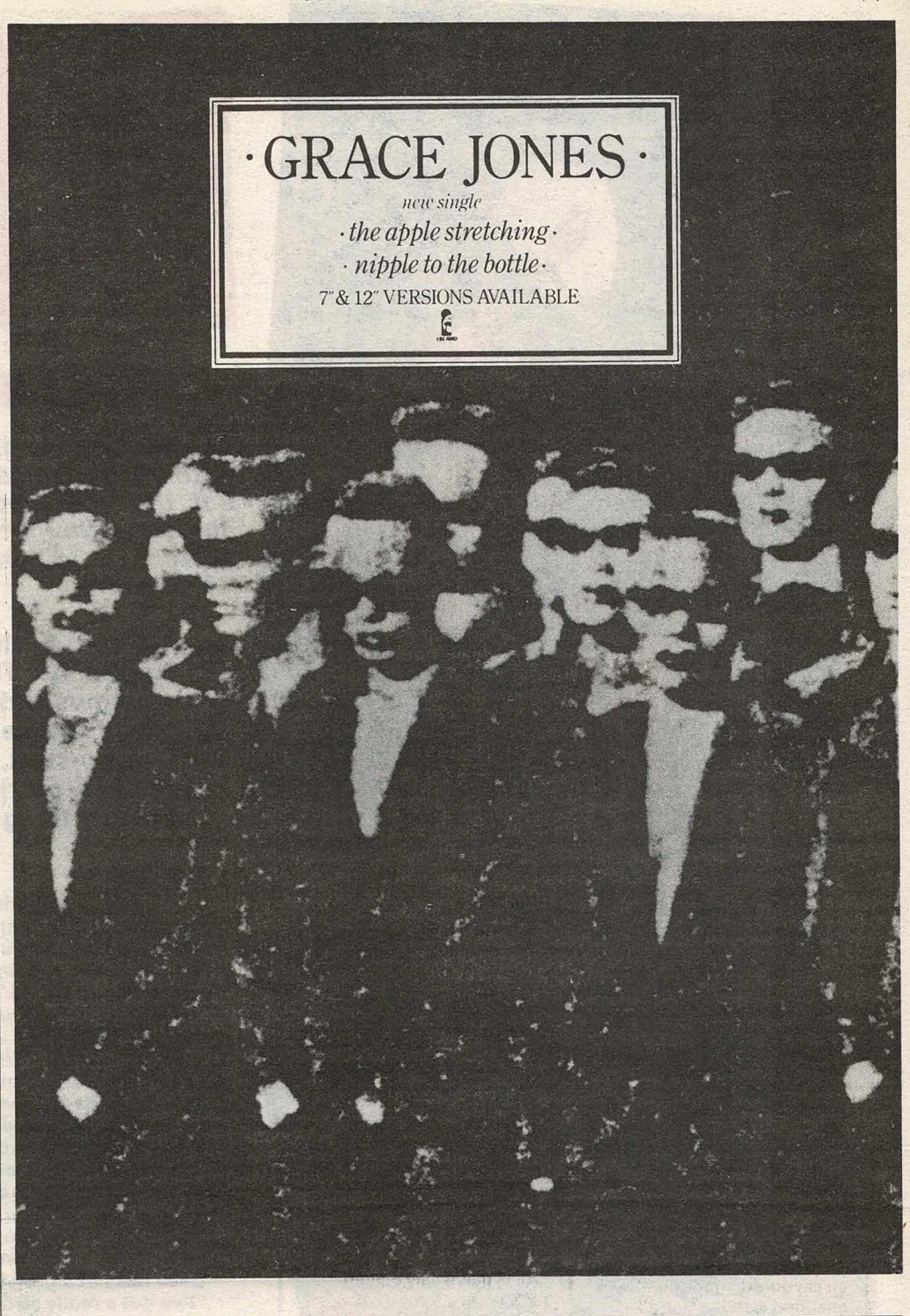
Bearing this in mind, the first wave of Invaders dismantled the resistance with style, verve and panache. Wobble's sturdy, insistent bass rifled free-style through a heady gush of tight, disciplined jamming with all the quirks slotted neatly into the right places. The vocal mikes, set up with care and attention, stayed silent. Wobble spoke, not by way of excuse, just explanation: "We might sing ... and we might not." They didn't.

With the emphasis on experimentation and improvisation, the jazzy trombone probed closer than healthy to topical, the guitar scratched too close for comfort ... but still the overall overwhelming rush of instrumentation was a warm blanket of velvet smooth melody and accessible easily digestible rhythm.

I had a few doubts about the 'Thieves of Baghdad' ticket: at times it did sound as if, through the pseudo-ethnic swirl of spirited keyboards and clanking affected rhythms, the Invaders Of The Heart were aspiring to something considerably less than the punch of a jive-talking, bad-assed Ali Baba on street heat. Sounds funny? You should have been there mate.

As I left the Hacienda's sweaty splendour to wrestle cap, coat and codpiece away from the rather surly looking cloakroom attendant — none other than Simon Topping (gotta keep body and soul and flop ACR records together somehow, haven't you?) — I wondered how long this latest Wobble set up would last before the wanderlust whirls him to newer and stranger postures. Perhaps the Invaders Of The Heart will sustain long enough to set your beat racing. I hope so.

Amrik Rai



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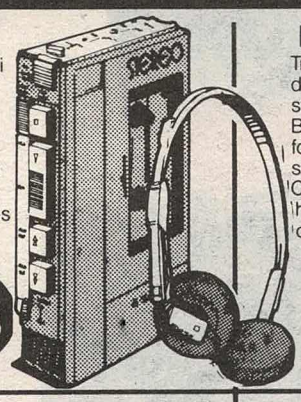

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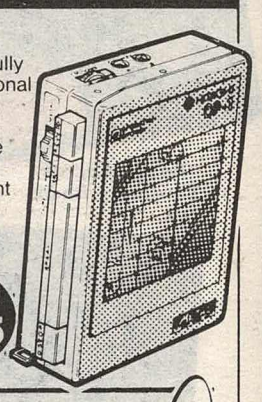

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Cavendish Sales CASSETTE CENTRE

A Singing Nun allows Paul Gray a little prayer.

The star Captain Sensible with his fan.

DAMNED

The punk pantomime goes to Portsmouth with the Reverend Death Vanian, the giant Rat, the wicked pop star Captain Sensible and some Naughty Nuns. PAUL MORLEY buttons up THE DAMNED. Pix PETER ANDERSON.

11.45pm: At the back of The Coach That Has Seen A Thousand Tours, sat in the shadows and surrounded by a perfumed smoke tufting out from a juicy looking joy-stick, Dave Vanian, a pre-Murphy go-thick-rina, says to me: "There's nothing that The Damned can't do."

Oh yes?

"Oh, yes. It's gathering strength. . .people are beginning to understand that The Damned are so much different to how they used to be. They're capable of anything and everything. No one will ever know how much until it happens."

On a cassette that supplies a secure soundtrack for our nightime journey, Jim Morrison offers up a mocking vocal background to Vanian's unusually direct speech. I move down to the front of The Coach That Has Seen A Thousand Halls to where Rat Scabies is slumped, simultaneously stoned and chirpy.

What does he think of Vanian?

"He's alright," he nods. "We've had our moments where I've hated him, and he's hated me, but we always put up with each other for the sake of this monster that we've created, this monster The Damned. And it is a monster. A monster we can't control."

Dave talks of a growing strength. Scabies agrees.

"I've got a really strong feeling that we're about to become the next Adam Ant. I'll probably be proved wrong and it'll be another dismal failure, but we'll always be there fighting. It's reached a point where we've been through too much just to let it go. The Damned will always be around. Always."

Far away from the other side, Jim Morrison offers up a shadowy, stoned and of course ghostly moan.

1.00pm: The Coach That Ate A Butterscotch Yoghurt waits outside Victoria station to pick up various members of The Damned along with three teenage singing nuns. The *New Musical Express* enters The Coach That Saw A Video Of ET with slight trepidation, wearing clean underpants and a bullet proof vest.

Roman and Paul arrive first, the Face look of Ian McLagen and Ronnie Wood. Dave Vanian is picked up near Harley Street, pale, assured, wearing a dog collar, vicar not Rover, and his hair thick and ungreased. Rat Scabies is met outside Shepherd's Bush Townhouse Studios, the look of a retired Marty Feldman, or a Denis Law ravished by Nobby Stiles.

The *New Musical Express* put up a guard.

"Two years ago, "Scabies reasons, to the relieved *Express*, "an *NME* journalist on the road, I'd have ignored him or just been blatantly rude. The fact that *NME* journalists can be human beings never occurred to me."

A crooked grin cracks open amidst ginger bristles. We're on our way to Portsmouth. The sun smiles down on The Coach That Graced A Million Motorways, and Rat — the traveller's friend — can appreciate such a sun. Vanian, of course, hides away from the sun's coarse beams.

Halfway between London and Portsmouth, amidst the comfortable Hampshire hills, Scabies is lulled by the luxury of The Coach That Came To West Runton and the sun that bounces off the meadows. He sees God in the form of dolphins.

"I mean, infinity is incomprehensible to the human mind and yet we have a word for it. . .huh, just one of my little observations. . .I cannot comprehend infinity! I cannot comprehend that out there and all around me. . ."

He trails off and pulls hard on his Number 6.

"I can just about get to grips with the 12 times table. . ." He scratches at his leg: a round rat is sketched in biro on his thigh. ". . .let alone the outer nebula. People talk about beings from outer space, but there's going to be no life form out there that we understand. They're probably already here. How the fuck do we know that dolphins or trees didn't manage to fucking escape down here at some time many zillions of years ago? I mean, dolphins, what are they? Phenomenal beings."

Rat's eyes pop out, his throat burns, his hair scratches out to every point on the compass. I bet he wouldn't have talked about trees and dolphins during punk.

"Oh, no. A tree was something you pissed up and dolphins jumped through hoops and kept you amused."

10.20pm: The Damned play tonight at the momentous Portsmouth Guildhall — the third night on the tour, close enough to London not to stay in a hotel. Captain Sensible is feeling "under the weather" and arrives by car just before the show. As he lopes on stage, he's booed, spat at, gratefully disliked. He grins with well practised craziness; a cliched pop eccentric.

"You love me really," he taunts, earning further jeers.

The crowd that come to see the show range from those whose act of rebellion is to smoulder behind a pair of plastic sunglasses to those whose mohicuts are almost a surrealist wonder of the world: a few sailors, a few white neutrals, some cutie girls, some skins, some skins evolving into werewolves, some punk-zombies evolving into official aliens.

The filthy leather jackets cry out The Damned and Sub-Humans and Charge, and we'd see these jackets at a Danse Society show. It's all desperately formal; the severe ones and the soft ones mingle lethargically in the bar, livening up slightly as a BBC voice stiffly announces, "The Damned will be on stage in two minutes. . .two minutes."

Scruffiness and big boots are no threat to The Stable Ones. Anti-Thatcher aggression? Tonight the Portsmouth Guildhall is merely a lost property hall. The Coach That Owns A Cream Tour Jacket can easily afford to go to sleep outside.

The Damned earn their money. Vanian preaches feverishly, as he sees it slicing through between classic values and modern chaos. The three singing nuns, three weeks ago selling badges at Futurama, throw ponderous shapes and reveal bits of thigh.

"Three nuns in suspenders dancing to The Damned sounds alright to me," leers Rat, not really that positive. When the backdrops are all in place The Damned event will be set inside a church.

"The Real Lords Of The New Church Tour," crows Rat, rattily. "There's going to be a war so we might as well start bitching first."

The stability of six-inch multicolour mohicuts is profoundly threatened by mesmerising skull-banging. Captain Sensible sincerely injects as much effort into the show as he would cleaning a toilet. At the end of the show, following plenty of slapphappy competitiveness between Rat and Cap, Scabies grabs Sensible by the neck and rants at the crowd.

"Look at this poncy pop star, mixing with Adam and all that *Top Of The Pops* rubbish! We've had to take him back to reality. For being such a prissy pop star I want you all to spit at him!"

Spit hurtles towards the sensibly stupid Sensible. When the show finally finishes he sneaks in half a bar of 'Happy Talk'. A few last faded jeers.

"It's remarkable," points out Scabies, "how much the audience take it out on Sensible and how much he lets them get away with it. It's probably the only case of a star who's actually had a number one hit, being put in his place by an audience. They love to do it. And why not?"

Afterwards autograph hunters home in on the smiling Sensible.

"Scum," he calls them, and flicks orange juice at some of them.

"But we give you all that money," one 'fan' pipes up. Sensible's grin somehow widens; he adores the attention.

"Yes, money with a capital M. It's your fault, you buy the poxy records. And now I can fill my home with jam and Siouxsie And The Banshee records."

The hunters head home, signatures on arms, legs, upper lips. The Damned climb back onto The Coach That Has Keith Moon's Autograph, and Sensible waves bye-bye.

"Fuck off you wanker," shouts Scabies as Sensible bangs on the side of The Coach That Went To School With Phil Collins, which is slowly pulling away from the Guildhall. Scabies and Sensible scream meaningless insults at each other. Sensible rocks wildly in the glare of The Coach That Knew Marty Wilde's Daughter, shrieking his daft happy talk, a demented, damned Clive Dunn. The Guildhall watches over the silly antics with melancholy stoicism.

Tomorrow night it will host the Strasbourg Symphony Orchestra. So what changes?

3.15pm: "Funny! I was, oh, shocked." Scabies recalls the peculiar 'Happy Talk' episode.

"I heard the record and I said, Oh you're mad, and I knew it was either going to be a huge hit or a complete embarrassment.

"It was a bit funny; it's like a thing psychiatrists have a special name for, when you watch your best mate come a cropper and you're sort of inwardly pleased 'cos it hurts him and to a degree it makes you feel superior. It was the same only in reverse. I didn't like it that he went independent, outside of The Damned. In a way he doesn't need us anymore. And yet he does in his own mind, because he loves The Damned too much."

11.30pm: Vanian thinks about Sensible. He calls him a jester and doesn't feel that the hobbling Captain nonsense interferes with his own broad, paranoic performance.

"There's a comical side to The Damned but also some kind of truth. It interlocks like a weird jigsaw, The Damned, there's some weird chemistry that keeps us going. The Captain is actually a brilliant, underestimated guitarist. He's very committed to what he does. He gets ill when he's away from music. I knew it would be a number one as soon as I heard it."

11.05pm: What do you really think of Sensible, Rat?

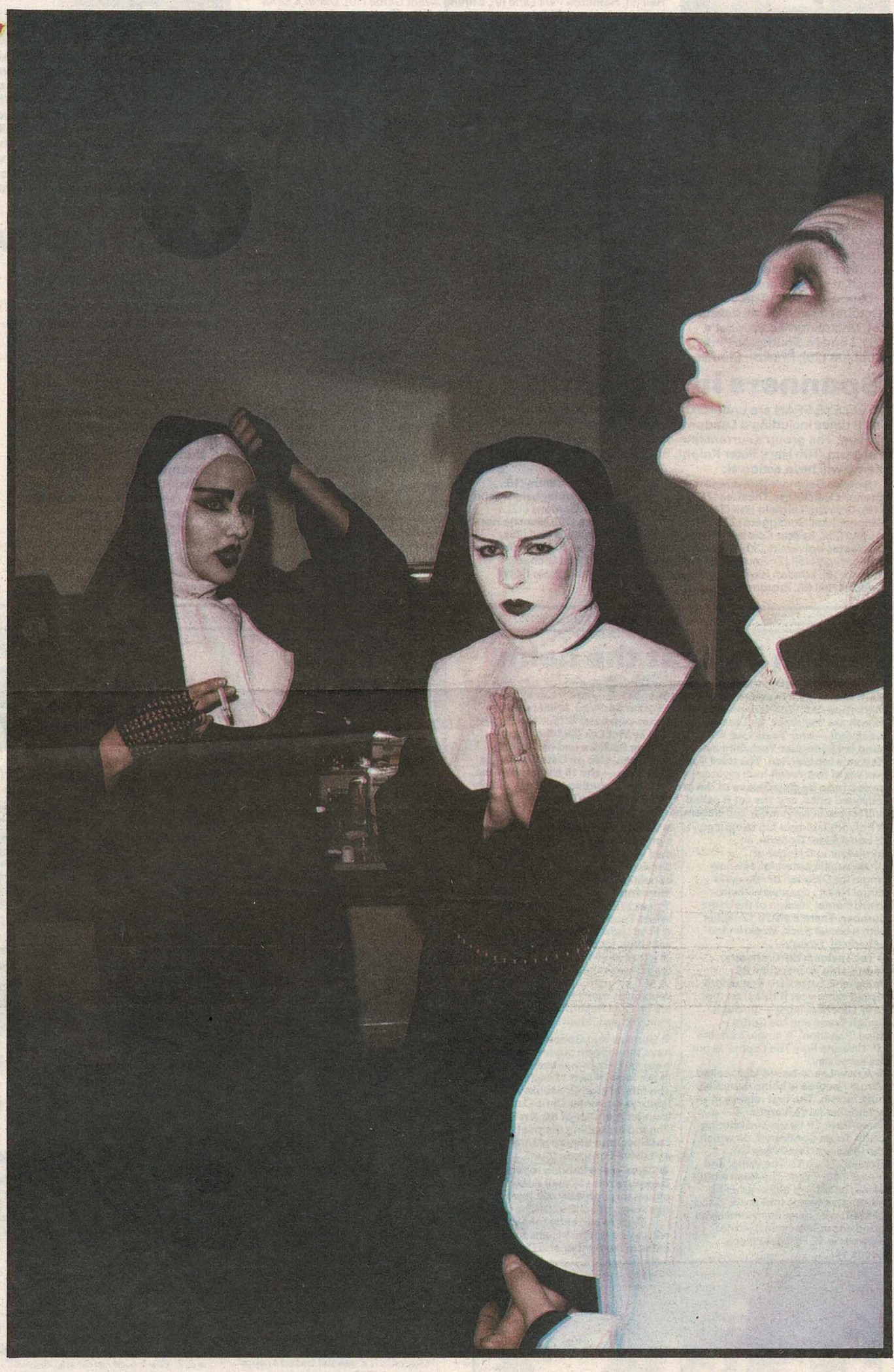
"The Captain? I love him dearly. I really do! When you see me put my arm around him onstage and we hug each other, that's no front for the audience. I've known this guy for about nine years, we've been mates for a long, long time. I love the man. He's an amazing character. It takes more than a couple of hours to get to know him, to realise what he is and what he's about. He's one of today's geniuses."

Rat peers at me, very serious. I do not smirk.

"I dread to hear what he'd say about me. That's why it's a bit upsetting now that he's a solo star. Up 'til now we've been a team, the two of us were on equal pegging. And now he's like stepped away from me."

Are you jealous?

& DELIVER



"Of course. I don't begrudge him it because of the shit we've been through but it would have been nice if it had been all of us."

In this Damned world there can be some touching moments.

3.30pm: Sad Scabies' retort to soft head Sensible's 'Happy Talk' is "naughty gnome music. . .it's for eight-year-olds".

Why did you do this, Rat?

"It's tricky to say why exactly. It's called 'The Naughty Gnome Song' and it's a little bit spiteful, but not so spiteful that I've got gnome voices singing about dicks and licking fannies and shitting on the floor. That would be too easy, and it would be too easy to get all cute and cuddly. It's actually the hardest record I've ever made.

"I'm not making it to be a hit — although that would be nice — or to get it reviewed; I'm making it for me. It's my baby. I want to show the world — fat chance! — that the days of me being a mindless yob are coming to an end."

Scabies' battered face beams at me.

"Y'know, I used to be very, very selfish. It was, I'm here, I want that, fuck you!"

And what do you want now?

"What I want is peace of mind. God, what a hippy thing to say! But it's true. Just not to have any regrets. Not to wake up feeling like a lump of shit for what I did the night before."

Rat Scabies was a punk rocker.

11.35pm: Dave Vanian likes to appear important: interpret that as silly conceit or fine pride. His conversation attempts to stretch a cover of enigma over his lightly intriguing personality. Perhaps he tries to project a sober charm, create a spell of indistinct menace, or maybe he's just genuinely slightly remote.

At school, he says, he was a bit of a dreamer: the outcast. A true contemporary of Johnny Rotten and Joe Strummer, he now finds himself as handsome and suggestive a pop presence as the boys George and Murphy; his sensual, spinning performance fills in spaces between Toyah and Danse Society, and it will be his glow that gives The Damned their pop success more than the mock-ups of Scabies and Sensible.

Vanian lifts The Damned out from Facey-fumbly or creaky-delic dilly dallying into that shapeless area that refers to the reasons inside and around 'religion' and the facts of life for the mohicuts and the blank teenybopper. There's this broken grasping for both vivacity and a spiritual coherence, an identification with the 'dark' because the 'light' shines on only a deep futility.

"There's nothing in the church these days for kids," says Vanian, blandly. "So if you're looking for faith, where can you go?"

What fascinates him about life in the night?

"I've always felt threatened by science. I've always felt that I was born in the wrong time. I like the balance between the old and the new. There's a certain dignity about the past that seems to get lost."

How far does his interest in the 'dark' extend?

"I don't do it just for appearance or as a pose. I like Gothic fiction, I love horror films, my house is almost totally Victorian. The perfect house for me would be an old chapel on the Yorkshire Moors. I just love dark windswept nights with the wind howling across the moors. The sort of thing people might find depressing. For me a bright sunlit day is depressing. I go for beauty in a different way to most people."

Rat asks me if I get much out of Vanian. This and that. Rat tuts and rolls his eyes. In The Damned you get Sensible spitting at the audience, Roman flinging a sweaty towel around his shoulders and holding his pint aloft, Vanian flashing a crucifix into the spotlight and Scabies bouncing drumsticks into the audience. It's all go in this circle — round and round in circus.

The Coach That Saw Genesis And Caravan play at a pub in West London ten years ago smooths the way towards London.

3.00pm: "Y'see," sighs Scabies, "you're not really alone very often when you're doing this. Even if it's just the old lady at home, she's always there. And solitude is something you rarely, rarely reach. Sometimes, though, you *can* feel lonely when there's loads of people around you. Like onstage you can play to 2,000 people and not know any of them, they'll all be strangers. I'm not really a loner, 'cos I'm too loud for that, but there are times when I just feel that I've got to get away from everything and everyone. Sometimes I just sit in the spare room and just think. Just determining things and breaking down reasons and trying to look at what the effects of my actions will be. . .I've learnt the power of thought!

"Y'know, I went through the reality of drinking a bottle of scotch a day and spending more money on the coke habit than I was earning. The one thing I've never really fallen for is heroin. I've taken it, but it's like I've got two rules in life: one is never take heroin, and two, never commit suicide. Then no matter how down I get or how bad it is I go for a third rule that I've discovered, which is like work through it, slow down a bit, look hard at what you're doing. . ."

Where would you be if not for The Damned?

"I'd probably be either a heroin addict or dead, or I'd be in prison. That's what would have been happening if I'd stayed in my natural background. That's what happened to a lot of the mates I was brought up with. I was lucky to get out."

Is 'survival' one of the great things about The Damned?

"It's there. We are survivors. Just the history of the band shows that. If ever there was a group that shouldn't be around, it's The Damned. The four members of the group were on a total self-destruct thing for the first two years. You've heard stories about Iggy Pop and Johnny Thunder, but I've seen things that'd put Keith Moon's tales to sleep."

Did you enjoy it all?

"At the time it was great. What people forget is that we were just normal geezers. In my case, I was some yobbo who happened to be a drummer. I loved the drums as a kid, I liked the sound they made and I got a demented pleasure from all the blisters. . .and then I realised drums were a part of something, an integral part of music which previously I didn't care much for.

"Then I started going to festivals and all that. I was only about 12. Off to the Isle Of Wight with me little tent. All the peace and love merchants used to look after me. We'll look after you.

"Now you're allowed to talk about things like that, whereas back in '76 you weren't allowed to have even heard of Led Zeppelin!"

What led to the deranged Damned drummer?

"Probably all of that. All the acid. I went through all that at quite an early age. I'm an old acid casualty I guess. There was that, and then there was the other side of like being a skinhead. You adapted to the situation. At school there were all the tough kids who were the skinheads and all the kids who got picked on and beaten up were the hippies. I cut me hair short, but I was into Hendrix not reggae. It was that survival thing. If you were surrounded by skinheads you didn't go round saying peace and love."

How were you drawn into punk?

"That was unique. That was the first thing where I wasn't influenced by anything direct. I'd heard of MC5 and Iggy Pop, thought The New York Dolls were a load of wankers.

"Then I bumped into Bernie Rhodes and Brian James and Mick Jones, and the Pistols were playing at The Nashville once a week supporting Roger Ruskin Spear and things like that. And I was really poor but looking for something flashy and outrageous. I had holes in my jeans because I was always skint and I cut me hair off and couldn't be bothered combing it.

"It all grew from there. . .but the attitude that was essential

CONTINUES PAGE 50

Alexei caks on stage!

ALEXEI SAYLE releases his debut album 'Cak!' on Island next Monday (18) — it was recorded in front of an audience last month, and includes a large amount of new material by this most significant of new comic talents. He is also to guest star in a new six-part BBC-2 series *The Young Ones* starting early next month. And he's setting out on a major tour in a fortnight's time (not surprisingly called "The Cak! Tour"), and with more dates still to be finalised — including a prestige London show — those confirmed so far are:

Guildford Civic Hall (October 27), **Norwich** Gala (28), **Gravesend** Woodville Hall (29), **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (31), **Stoke** Queens Theatre (November 2), **Manchester** Fagins (3), **Lancaster** Sugar House (4), **Aberdeen** University (6), **Glasgow** Night Moves (7), **Edinburgh** Queens Hall (8), **Hamilton** Park Lane (9), **Stirling** Avant Garde (10), **Dundee** Bona Hall (11), **Newcastle** Jesmond Cinema (14), **Southampton** Guildhall (16), **Birmingham** Town Hall (17), **Bristol** Polytechnic (18), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (19), **Sheffield** Lyceum (20), **York** Theatre Royal (21), **Leamington Spa** Centre (23), **Leeds** University (24), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (26), **Hull** Middleton Hall (27), **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (28) and **Brighton** Polytechnic (30).

Fat Larry, Level 42 headliners

FAT LARRY'S BAND zoom into the UK later this month, hot on the heels of their chart success with 'Zoom', to headline a 16-date tour — starting with two major London shows. There's a chance of further gigs being slotted into their schedule, which at present comprises:

London Victoria The Venue (October 23 and 24, all tickets £5), Bristol Romeo & Juliet's (27), London Southgate Pink Elephant (28), Preston Clouds (29), Warrington Spectrum (30), Reading Top Rank (31), Poole Arts Centre (November 1), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (4), Southend Zero Six (5), Manchester Ashton Metro Music Centre (7), Sheffield Vickers (10), Hitchin The Regal (11), Purfleet Circus Tavern (12 and 13) and Southampton Top Rank (17).

Virgin plan to release a new single to coincide, probably 'Golden Memories' from the band's current album 'Breaking Out'.

LEVEL 42, whose major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on November 7 was announced last week, have now confirmed a dozen provincial dates. Together, these comprise the first leg of their autumn tour — and the remainder of their schedule, running through into December, is currently being finalised. The group, whose latest Polydor album 'Weave Your Spell' and single 'The Pursuit Of Accidents' are both selling strongly, have the following newly booked gigs:

Hitchin The Regal (November 3), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (4), Birmingham Aston University (5), Guildford Civic Hall (6), Cardiff Top Rank (9), Brighton Top Rank (10), Borehamwood Civic Hall (11), Bradford University (13), Norwich East Anglia University (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Margate Winter Gardens (16) and Hull University (18).

Spanners in the works

STEELEYE SPAN are undertaking a late autumn UK tour, taking in 19 dates including a London showcase at Hammersmith Odeon. The group's current line-up of Maddy Prior, Nigel Pergrum, Tim Hart, Peter Knight, Robert Johnson and Rick Kemp will be in action at:

Ipswich Gaumont (November 13), **Letchworth** Leisure Centre (16), **Stafford** Gatehouse Theatre (17), **Oxford** Apollo (18), **Birmingham** Odeon (19), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (21), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (22), **Chippenham** Goldiggers (23), **Preston** Charter Theatre (25), **Manchester** Apollo (26), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (28), **Edinburgh** Queens Hall (29), **Lancaster** University (30), **Sheffield** Lyceum (December 1), **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (2), **Southampton** Gaumont (3), **Dartford** Orchard Theatre (5), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (6) and **Nottingham** Royal Concert Hall (8). Promoter is Adrian Hopkins.

IGGY POP plays a brief seasonal visit to Britain, as part of a lightning pre-Christmas European tour, and headlines two nights at London Victoria The Venue on December 15 and 16. As well as old favourites, he'll be showcasing material from his newly released album 'Zombie Birdhouse' on Animal Records — the label launched by Blondie's Chris Stein, who also produced it — distributed here through Chrysalis. Ex-Blondie guitarist Frank Infante will be playing with Iggy, but the rest of the line-up isn't yet known. Support act is Stolen Pets, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £4. DAVE EDMUNDS is also confirmed for two nights at London The Venue — he'll be presenting his special Christmas show there on December 20 and 21, and here again the ticket price is £4. Both the Iggy and Edmunds shows are being promoted by John Giddings of the TBA agency.

Moore power to their arm

GARY MOORE, who this week releases his debut Virgin album 'Corridors Of Power', takes his new band on the road in late autumn. With Moore himself on guitar and vocals, he's now confirmed the rest of the line-up as Neil Murray (bass), Ian Paice (drums) and John Sloman (keyboards and vocals). They'll be seen in action initially at:

Dunstable Queensway Hall (November 25), Newcastle Mayfair (26), Sheffield Lyceum (27), Liverpool Royal Court (28), Bradford Caesar's (30), Nottingham Rock City (December 1) and Norwich East Anglia University (2). They then start a European tour, taking them up to the end of the year.

The band return home for the second leg of their UK tour, for which the first four confirmed dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (January 12), Manchester Apollo (13), Birmingham Odeon (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15). More dates will be slotted in, before they set off for Japan and other points East.

Nelson back at the helm

COCTEAU RECORDS, the label formed by Bill Nelson and his manager Mark Rye, is back in action after a nine-month lull — and it has signed a marketing deal with Independent Distribution Services. Released this month are 'Playback' by Los Angeles electro-pop band Q (out this weekend) — and 'Feels Like Winter Again' by Fiat Lux (October 29), a band led by former Yorkshire actor Sebastian Barbaro and including Nelson's brother, Ian. The third Cocteau release, also on October 29, is a box set of five seven-inch records by Bill Nelson — the 15 tracks span the period from Be-Bop Deluxe to the present day, including three previously unissued titles, and the set is called 'Permanent Flame'. Further releases will follow in November and December.

● Polydor launch a big campaign to boost **Peter Godwin**, a composer and singer of considerable potential. His new single for October 29 release is 'Cruel Heart', coupled with an instrumental version of the same number. There's also a 12-incher with a bonus track, an extended version of 'Luxury'.

● **Tot Taylor & His Orchestra**, comprising no less than 83 musicians, have their first album issued tomorrow (Friday) on the Easy Listeners label — through Rough Trade and the Cartel — titled 'Playtime'. A single from the LP 'I Wanna Play The Drums' is out the same day.

● A new Leeds-based label called Visual Records is being launched next month. The first release is scheduled for November 4 — a three-track EP by up-and-coming outfit **To Be Continued**, on which the titles are 'Dead Men On Horses', 'Turn To The Whip' and 'Feast Your Eyes'. The label would like to hear from any promising alternative bands (not punk, disco or soul) who consider themselves good enough to record — the address is 12 Farndale Place, Leeds 14.

● Wiltshire-based TW Records has signed a pressing and marketing deal with Independent Distribution Services. The first two singles to benefit from the agreement are 'Running Away' by **Slow Fade** and 'Prices Will Be Quoted' by **Boys White Teeth**.

● **First Light** first came to notice with their revival of America's hit 'A Horse With No Name'. Now they release their follow-up single 'A.M.', an instrumental featuring keyboards man Paul Hardcastle. It's on Oval Records, through Pinnacle and Rough Trade.

● German duo **Goebbels & Harth** have their fourth album issued this week by Recommended Records in the form of two 12-inch singles. The title is 'Man Or Monkey', and it features drummer Chris Cutler, a founder member of the Art Bears. The trio are calling themselves **Cassiber**, and they're planning an extensive European tour.

● Three-piece London rock outfit **Exposure** release their debut album through Abstract Records this week, titled 'Out Of The Dark . . .' They're currently rehearsing with two extra musicians for live dates in November and December.

IN THE PINK

KISSING THE PINK have a new single out this week on Magnet Records, produced by Colin Thurston of Duran Duran and Bowie fame — it is 'Watching Their Eyes' coupled with 'In Awe Of Industry', and it's available in both 7" and 12" formats. The band's debut album is scheduled for November 12 release, and they're being lined up for an autumn tour to coincide.

Heaven's MARTYN WARE

HEAVEN 17 release their first single since the beginning of the year on October 22, titled 'Let Me Go' with an instrumental treatment of the same number on the B-side — and there's a 12-incher featuring an extended version which runs to almost 6½ minutes. They are at present recording the follow-up LP to 'Penthouse And Pavement', for Virgin release in the New Year.

THE UNDERTONES are back in action with their first single for eight months, released by EMI next Monday (18) — it couples 'Love Parade' and 'Like That', and there's also a 12-inch version with three extra live tracks. The band are currently working on their fourth album for winter release, and there's a chance of live dates before Christmas.

SHEENA EASTON lifts 'Are You Man Enough' from her current 'Madness, Money & Music' album as her new single, issued by EMI this week, with the previously unreleased 'Loner' as the B-side. Already set to appear in this year's Royal Variety Show on November 8, Sheena is also filming a Granada-TV special based around her new LP, for screening on December 13.

RUSH have a new single rush released (naturally!) by Mercury on October 15. It couples 'Subdivisions' and 'Red Barchetta', both tracks taken from their current LP 'Signals'.

MODERN ROMANCE follow their 'Cherry Pink' hit with a new song called 'Best Years Of Our Lives', issued through WEA on October 22, and marking the vinyl debut of their new vocalist Michael J. Mullins. The coupling is 'We've Got Them Running (The Counting Song)', and the 12-incher has an additional extended version of the A-side.

STATUS QUO release a live single through Phonogram this weekend, featuring two of their best-known songs 'Caroline' and 'Dirty Water', recorded earlier this year at Birmingham NEC. There's also a 12-inch version with the bonus track 'Down, Down' — and it's also available as Quo's first-ever picture disc. It's a foretaste of their new live album, due out in two or three weeks, details to follow.

DIAMOND HEAD — who, as previously reported, start a major UK tour on October 28 — have their first album on the 'MCA label issued this weekend. Titled 'Living On Borrowed Time', it comprises seven tracks written by singer Sean Harris and Brian Tatler, and it comes in a four-colour gatefold sleeve.

DR. FEELGOOD release their new album 'Fast Women And Slow Horses', their first on the Chiswick label, this week — and it's the last to feature Sparko and The Big Figure, who left the line-up earlier this year to be replaced by Buzz Barwell and Pat McMullan. They're at present lining up a comprehensive UK tour, running up to Christmas, and their schedule will be announced shortly.

ROSE TATTOO have their new album 'Scarred For Life' issued by RCA on November 5 — rather later than originally planned, because recording sessions were delayed when lead guitarist Rob Riley broke his arm and singer Angry Anderson broke his leg! They are now back in action, and the Aussie band hope to be playing in Britain again soon.

SAMSON have their latest single 'Life On The Run' issued by Polydor this week. The B-side is 'Drivin' With ZZ', and it comes with a free live single recorded at the band's recent Mildenhall Festival appearance in Suffolk — and there's also a limited edition gatefold picture sleeve. Their album 'Before The Storm' is due out in November, and they're planning to tour Britain at around the same time.

SHAKATAK, who have just opened a major UK tour, take another stab at the charts with the single 'Stranger'/'Sol Fuego' — it's issued by Polydor on October 22, and there's a 12-incher featuring extended versions of both tracks. Their third album 'Invitations' is scheduled for early November release.

THE BLUEBELLS, who've recently been busy touring with Elvis Costello, have their single 'Forevermore' issued on London Records this week — and the B-side 'Aim In Life' was produced by Costello. The 12-inch version contains a bonus track called 'Everybody's Somebody's Fool'. The group are now planning a short tour in their own right.

DEVO have their fifth Virgin album out on October 22 — titled 'Oh, No! It's Devo', the set features 11 tracks, including the current single 'Peek-A-Boo'. And we've been told to stand by for a British tour by the band in the New Year.

DONALD FAGEN, former vocalist and writer with Steely Dan, has his debut solo album 'The Nightfly' out on Warner Brothers this weekend. It features him on vocals, keyboards and synthesisers, aided by a strong cast of session musicians. The eight tracks include seven Fagan originals.

RANDY CRAWFORD is strongly featured on 'Casino Lights', an album recorded at this year's Montreux Jazz Festival, and released by Warners on October 22. Among others on the set are Al Jarreau, saxist David Sanborn and Larry Carlton & The Yellowjackets.

EMMYLOU HARRIS' new album 'Last Date', issued on October 22, is her 12th for Warner Brothers. It features the latest incarnation of the Hot Band, the same line-up she brought to London for a concert in March. The set includes songs penned by Gram Parsons, Bruce Springsteen, Neil Young and Don Everly, among others.

HAYSI FANTAYZEE follow their recent hit 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy' with a new single issued by Regard Records (through RCA) on October 22. It's called 'Holy Joe' and was again produced by Tony Visconti — and as the title implies, it apparently has religious connotations!

BERNIE TORME, the Whitesnake defector who's now fronting his own Electric Gypsies band, releases a two-single package on Kamaflage Records this weekend. Titles are 'Shoorah Shoorah', 'Star', 'Search And Destroy' and 'Possession', and it sells at the price of one single. The outfit are now recording their second LP for New year release.

JUDIE TZUKE has a live double album issued by Chrysalis on October 22. Titled 'Road Noise', it was recorded during her last UK tour, including two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon.

tour NEWS

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE have been named as special guests on the previously reported Talk Talk tour, opening on October 29 — and they also have a couple of dates in their own right at Leeds Warehouse (October 27) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (November 2). Following last month's release of their 'Into The Rain' album, they now have a new single issued by Polydor — it's a track from the LP titled 'Light' coupled with the previously unissued 'Malefice'.

THE HEARTBEATS, who were recently signed by RCA, are supporting Hall & Oates on their current British tour. And that ties in neatly with the release of their debut single 'Here Come The Jets', out this week.

BRILLIANT — the new band launched by Youth, formerly of Killing Joke — are playing a series of dates coinciding with the release of their debut single 'Push' / 'That's What Good Friends Are For' on their own Brilliant label. Headliners include Sheffield Limit Club (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Warehouse (October 21) and Glasgow Night Moves (22). They also play five dates on the Bauhaus tour this month — Aylesbury (16), Portsmouth (17), Guildford (18), Birmingham (23) and Hanley (24) — and they guest with The Belle Stars at London Lyceum on November 11.

SANDII & THE SUNSETZ, one of the biggest names in Japanese rock, are to support Japan on their major UK tour starting in a week's time. And to coincide, they release their debut Sire Records album 'Immigrants' on October 22 — it includes a guest appearance by Japan's David Sylvian, who wrote a couple of lyrics and contributes back-up vocals. A single from the LP 'Dreams Of Immigrants' is out the same day.

INFA RIOT promote their current Secret Records album 'Still Out Of Order' at Manchester Duckinfield Community Centre (October 17), Sheffield Leadmill (18), Bradford Palm Cove (19), Middlesbrough Cavern (20), Cardiff Central Hotel (21) and Grimsby Community Centre (23). Further dates are being arranged.

THE COMSAT ANGELS, whose headliner at London Lyceum this Sunday (17) was reported last week, have now confirmed two other dates for this weekend — Sheffield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and Nottingham Whispers (Saturday). These gigs, which promote their newly released single 'After The Rain', are followed by a European tour.

TONY McPHEE BAND begin a new one-nighter tour at London Putney Half Moon on November 5. Other confirmed dates next month are at Brentwood Hermit Club (12), Manchester Band On The Wall (17) and Birmingham Golden Eagle (25), with more being finalised.

LINDISFARNE, whose extensive autumn tour was announced last week, have decided that their string of Christmas shows at Newcastle City Hall — which have become almost a tradition over the past decade — will end after this year. The dates are December 19-23 and 27-30.

WHISPERS is the name of a new club opening in Nottingham as a showcase for big-name acts and local bands. So far booked are The Comsat Angels (this Saturday), Pinski Zoo (October 20), J Walter Negro & The Loose Joints (23), Animal Nightlife (29), Blancmange (November 13), The Howdy Boys (17), OK Jive (20), Medium Medium (24) and The Ivory Coasters (27).

THE CHURCH have been named as support act on the extensive UK tour by Duran Duran, which runs from October 29 to December 1. Prior to this, the Australian band headline in their own right at London Victoria The Venue next Monday (18).

THE BEAT have now confirmed their hometown date which climaxes their current tour — it's at the Gay Tower Ballroom in Birmingham next Tuesday (19) and all tickets are £3.50.

RICO, the renowned Jamaican trombonist, has decided to return to his home country for good. He plays his farewell UK gig tomorrow night (Friday) at London Acton Town Hall.

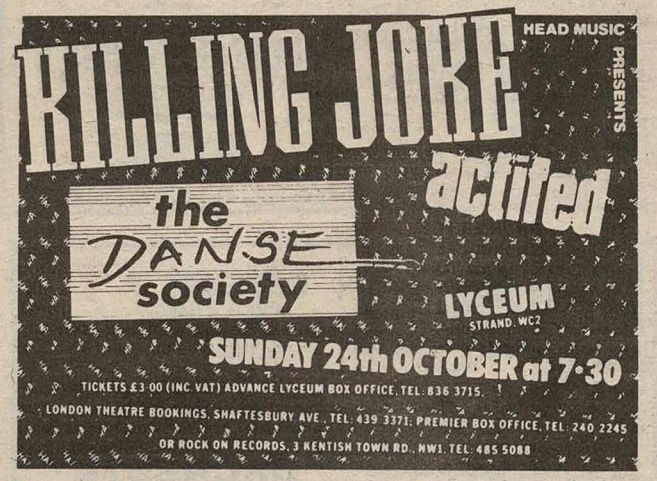
PRAXIS play the final gig this Saturday (16) at one of South-East London's leading pub venues, The Ship at Plumstead Common, at which the brewers are ending live rock shows.

THE REAL THING, who've just completed an extensive tour as support to David Essex, now play a string of dates in their own right — at Manchester Golden Garter (all this week), Liverpool Allison's (October 20), Stoke Razzamatazz (21), London Southall Bumpers (22) and Cheltenham Goldiggers (23).

BARON ROJO, the top Spanish band who made their British debut at this year's Reading Festival, have been named as support act on the lengthy Hawkwind tour starting tonight (Thursday) — and they subsequently headline two nights at London Marquee on November 18 and 19. Their first two albums 'Larga Vida Al Rock And Roll' and 'Volumen Brutal' are released in the UK this week by Kamaflage Records as a double-LP package, selling for the price of one album.

MAINSQUEEZE, the eight-piece blues outfit launched earlier this year, are joined by the Tony McPhee Blues Band and The London Apaches in the "London Blues Festival" at Battersea Town Hall tomorrow (Friday) at 7.30pm. Admission is £3.

SMART, a new four-piece Londo rock band, have been added to the UK tour by Joan Jett & The Blackhearts which opened earlier this week. The group's debut single 'This Time' is issued on the Complex Records label this weekend.


KILLING JOKE
HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
actified
the DANSE society
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 24th OCTOBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
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THE METEORS
SPECIAL GUEST TO BE ANNOUNCED!
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH and the savages
THE ADICTS
HANOI ROCKS
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STRAND, WC2
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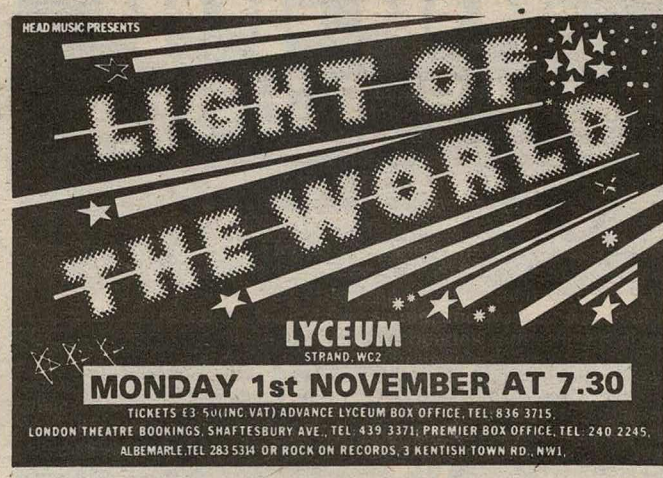
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088


HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
LIGHT OF THE WORLD
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
MONDAY 1st NOVEMBER AT 7.30
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
ALBEMARLE, TEL 283 5314 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1.

GRACE JONES has her new album 'Living My Life' issued by Island on November 1 — it consists of seven tracks, six of them either written or co-written by Grace herself. The exception is 'The Apple Stretching', which is the A-side of her new single out this weekend, and it's coupled with another LP track called 'Nipple To The Bottle'.

The album was recorded at Compass Point in Nassau, with the familiar Allstars backing band, including Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. Grace also has an hour-long video cassette titled 'A One Man Show' released by Island Pictures on November 15, and loosely structured around her recent London concerts at Drury Lane.

Beatles reissue that isn't!

THE BEATLES debut EMI single 'Love Me Do' was reissued last week, exactly 20 years after it was first released. well, that's what we've been led to believe — but it's not true. Because the version currently in the shops is a different recording from the one which appeared on October 5, 1962.

The original single featured the regular line-up of John, Paul, George and Ringo, and is identifiable by its absence of tambourine, as well as the matrix number 7XCE 17144-1N. But this month's so-called reissue has a tambourine banging away in the background, and the matrix number 7XCE 17144-2.

What seems to have happened is that the group recorded two versions of 'Love Me Do' at the same session. The first recording became their debut single, and was subsequently included in the Beatles' eight-album boxed set — but it's not been used in any later compilations, nor for this month's anniversary "re-issue".

The most intriguing aspect of the second version — the one currently on sale — is that ot features Andy White on drums, with Ringo relegated to tambourine! It's not clear why the original first take wasn't used for the reissue but, in view of its absence from more recent compilations, the chances are that it has been lost.

Incidentally, it's believed that the group recorded a third version of 'Love Me Do' with Pete Best on drums, though this has never seen the light of day.

We were also told that the 'Love Me Do' reissue is on the original red Parlophone label — well, certainly it's red, but the wording and print sizes have changed. In fact the one aspect of the single which hasn't altered is the B-side 'P.S. I Love You', which has remained unchanged throughout its life span.

● **Beatle freaks may be interested in the upcoming release of the definitive 'Beatles Collection' of 14 albums, comprising their total EMI album repertoire of 192 songs. The high fidelity recordings of half-speed master cut albums on "super pure vinyl", claimed to be free of surface noise, come in a presentation set complete with brochures. The limited edition sets are being distributed by Tek Marketing. And the price? — a mere £299.**

— AND A LENNON COMPILATION

JOHN LENNON is the subject of a 17-track compilation album for November 15 release by EMI on the Parlophone label. Titled 'The John Lennon Collection', it covers his post-Beatles career with both the Apple and Geffen labels, and was put together with the help of David Geffen and Yoko Ono.

The titles are **Give Peace A Chance, Instant Karma, Power To The People, Whatever Gets You Through The Night, Number Nine Dream, Mind Games, Love, Happy Xmas War Is Over, Jealous Guy, Stand By Me, Starting Over, Woman, I'm Losing You, Beautiful Boy Darling Boy, Watching The Wheels** and **Dear Yoko.** It's to be the subject of a major TV advertising campaign, and a single from the LP will be issued in early November, though titles haven't yet been selected.

● **Rudy Thomas & Susan Cadogan** duet a revival of the Harold Melvin song '(You Know How To Make Me) Feel So Good', which originally appeared on the independent Hawkeye label, but is now being issued by Virgin on October 22 (7" and 12"). Susan, who scored two major UK chart hits in 1975, has since been working as a session singer in her native Jamaica — and Rudy, who was discovered by Dennis Brown, has the current No. 1 in Jamaica with 'Key To The World'.

● **Dagaband** are recording a new single for November release on their own label, with distribution by Pinnacle, and it's expected to be a re-working of the Who hit 'I Can See For Miles'. After almost being wiped out in a serious road accident three years ago, the band returned to action earlier this year as support to Budgie, and they are now lining up an autumn tour of their own.

● **Yeow**, the five-piece jazz-funk group who are supporting Shakatak on their current UK tour, have a 12-inch single titled 'Has Anyone Seen Dennis' issued this week. It's their first to feature new vocalist Dennis Andrews, and it appears on their own Yeow label (distributed by PRT).

● **Techno Twins** (Bev Sage and Steve Fairnie) have released two albums simultaneously. 'Casual Tease' is on their Knome Records label and contains all new material — and 'Technostalgia', a mixture of cover versions and new songs, is on PRT Records and completes their contract with that label.

● Simon Napier-Bell's Identity Records label, formed to encourage young black British talent, releases two singles this week — 'In Heat' by **Torso with Gail Grier** and 'Teddy Bear' by **Melissa.**

● Monsters In Orbit release the single 'The Ocean' / 'She Spins' by **The Colours Out Of Time.** And another colourfully named label, Alternative Tentacles, issue a 12-track mini-LP by Texas band **Millions Of Dead Cops,** with their name as its title.

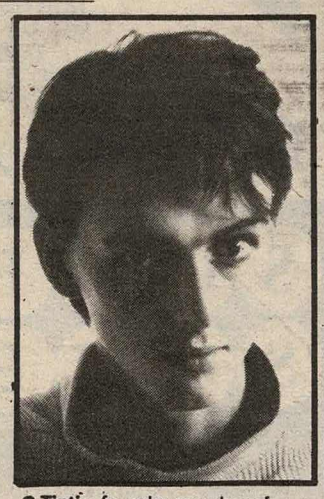
● Fast-rising Darlington outfit **Major Accident** release their debut album on Step Forward Records. It's called 'Massacred Melodies', of which there are 17 in the set.

● Red Flame Records have signed Australian group **Laughing Clowns,** and will be releasing their first UK album in mid-November. A tour is being lined up to coincide.

● **Weekend** release their third single on the Rough Trade label tomorrow in both 7" and 12" formats, titled 'Drumbeat For Baby'. It features the three group members augmented by four session musicians.

● Shout Records (distributed by Pinnacle and the Cartel) have signed new bands **Shoc Corridor** and **Headhunters,** and this weekend release three-track 12-inchers by both of them, titled 'A Blind Sign' and 'Wipe Out The Funk' respectively.

● **Sex Gang Children** will have a new single in the shops within a week or so. The title is 'Into The Abyss', and it's on Illuminated Records.



● **Tintin,** founder member of Duran Duran, has signed to WEA Records and releases his first single on October 22 — it is 'Kiss Me' / 'Loves Duet', available in both 7" and 12". He'll be playing a number of club gigs to coincide.

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October
20th/21st PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
25th GLASGOW APOLLO
26th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
November
7th/8th LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
10th/11th/12th MANCHESTER APOLLO
DUE TO UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND
EXTRA SHOW
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
MONDAY 22nd NOVEMBER
Tickets £6.50 and £5.50 from box office tel. 748 4081
and usual agents
19th/20th/21st NOVEMBER — SOLD OUT
A few tickets at £5.50 are available for 17th & 18th
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SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

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SPIDER
Plus Guest & Jerry Floyd

Friday 15th October (adm £1.50
TERRAPLANE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 16th & Sunday 17th October (Adm £2.50)
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
Plus Special Guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 18th October (Adm £2.00)
DAVE KELLY BAND
Plus Support & Martin Ball

Tuesday 19th October (Adm £2.00)
CHINATOWN
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 20th October (Adm £2.50)
DOLL BY DOLL
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Thursday 21st, Friday 22nd & Saturday 23rd October (Adm £2.50)
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THURSDAY 14th OCTOBER
LIVE MUSIC from
J. WALTER NEGRO & THE LOOSE JINTS
Thursday 21st October
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FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
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STEVE · OLLIE
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SATURDAY
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Invites you to spend an evening with him and his special guests.
Entrance £2.50 and ALL DRINKS 50p until 11.00. Entrance £3.50 and drinks normal price 11.00 - 3.30.

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CAROL GRIMES
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SATURDAY 16
CAYENNE SUPPORTED BY **SHEA RAMAH** £3.50

MONDAY 18
RESULTS, THE DINOS, THE BLISTERS £1.75

TUESDAY 19 SOUL NIGHT
RYE & THE 1/4 BOYS
SUPPORTED BY SOULS VALIANT £2

WEDNESDAY 20
ORCHESTE JAZIRA SUPPORTED BY **ALDEONI E AMIGOS** £2.50

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FROM NEW YORK, EVENING OF N.Y. RAP
J. WALTER NEGRO & THE LOOSE JOINTS

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+ **Brilliant**
+ **the set**
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7.30pm
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KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 14th October — £1.50
HANOI ROCKS
+ The Reverbarockets

Friday 15th October — £1.50
THE LURKERS
+ Bone Structure

Saturday 16th October — £1.50
DEKE LEONARDS ICEBERG
+ The Flyboys

Sunday 17th October — £1.00
60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

Monday 18th October — £1.25
T34
+ Drama

Tuesday 19th October — £1.25
EGOSIGO
+ Static Blue

Wednesday 20th October — £1.25
MAD SHADOWS + Outboys

MCP presents
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THE
MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
Plus Special Guests
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Fri/Sat 26th/27th November 8.00pm
Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
Available from Box Office Tel: 01 748 4081 Keith Prowse, Premier, LTB and Albemarle.

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 15th October
PULSALLAMA
Monday 18th October
GASPER LAWAL
Friday 22nd October
EDDIE & SUNSHINE
Monday 25th October
PERE UBU'S DAVID THOMAS
Tuesday 26th October
CABARET VOLTAIRE VIDEO SHOW
Friday 29th October
THOMPSON TWINS
Monday 1st November
Video Evening Feature
DOME
Tuesday 2nd November
KURTIS BLOW
Friday 5th November
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Tickets £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
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Tel 828 9441
Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

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+ Orchestra Jazira
+ Laughing Clowns

Tuesday 19th October £3.00
MATUMBI
+ Max Romeo
+ Horace Andy

Friday 15th & Saturday 16th October
Advance £4.50. On the door £5.00
HEATWAVE
+ Support

Wednesday 20th October £2.50
THE TRUTH
featuring Dennis Greaves from Nine Below Zero

Monday 18th October £2.50
THE CHURCH
+ The Scars

Thursday 21st October £3.00
PETER HAMILL

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Friday 22nd October £3.00
Pere Ubu's **DAVID THOMAS**
+ Dudu Pukwana's Zila

Saturday 23rd & Sunday 24th October £5.00
FAT LARRY'S BAND
+ Support

Wednesday 27th October £5.00
CHARLIE HAYDENS LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA
featuring Carla Bley, Don Cherry & others

Thursday 28th October £2.50
KING TRIGGER

Saturday 30th October £3.50
ROGER CHAPMAN & THE SHORT LIST

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LYCEUM BALLROOM
TUESDAY 9TH NOVEMBER 8.00 P.M.
Tickets for both concerts £3.50 Available from Palais and Lyceum Box Offices respectively, Albemarle Keith Prowse, Premier and LTB.

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DEREK BLOCK presents
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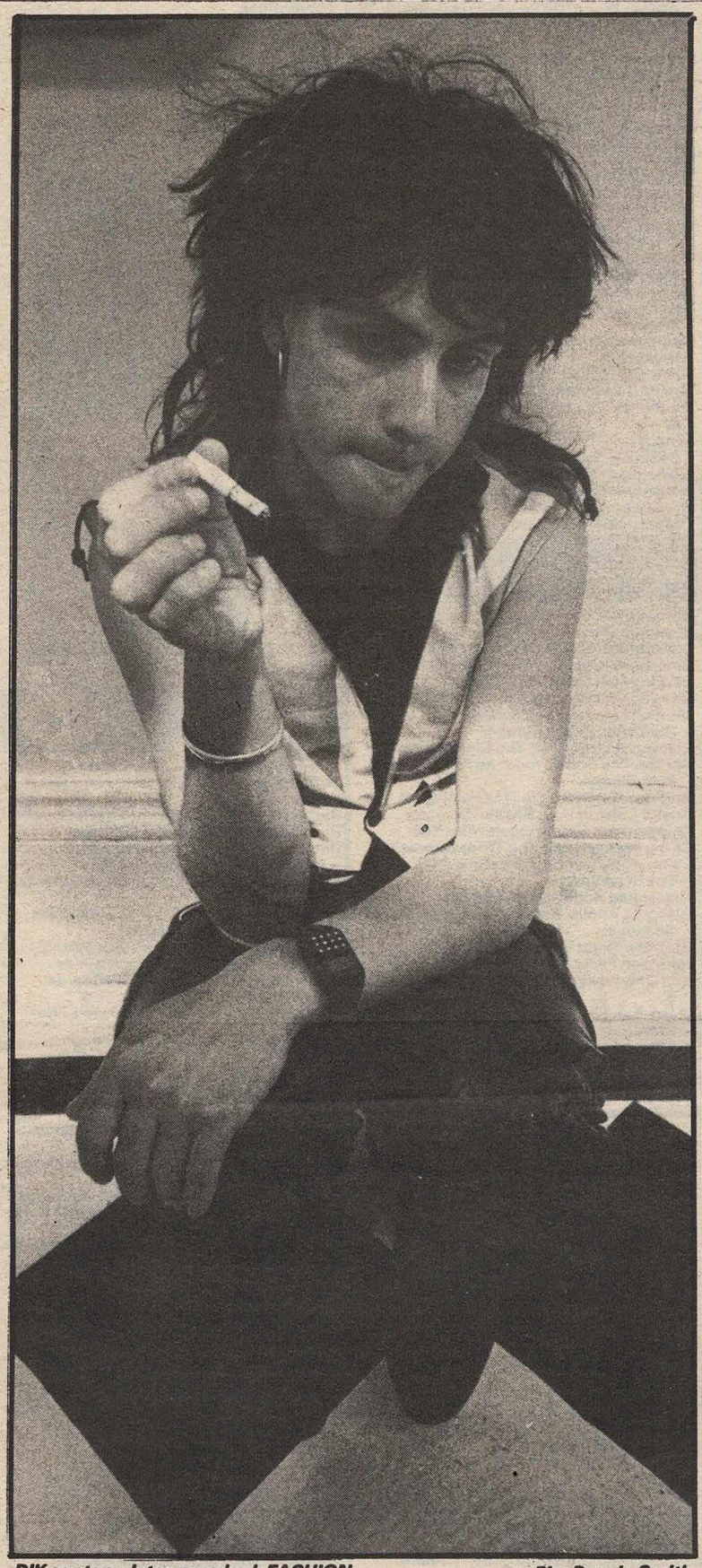
nationwide GIG GUIDE



DIK contemplates new-look FASHION. *Pic: Pennie Smith*

ANOTHER 700-plus week — in fact, even more gigs than in last week's massive date sheet. And that means plenty of action to suit all tastes, with Wednesday as the key day, because that's when four big-name acts hit the boards. There's FASHION, now a five-piece with Troy Tate replacing De Harris up front and new guitarist Al Darby coming into the line-up, and they open in Liverpool ... JAPAN kick off their extensive outing, which climaxes in a string of Hammersmith concerts, and their initial show is in Portsmouth ... THE BELLE STARS headline their most important tour to date, now they've achieved chart status, beginning their travels in Birmingham ... and the ever-popular GEORGE BENSON commences his series of sell-out concerts at Wembley Arena.

Prior to Wednesday, several other tours set out on the road. Thursday sees the start (in Hitchin) of a 27-date itinerary by veteran campaigners HAWKWIND ... The next day, KOOL & THE GANG open a three-night stint at London Victoria Apollo, with Manchester and Birmingham shows following on Tuesday and Wednesday ... Also on Friday, THE McGARRIGLES are back in the UK for a concert series, and Kate and Anna begin their travels in Aldeburgh ... And on Sunday, those perennial visitors THE FOUR TOPS choose Liverpool as the starting point for their annual British trek. On top of that, JULIE FELIX and THE THREE DEGREES are also newcomers to the circuit this week.

Also worthy of special mention this week are the UK debut of that remarkable New York all-girl troupe PULSALLAMA (London on Thursday and Manchester on Friday) who were the subject of a major *NME* feature two weeks ago, and LENE LOVICH making her bow in the musical production *Mati Hara* which opens in London on Tuesday. All this, plus the many tours already in progress, add up to the busiest week of the year so far.

A reminder that gigs are subject to last-minute cancellation and, while it doesn't happen very often, we can't be held responsible if it does — so play it safe and check with the venue beforehand, specially if you're planning to travel a fair distance. And if you'd like to be included in the listings, send details — to arrive at least a week before publication date — to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

thursday 14th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Pallas**
Aylesbury Civic Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Julie Felix**
Belfast (Holywood) The Martello: **The Bankrobbers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Animal Magic/Twist**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Night Out: **Glen Campbell** (until Saturday)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **The D.T.'s**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Bullet Proof**
Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel: **The Cimarons**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford University: **Jab Jab**
Brighton New Regent: **The Monochrome Set**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Helen Reddy**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Mark Stewart & The Mafia**
Bromsgrove The Hundred House: **Lady Killer**
Canterbury Art College: **The Organizers/The Dark Entries**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Showaddywaddy** (until Saturday)
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Essex University: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Shirley Bassey**
Coventry Bull's Head: **Sphere**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Beat**
Dover The Dover Stage: **Cherokee**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Heyl Elastica**
Dunfermline Glen Ballroom: **Modern English/The Cocteau Twins**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The Breakfast Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Galashiels College: **Misty In Roots**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Au Pairs**
Glasgow The Venue: **The Plastic Files**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Shakatak**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Fat Alice**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Fugitive**
Hartlepool North Eastern Hotel: **SOH**
Hayfield The Bull: **The Out**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Twelfth Night**
Herne Bay Kings Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Thin Men**
Hitchin The Regal: **Hawkwind**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Here & Now/The Aemotil Cril**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Freddie White**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Oxy & The Morons**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Culture Club**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/Dale Hargreaves Flamingos**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Soulstice/Major Minor**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Hidden Charms**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Blackfoot Sue**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ronnie Hawkins & The Hawks/Little Sister**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Soundogs**
London Camden Kennedy Hall: **Loose Tights**
Londn Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Central Polytechnic: **Inner Force**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Sarah-Jane**
Lono Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Shea Ramah**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Street Aliens/Lasky's Trio**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Adicts/What Noise?**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose** (until Saturday)
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Gordon Giltrap/Ric Sanders & Andy Cronshaw**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Hanoi Rocks/The Reverberockets**
London Fulham King's Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Ritual/Sisters Of Mercy/March Violets**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus R**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **Maddy Prior Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Roman Holliday**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
Londn Marquee Club: **Spider**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Business**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush Hotel: **Controlled Attack/Mr Sprats 21st Century Popular Motets/Ian Saville/Jumping Jazz Rats**
London Southall White Hart: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts/Static**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Esmond Selwyn Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bauhaus/Amazulu/Incantation**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Tottenham Mayfair Ballroom: **Gene Vincent's Bluecaps/Flying Saucers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pulsallama/Orchestra Jazira/The Laughing Clowns**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Labi Siffre/Earl Okin**
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: **Jamie Roman**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 The Drill Hall: **Maggie Nicols/Julie Tippetts & Friends**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **First Step Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hall & Oates**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Slim Gaillard**
Manchester Gallery: **Italian Shoes**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Real Thing** (until Saturday)
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Margate Ship Inn: **English Rogues**
Middlesbrough Newham Community Centre: **Rules Of Croquet**
Newcastle Bier Keller: **Cagesplay/Dream Unit/Off**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Damned**
Newcastle The Collingwood: **R'n'B Spitfires**
Nottingham Clarendon College: **Michael Nyman Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **King Trigger**
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **Trixta**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tora Tora**
Pontefract The Fox: **The Pistons**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Blue Zoo**
Preston Warehouse: **Vice Squad**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Three Degrees**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Odyssey**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Stratford-on-Avon Tollhouse: **Ramrods**
Wakefield Raffles: **Fiat Lux**
Wellingborough Chequers: **Tobruk**
Wokingham Angie's: **Sam Mitchell Band**
Worcester The Barn: **Modern Romance**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Fokker Triplane**

friday 15th

Aldeburgh Snape Maltings: **The McGarrigles**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Paz**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Twelfth Night**
Belfast The Clubhouse: **The Bank Robbers**
Birmingham Aston University: **Screen 3**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Here & Now**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **From Eden/M's Telegram**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Darryl Hall & John Oates**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Saracen**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham University: **Dave Kelly Band**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Shadows**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Oxy & The Morons**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bromsgrove Saddle Bar: **Crossfire**
Brighton Locarno: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Spot The Dog**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Buxton Grove Hotel: **Soldier**
Cambridge The University Centre: **The Rapiers/Pure Thought/The Great Divide/754/The Wobbly Jellies**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Aztec Camera**
Chatham Central Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Cheriton White Lion: **Maroondogs**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Deke Leonard & Sean Tyler**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darlington Arts Centre: **SOH**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **The Catch**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Urban Mix**
Dunfermline Chimes: **The Shattered Family**
Durham University: **King Trigger**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Big Country**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Shakatak**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Q-Tips/The Perfect Zebras**
Exeter Tiffany's: **The Cimarons**
Exeter University: **Tom McEwan**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **Larry Miller Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Drifting Robots**
Gladstone Youth Centre: **Nynanis**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Cocteau Twins/Modern English**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Damned**
Grimsby Community Hall: **The Destructors**
Gt Yarmouth Big Apple: **Household Name**
Halifax Royal Oak: **Spectrum**
Hanham The Lock & Weir: **Fred Stoat & The Rodents Of Swing**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **Hawkwind**
Keele University: **Culture Club**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Julie Felix**
Lancaster University: **The Beat**
Leeds University Union: **De Stijl/Ward 12**
Liverpool The Bluecoat: **Michael Nyman Band**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Dave Cole Quartet**
Liverpool University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 7**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Kray Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Passion Puppets/The Ghosts**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Dads**
London Battersea Town Hall: **Mainsqueeze/Tony McPhee Blues Band/The London Apaches**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **African Dawn/Tim Bat/Mr Sprats 21st Century Popular Motets/Jumping Jazz Rats**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes/Stolen Thunder**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Red Beans & Rice R'n'B Revue**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea Art College: **Amazulu/Scarlet Party**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Bastille**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Duffo**
London City Polytechnic: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Black Slate**
London City University: **Toto Coelo**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Motivators/The Directors**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Swamp Children/The Rhythm Men**
London East Ham Town Hall: **Johnny Parker/Stan Greig/Ron Rubin/Brian Leake**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Time Dance**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pinkies**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lurkers/Bone Structure**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Thin Men**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Steel 'n' Skin**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Bottles/The Volcanoes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
London Hammersmith Town Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **Jeep**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Erazerhead**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Helen Reddy**
London Marquee Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts/Terraplane**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Drew Taylor/Jenny Speller Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **SUS**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Vaguely Divine**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Vocalotion**
London Strand King's College: **Neil Innes/Chris Cullen Band**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Travelling Shoes**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
London Victoria The Venue: **Heatwave**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Anne Clark**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Eye Witness**
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: **Katz City Swingers**
London W.C.1 The Drill Hall: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **John Stevens/Barry Guy/Trevor Watts**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Sceptre**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Pulsallama**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Pistons**
Manchester The Gallery: **Ik**
Manchester UMIST: **The Farmers Boys**
Manchester University: **Modern Romance**
Margate Kikomo Wine Bar: **City Blues Band**
Milton Keynes Gladiators: **Apocalypse**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Mike Oldfield**
Oxford Pennytfarthing: **Truffle**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Sad Cafe**
Peterborough The Cellar Cresset: **The Plastic Heroes**
Porchester Venue: **Secrets In Whispers**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Portstewart Spuds: **The Perfect Crime**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Three Degrees**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Vampires/Red I**
Retford Porterhouse: **Vice Squad**
Ringwood Elm Tree Inn: **Dancette**
Salford University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/Dale Hargreaves Flamingoes**
Salisbury College of Technology: **B-Movie**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Nexus**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Comsat Angels**
Sheffield Queens Hotel: **Danse Society**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Southend Top Alex: **Three Parts Human**
Southport Theatre: **Kim Wilde**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Decorators**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Sonny Jameson**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Warrington Spectrum Arena: **Odyssey**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Blue Zoo**

Opening Friday: KOOL & THE GANG

Wokingham Angie's: **G T Moore & The Outsiders**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Fokker Triplane**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Static**
York College of Ripon and York St John: **Jab Jab**
York Vanbrugh College: **Sisters Of Mercy/The March Violets/Pink Peg Slax**

saturday 16th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Gordon Giltrap/ Rachel Ashton / Circus Of Poets**
Ashford (Kent) The Castle: **English Rogues**
Bedford Polhill College: **C-Saim / Bone / The Diving Club**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Oprhan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Black Symbol / Sceptre**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Depeche Mode**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Shadows**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Martin Simpson**

Braintree College: **Blue Zoo**
Brighton Basement Club: **A.B.A.**
Bristol Granary: **Spider**
Buxton Grove Hotel: **Soldier**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **13th Chime / What Noise?**
Cardiff Nero's: **Culture Club**
Cardiff University: **John Martyn / Any Trouble**
Cheriton White Lion: **Larry Miller Band**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chippenham Gold Diggers: **Odyssey**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Farmers Boys**
Coventry Warwick University: **Animal Magic / Accidental Men**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Jab Jab**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Decorators**
Durham Fowlers Yard: **Placebo Effect / The Crazed**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **The McGarrigles**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Damned**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Pallas**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Household Name**
Guildford Surrey University: **Screen 3**
Halifax Queen's Rd. Centre: **Oxy & The Morons**
Harwich Centre Club: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Keswick Century Theatre: **Julie Felix**
Langford (Avon) Yew Tree Country Club: **Gene Vincent's Bluecaps**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Ik**
Leeds University: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Liverpool Lark Lane Community Centre: **Hightease**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Tears Of Joy / Youth Club**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Static**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Manufactured Romance**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **White Brothers/ Design For Living**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cayenne / Shea Ramah**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Micky Jupp Band / Ace Bentley & The Traffic Lights**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Frank Jennings Syndicate / City Limits**
London Central Polytechnic: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Larry Lawson**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Studio 2**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Subtitles / Hot House**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals / Box 33**
London E.14 White Swan: **Roman Holliday**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pinkies**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Deke Leonard's Iceberg / The Flyboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Corporation**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Topical Fish / Phil Shaw**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean / Roland Muldoon**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Anne Marie Roelofs Band with Josephine Cupido**
London Leyton Coach & Horses: **Scream Test**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **African Dawn / Tim Bat / Mr. Sprats 21st Century Popular Motets / Jumping Jazz Rats**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hefty Jazz**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Martin Carthy**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Russell Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Time Dance**
London Tottenham Town Hall: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
London Victoria The Venue: **Heatwave**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Neil Sedaka**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Rubella Ballet / Ritual**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Dave Kelly Band**
London W.1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: **Fran Landesman & Sonia Pascall**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.C.1 The Drill Hall: **The Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Sphere**
Luton Technical College: **Apocalypse**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Fuze**
Manchester Unity: **The Cimarons**
Manchester University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 8**
Mansfield Civic Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Major Setback**
Middlesbrough Cavern Club: **Vice Squad**
Newcastle City Hall: **Shakatak**
Norwich The Premises: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
Nottingham Whispers: **The Comsat Angels**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Oxford Pennyfarhing: **720**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Modern Romance**
Reading Central Club: **Matumbi / Max Romeo / Horace Andy**
Retford Porterhouse: **King Trigger**
Sheffield City Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Misty In Roots**
Sheffield University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / Dale Hargreaves Flamingos**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Slough College: **Here & Now**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Jukes**
Southampton Park Hotel: **Crossfire**
Southport Theatre: **Helen Reddy**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Sad Cafe**
Swindon Moonrakers: **Spot The Dog**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Bottles**
York College of Ripon & St. John: **Aztec Camera**

sunday 17th

Altrincham Unicorn Hotel: **Eyelids**
Ashford The Crusader: **Shandy**
Ashford The Swan: **Emotional Play**
Bath Oddown Club: **False Idols**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Gambit Of Shame/The Beat Ovens**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **The Three Degrees**
Birmingham Odeon: **Depeche Mode**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **SOH**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Here & Now**

Opening Wednesday: BELLE STARS

Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Helen Reddy**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton The Centre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Bristol Colston Hall: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Broxbourne Civic Hall: **Julie Felix**
Cardiff University: **The Beat**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **English Rogues**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Crossfire**
Colchester Essex University: **Screen 3**
Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Odyssey**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Channel 5/Controlled Attack**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Corner Boys**
Durham University: **The McGarrigles**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Folkestone Golden Arrow: **English Rogues**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Soldier**
Hull New Theatre: **Shakatak**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **George Chisholm/Hefty Jazz**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kilwinning Flicks Disco: **Pleasure Pictures (afternoon)/Big Country (evening)**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Four Tops**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Don Shepherd and Pookiesnackenburger (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtimes)/Johnny & The Roccos (evening)**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Skat/Richard No Soup For Me/Fixed Grin/Phillip Johnson**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Bridgeman & Smith**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Club Cassette**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dummies/Mouse & The Underdog**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Masked Orchestra/Heroes On The Inside/The Sines**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Confrey Phillips**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Freddie White/Vin Garbutt**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **John Stevens Project with Dudu Pukwana**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Furniture/Fear Of The Dark**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hall & Oates**
London Islington Pied Bull: **A Popular History Of Signs/Rosalie Stiletto De Boot**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Putney Half Moon: **Blurred Vision**
London Stockwell The Plough: **A Minute Passed**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Comsat Angels/The Sound/Blue Orchids**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Dr K's Blues Band**
London Trafalgar Square St Martin's Crypt: **Harvey Andrews**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
London West Hampstead The Moonlight Club: **Duffo**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd Centre: **African Dawn/Mr Sprats 21st Century Popular Motets/Tim Bat/Jumping Jazz Rats**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Scream Test**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Mike Osborne Quartet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Kim Wilde**
Margate Ship Inn: **Dave Corsby Band**
Milton Keynes Middleton Hall: **Glen Campbell**
Newcastle Bier Keller: **Gene Vincent's Original Blue Caps/The Bel-Airs**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **The Reporters**
Preston Guildhall: **Hawkwind**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Culture Club**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **George Hamilton IV**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **The Nashville Teens**
Wokingham Angie's: **Laverne Brown Band**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Tobruk**
Worcester Swan Theatre: **Marian Montgomery/Richard Rodney Bennett**

monday 18th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Matumbi/Max Romeo/Horace Andy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kim Wilde**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Up The Junction: **Prediction/Black Symbol**
Blackpool Vinyl Drip: **The Nightingales**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Jo Ann Kelly & Pete Emery**
Brighton Top Rank: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Chippenham Gold Diggers: **The Beat**
Corby Festival Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Sarras**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Culture Club**
Hamilton Park Lane Disco: **Big Country**
Hull University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 9**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Fun House: **Oxy & the Morons/Boys From The East**
Lancaster University: **The McGarrigles**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Hawkwind**
London Adlib at the Kensington: **Promises/Netty Blue**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Results/The Dinos/The Blisters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **C.S.A.**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Marc & Tim**
London Chelsea Shaghai Lil's: **Freehand**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Middle Earth/Separate Energy/Volume**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sensible Jerseys/Cool Snaps/Fast Forward**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cayenne**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Amazulu/Jam Today**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Flux Of Pink Indians**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ruthless Blues**
London Fulham Greyhound: **T34/Drama**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Isaac Guillory**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Tronics/Monomix**
London Hammersmith Grove Theatre: **Ritual**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hall & Oates**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Farmers Boys**
London Marquee Club: **Dave Kelly Band**
London N.W.2 the Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**

Opening Wednesday: GEORGE BENSON

London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Archie Shepp Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Magna Carta**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakers**
London Strand King's College: **Thin Men**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Freddie White**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Church**
London Wembley Arena: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Modern Romance**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Damned**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Gasper Lawal Africa Drum Oro Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Four Tops**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Poole Arts Centre: **Helen Reddy**
Preston Guildhall: **Shakatak**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Anti-Pasti**
Sheffield University: **Sad Lovers And Giants**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Thatcham Silks Night Club: **Great Mistakes**
Watford Bailey's: **Toto Coelo (for a week)**

Opening Wednesday: JAPAN

tuesday 19th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Gay Tower Ballroom: **The Beat/The Set**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Max Romeo/Matumbi/Horace Andy**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **New Europa Band**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Negativz**
Brighton Dome: **Neil Sedaka**
Brighton The New Regent: **Vice Squad**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Corby Festival Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Culture Club**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Galashiels College of Textiles: **The Monochrome Set**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **English Disease**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Depeche Mode**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Earl Okin/Sue Kibbey Band**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Oxy & The Morons**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leighton Buzzard Bossard Hall: **UK Decay**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Cocnuts/Musical Youth**
Liverpool Pickwicks Club: **The Passage/The Room**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Fugitive**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Bella Donna**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/Souls Valient**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Slam**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Tunekwa**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Go Fundamental**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Run Run/Nuance Dance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **I.Q./Jump Squad/The Frames**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alan Haven Trio**
London Deptford Albany empire: **A.B.A.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Free Hand**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Egosigo/Static Blue**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Lene Lovich in the musical *Mata Hari* (for four weeks)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hall & Oates**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **Chinatown**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Holloway All Stars**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/Serious Drinking**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Rush Hour**
London Victoria The Venue: **Matumbi/Max Romeo/Horace Andy**
London Wembley Arena: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Vocalotion/Wildlife**
London W.1 (Gt. Albany St) The Albany: **Dancette**
London W.1 Le Beat Route: **The E-Types**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A'Gogo: **7 States Funk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Lox Coxhill**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **21 Strangers**
Norwich East Anglia University: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Nottingham Clarendon College: **Nexus**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Hot Cuisine**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 10**
St. Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: **The D.T.'s**
Stirling Avant Garde Club: **Big Country**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Dave Kelly Band**
Warrington Silver Birch: **Fault**
York Arts Centre: **SOH**

wednesday 20th

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Big Country**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kool & The Gang**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **C P Lee presents *M'Lords And Ladies***
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's **The Belle Stars**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **Black Roots**
Cardiff Joint Students Union: **Dave Kelly Band**
Cardiff St David's Hall: **Neil Sedaka**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Dudley Prole Club: **And Also The Trees / Spontaneous Human Combustion**
Dundee Dance Factory: **The Monochrome Set**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
Exeter University: **Axtec Camera**
Folkeston Leas Cliff Hall: **The Thompson Twins**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Mad Daddies / Discipline**
Hanley The Vine: **The Varukers**
Keele University: **The Room**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Waso**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Farmers Boys**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Blue Orchids**
Liverpool Allison's: **The Real Thing**
Liverpoole Empire Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Liverpool University: **Fashion**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Solo Sons**
London Acton White Hart: **The E-Types**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Freddie White**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Double Agent**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hersey & The 12 Bars**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College Refectory: **Playn Jayn**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Wilma Williams**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Mambo Jambo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Swamp 82**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alan Haven Trio**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mad Shadows / Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Mike Moran & Dave Shepherd**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Creamies**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Doll By Doll**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Varied Works**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
Lonond Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J j & The Jealous Guys**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **The 45's**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Truth**
London Wembley Arena: **George Benson**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **The Nashville Teens**
London W1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **The Millhouse Boys**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Mainsqueeze**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Matumbi / Max Romeo / Horace Andy**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Culture Club**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Damned**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Fat Chicken Blues Band**
Nottingham Rock City: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Nottingham Whispers: **Pinski Zoo**
Nottingham University: **Battle of the Band — Heat 11**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Japan**
Shanklin IOW Peir Theatre: **Vice Squad**
Sheffield Leadmill: **SOH**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Odessey**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Worcester The Barn: **Here & Now**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Worthing Pavilion: **George Hamilton IV**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

LIVE AT THE
LYCEUM
TUDOR WAY, SHEFFIELD S1 2LA BOX OFFICE 0742 754944 Open 10.00-5.00
Oct 17th Tickets £3.00 Adv. £3.50 door
THE DAMNED with Captain Sensible
Oct 20th All Tickets £4.00
ODYSSEY
Oct 22nd All Tickets £3.00
KILLING JOKE
Oct 23rd Tickets £3.50 Adv. £4.00 door
SQUEEZE
Oct 25 All Tickets £4.00
SHAKATAK
Oct 27th All Tickets £3.50
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Oct 28th Tickets £2.50 Adv. £3.00 door
THOMPSON TWINS
Oct 29th All Tickets £3.50
BAUHAUS
Oct 31st All Tickets £3.50
JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS
ENCLOSE SAE WITH POSTAL APPLICATIONS. Cheques payable to Thermabbe Ltd

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THE OLE CAMDEN OPRY
COUNTRY MUSIC SHOW
FRANK JENNINGS SYNDICATE
WITH GUESTS CITY LIMITS
SATURDAY 16th OCTOBER 9.00PM-2.00AM
COUNTRY MUSIC DISCO SOUNDS WITH TOP COUNTRY MUSIC DJ TONI FEELEY
AUTHENTICALLY DRESSED COWBOYS & GIRLS ADMITTED AT HALF PRICE
PATSY POWELL AND THE GOODTIMERS
WITH GUESTS AL BARRETTS LINEMEN
SATURDAY 23rd OCTOBER 9.00PM-2.00AM
AT THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH STREET NW1 TEL 485 9006 LICENSED BAR UNTIL 2·00am
TICKETS £2.50 ON NIGHT OR IN ADVANCE FROM: PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371 OR ALBERMARLE TEL 283 5314 (BOOKING FEE CHARGED)

ROCK CITY
Talbot St, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544 Open 8pm - 2am
Tuesday 19th October £3.00 Adv
BAUHAUS
Wednesday 20th October £3.00 Adv
JOAN JETT & THE BACKHEARTS
Tueaday 26th October £2.50 Adv
THOMPSON TWINS
Wednesday 27th October £4.00 Adv
GILLAN
Monday 1st November £2.50 Adv
CULTURE CLUB
Tuesday 9th November £2.50 Adv
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Wednesday 10th November £2.50 Adv
TALK TALK
Wednesday 24th November £4.50 Adv
SHALAMAR
Must be over 18 years of age
Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Seleta Dis, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6
Thursday 14th October £1.00
BARNEY'S ROCK & ROLL DISCO
Friday 15th October £1.50
MICKEY JUPP
+ The Volcanoes
Saturday 16th October £1.50
TOPICAL FISH
+ Phil Shaw Band
Sunday 17th October £1.00
FURNITURE
+ Fear Of The Dark
Monday 18th October £1.00
THE TRONICS
+ Monomix
Tuesday 19th October 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM
BEACH PARTY
REAL ALE SERVED 7.30—11.00

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St: 736 1413
Thursday 14th October £1.50
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Jazz Funk
Friday 15th October £1.50
LAVERNE BROWNE BAND
Saturday 16th October £2.00
RICKY COOL
Sunday 17th October £1.50
JOHNNY G
Monday 18th October £1.50
ISAAC GUILLORY
Tuesday 19th October £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Wednesday 20th October £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
Kingdom Room
Friday 21st October
Admission £2.50
MARI WILSON & the WILSATIONS
+ Support
Nearest tube, Uxbridge. M40 2 miles. Tickets from Students Union Kingston Lane. UX 38125 Also from Premier Box Office Bar available to club members

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FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY
Saturday Oct 16th 7.30pm
BAUHAUS
+ BRILLIANT
Tickets £3.50 avialable from Earth Records, Aylesbury; Scorpion, High Wycombe; Strings'n' Things, Amersham; Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; F L Moore Dunstable, Bletchley and Luton; Record City, Luton; D J Holland, Leighton Buzzard; Hi-Vu, Buckingham; Happy Days, Banbury; Music Market, Oxford; or £3.50 at door on night if available.
Life Membership 25p.
THE SKY'S GONE OUT

BLACK DESIGNERS '82
A FASHION ODYSSEY
Black Designers Enterprises Limited
PRESENT A
Gala Evening
at the
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
KENSINGTON GORE
LONDON SW7
on
FRIDAY 22ND OCTOBER 1982
at 7pm
With collections from Cardi Revere, Gemma King, Ethney Charles, and Charles Small together with entertainment from the Honourable Louise Benntee, Gail Grier, Torso and personal appearances from Caroll Thompson, Loose Ends, Central Line, Street Angels, Angst, Second Image and many more. The hostess for the evening will be Amii Stewart.
Tickets are available from the Box Office — Royal Albert Hall. Tel: 589 8212 and from the following hair salons:
Root, 2/3 Eccleston Street, London SW1.
Tel: 730 9054
Reflections, 33/35 Harwood Road, London SW6.
Tel: 731 1842
Jades Hair Salon, 55 Stratton Street, London SW1.
Tel: 499 5232
St Clair's, 156 Shepherds Bush Precinct, London W6.
Tel: 749 5527
The Event is sponsored by the GLC and the Earnest Pear Memorial Foundation, Royal Albert Hall General Manager — Mr D Cameron McNicol.
Ticket prices: Standing £2.50
Stalls £6.00, £8.00, £12.00, £14.00, £16.00, £17.00 and £18.50.

THE TRUTH
featuring
DENNIS GREAVES
of
NINE BELOW ZERO
Wednesday 20th October
The VENUE, LONDON
Live on Stage 9.30pm

THE TUNNEL
Thursday 14th October Free
THE ESCORTS
+ Rhythmic Itch
Friday 15th October Free
THIN MEN
+ Stereo Insole
Saturday 16th October Free
THE CORPORATION
+ Dance Sault
Tuesday 19th October £2.00
DOLL BY DOLL
+ Rio & The Robots
THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE, GREENWICH SE10
Tel: 858 0895
(200 yards southside Blackwall tunnel)

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
MUSICAL YOUTH
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
TWO SHOWS ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24TH
SPECIAL MATINEE FOR UNDER 18's
DOORS OPEN 4.00AM. BAND ON STAGE AT 5.30PM TICKETS £1.50
EVENING SHOW FOR OVER 18's
DOORS OPEN 8.00PM. BAND ON STAGE AT 9.00PM. TICKETS £3.50
The Camden Palace
TICKETS FROM THE CAMDEN PALACE, 1A CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1. TEL 387 0428
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ROUGH TRADE RECORDS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
THOMPSON TWINS
Tears For Fears
TUESDAY 2nd NOVEMBER
7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01.748.2812
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road,
PUTNEY, SW15 :: 01-788 2387
Thursday 14th October
TONY McPHEES BLUES BAND
Friday 15th October
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Saturday 16th October
CRANNOG
Sunday 17th October
BLURRED VISION
Rick Lee ex T.Y.A. & Chicken Shack
Monday 18th October
MAGNA CARTER
Tuesday 19th October
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 20th October
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 21st and Friday 22nd October
JONA LEWIE
Sunday 24th October
DAVE KELLEY BAND

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead tube)
Sunday 7.30 — 10.30
Wednesday 13th October £1.00
EASTERN ALLIANCE
+ Netty Blue
Thursday 14th October £1.50
NUANCE DANCE
+ The Three Laws
Friday 15th October £1.50
THE GHOST OF INDIVIDUALS
starring Patrik Fitzgerald, Kevin Hewitt, Ann Clarke and John Hollingsworth
Saturday 16th October £1.50
RUBELLA BALLET
+ Ritual + The Subhumans
Sunday 17th October £1.50
DUFFO
+ A Scanner Darkly
Monday 18th October £1.50
GLASS TIE
+ Major To Minor
Tuesday 19th October £1.50
THE DELTAS
+ THE FRANTICS
Wednesday 20th October £1.50
SHORT STORIES
+ Exceptions

TAJ MAHAL
AND THE INTERNATIONAL RHYTHM BAND
PLUS AMAZULU
AT THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
HIGH ST. KENSINGTON. W.8
SAT. 6TH NOVEMBER 7.30
TICKETS £4.00 ADVANCE BOX OFFICE 229 7483 AND 603 4535 EXT 204
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS & HONEST JOHNS RECORDS
WILF A WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
THE ADDICTS
THU.14. SLADE meets Stanley Kubrick. "If you don't know about the Addicts," said N.M.E. "you must have blinked last month"
SWAMP CHILDREN
FRI.15. Manchester based & overtones of A.C.P. whose factory label they share. Beef Heart, Bee Bop, Funk - the influences are all there but so too is a seam of originality.
DAVE BITELLI'S ONWARD INTERNATIONALS
SAT.16. CARNIVAL NITE! ONLY £2
Accomplished 8-piece whose carib-salsa style music captures the authentic street-party spirit.
SUN. THE MASKED ORCHESTRA + HEROES ON THE INSIDE + THE 3 INES
MON. SENSIBLE JERSEY + COOL SNAPS + FAST FORWARD
TUE. I.Q. + JUMP SQUAD + THE FRAMES
SWAMP 82
WED 20. Vigorous septet in the new jazz tradition with a hard blowin' horn section & a simplicity that's rhythmic, effective & danceable
FAMILY RICO
THU.21st.
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30A.M till 6A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK presents
FASHION
KAJAGOOGOO
Wednesday 10th November
7·30pm
TICKETS £3.75 £3.25 FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 KEITH PROWSE
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

SAD LOVERS & GIANTS
See them ...
Oct 13: Ad Lib Club, Russell Gardens, London W14.
16: Central London Polytechnic, Bolsover Street, London W1.
18: Sheffield University.
22: Leeds University.
28: The Rock Garden, Covent Garden, London WC2.
29: U.M.I.S.T., Manchester.
30: Chelsea College, Manresa Road, London SW3.
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LIVE ADS

Derek Block presents
THE GO·GO's
THE MEMBERS stolen pets
LYCEUM London WC2
Sunday 14th November 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £4.00 AVAILABLE FROM LYCEUM 01 836 3715 KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS.

HALF MOON, PUTNEY
788 2387
presents
JONA LEWIE
IN CONCERT
+ GRAHAM HINE & SAM MITCHELL
Thursday 21st & Friday 22nd Oct
Seats available now £3.00

Sat 16th October
WIPEOUT
Live R & B
at the
HOPE & ANCHOR
307 Upper Street
ISLINGTON

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
GEORGE BENSON OCT 20

OCTOBER
13, 14, 15, 16 AC/DC
14 Bauhaus
15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
15, 16, 17 Kool & The Gang
17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
18, 19 AC/DC
20 George Benson
21 Bauhaus
21, 22 Dionne Warwick
21, 22 Odyssey
22 John Martyn
23 Joe Cocker
24 Killing Joke
25 Depeche Mode
25 Kate & Anna McGarrigle
27 Kim Wilde
27 John Denver
27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28 Asia
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens
29, 30 Four Tops
31 Mari Wilson
31 Halloween Monster Ball

NOVEMBER
1 Light Of The World
1 Diamond Head
2 Culture Club
2 Thompson Twins
2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
5, 6 Millie Jackson
6 Tangerine Dream
6 Taj Mahal
7 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
7 The Roches
8 Talk Talk
8, 9 Squeeze
8, 9 Earl Klaugh
9 Sad Cafe
9 Level 42
11 Shakatak
11 Belle Stars
12, 13 Hawkwind
14 The Go Go's
14 (Matinee) Duran Duran
17, 18 Doctor Hook
20, 21, 22 Japan
21 Shalamar
22, 23, 24 Yazoo
26, 27 Michael Schenker
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
28, 29, 30 Phil Collins
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
1 Phil Collins
2, 3, 4 Ultravox
4, 5 Shalamar
5, 6 U2
6 Steelye Span
7 Budgie
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
17 Gillan
17 Slade
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
20, 21 Dire Straits
24, 27 Elvis Costello

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

APRIL
18, 22 James Last

MAY
11, 15 Johnny Mathis

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Tour News extra

Straits extra at Wembley

DIRE STRAITS have added two more shows at London Wembley Arena to their late autumn UK tour, due to very heavy ticket demand — on December 20 and 21. Tickets are £7.75 and £6.75, available from the box-office and usual agents — or by post from Dire Straits Box Office (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH, enclosing SAE.

MAXIMUM JOY have added two more dates to their current tour, which promotes their Y Records debut album 'Station MXJY', at Manchester University (October 22) and Sheffield University (23) . . . and BLUE ORCHIDS have confirmed an extra date next Tuesday (19) at Liverpool Pickwicks, which is a CND special.

DOLL BY DOLL, whose new album 'Grand Passion' has just been released, play three dates during the coming week as a warm-up for an upcoming major tour. They are Kingston Art College (tonight, Thursday), London Kensington Imperial College (Saturday) and London Marquee (October 20). Their tour schedule follows shortly.

Lyceum hosts monster bill!

THE METEORS top the bill in a Hallowe'en Monsters Ball at London Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, October 31 (tickets £3). Also appearing are Hanoi Rocks, The Adicts and Screaming Lord Sutch, plus a guest act still to be named. The evening will also include a fancy dress competition for the best-dressed monsters, with prizes of £75, £50 and £25.

HANOI ROCKS are back in Britain, and will be gigging here until mid-December. First three London dates set for the Scandinavian band are at Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday), Marquee Club (October 25) and the Lyceum Ballroom with The Meteors (31). Many more dates are being confirmed, leading up to a two-week tour with Twisted Sister. They have now acquired a new drummer named Razzle, replacing Gyp Casino, and he becomes the only English member of the band.

DAVE KELLY BAND — which is The Blues Band minus Paul Jones — are on tour at Birmingham University (tomorrow, Friday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), London Marquee (October 18), Swindon Brunel Rooms (19), Cardiff University (20), Bristol Granary (21), Derby Lonsdale College (22), London Putney Half Moon (24 and 31), Southend Zero Six (25), London Woolwich Tramshed (26), London Camden Dingwalls (28), Guildford Surrey University (29) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (30). Kelly's solo single, a revival of the McGuinness Flint hit 'When I'm Dead And Gone', is issued this week on Coolking Records (through Pinnacle).

BOYS OF THE LOUGH's autumn UK tour comprises Sheffield Crucible (October 22), Winchester Theatre Royal (23), Cardiff Sherman Theatre (24), London Queen Elizabeth Hall (25), Yeovil Johnson Hall (28), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (29), York Theatre Royal (31), Aberystwyth Students Union (November 5), Stoke Victoria Theatre (6), Corby Civic Theatre (7), Irvine Magnum (11), Dumfries Theatre Royal (12), Darlington Civic Theatre (13), Newcastle Theatre Royal (14), Stirling MacRobert Centre (15), Inverness Eden Court (16), Aberdeen Arts Centre (17 and 18), Londonderry Union Hall (20), Southport Arts Centre (22), Gloucester Cambridge Theatre (23), Basildon Towngate Theatre (24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (25), Reading Hexagon (26), Newark Palace (27) and Ipswich Wolsey Theatre (28).

MARSHALL CRENSHAW — the singer, writer and guitarist whose self-named debut album was issued in the summer — makes his first live UK appearance at London Victoria The Venue on November 4 (tickets £3.50), and the show will be recorded by Capital Radio for later broadcast. He also appears on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on November 12 and 13. To coincide, a single from the LP is issued by WEA on October 29, titled 'Some Day, Some Way'.

MODERN ROMANCE are the first act next Monday (18) at a regular London venue opening at New Merlin's Cave, Margery Street, W.C.1 — it's being run by Terry Murphy, who was responsible for Canning Town Bridge House until its recent closure. And the band have added four further dates to their current UK tour — London Mile End Queen Mary's College (November 6), Norwich Penny's (8), Newmarket Cabaret Club (10) and Blackpool Empress (December 17).

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BILL & BRION

From page 27

the pipers reluctant to continue the tradition, the music festivals of Joujouka are almost a thing of the past. Just when Western scientists had begun to explore the medicinal properties of such music, too.

BG: ... Something enormously important has been lost, yes ... It has been absorbed into small movements of medical therapy actually. What the musicians of Joujouka did, they cured mental illness by music. There are institutes of musical therapy now in France ... I don't suppose they know exactly what they're doing, but they know something can be done and they're trying things out, getting news about it where they can ...

WSB: Of course, dentists have been using music as a painkiller for quite a long time now. They always ask me if I want novocain or music and I tell 'em novocain. Heh heh. You see if there's a lull in the music, WHAM! there the pain comes back! It has to be pretty constant and loud. It doesn't matter what kind of music they use, it's simply volume, which will tell us the function of the scream is to kill pain.

BG: A lot of musical groups have realised this too, that it's just volume that counts ...

WSB: It's just volume. One popstar said to the other, Be good. And if you can't be good, be loud!

THE OTHER mode of transport is less fanciful — i.e. space travel. Gysin and Burroughs have looked back at the ecological nightmare of this planet, and have concluded that the only place left to go is space. What has been done to this Earth in the name of its people and also to its people, of course, explains their obsession with control and the need to break its hold.

But will man ever get off this planet?

Burroughs suggests the Black Hole as a possible exit. "How do you get from the surface of the water to the bottom without getting wet?" Burroughs asks. "Very simple. Whirlpool ... Well, it can be compared."

Time and resources though, are perhaps running out too fast.

Any control machine needs time ...

"Interpol and Deutsche Bank FBI and Scotland Yard" (Kraftwerk: 'Computer World')

BG: Miniaturisation in time has occurred simultaneously with the miniaturisation in electronic equipment. The whole chip system has been brought about by people dealing with tiny fractions of the second, smaller quantities of time are continually being broken in on ... William said, *time is that which ends.* Presumably this is the operation of using up very small particles. Detecting the various small movements of matter is using it all up and once the thing is observed where is it going to go?

Brion Gysin has a bedtime story. It seems that trillions of years ago a giant flicked grease from his fingers. One of these gobs of grease is our universe on its way to the floor.

QUESTION: Have we left it too late to leave this planet?

WSB: Who knows? As the French say, who lives will see ...

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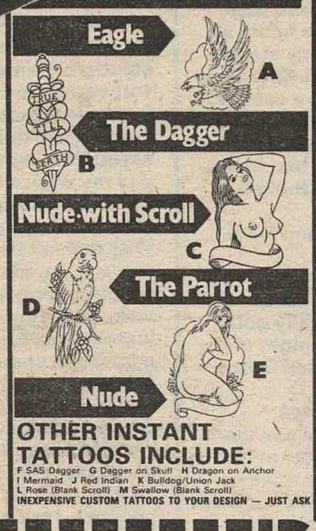

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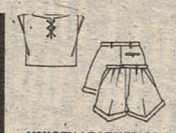

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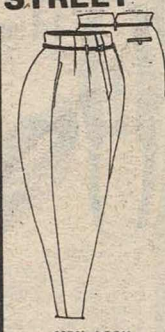

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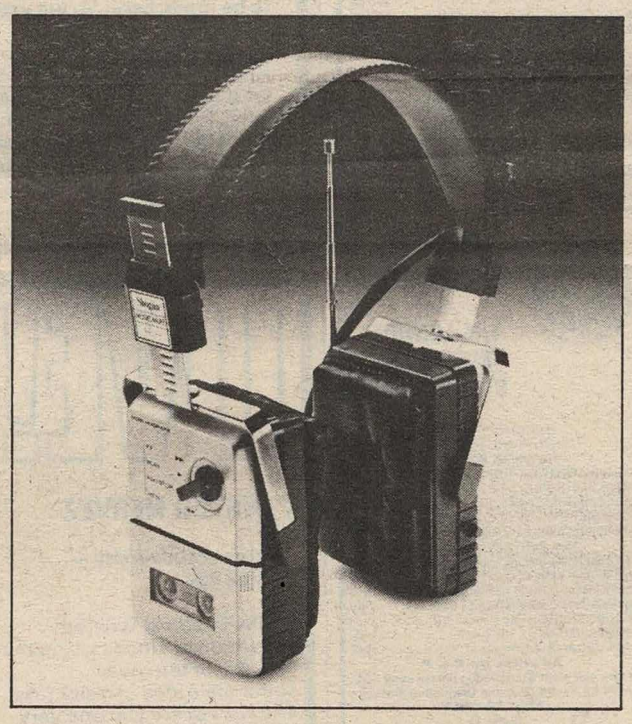

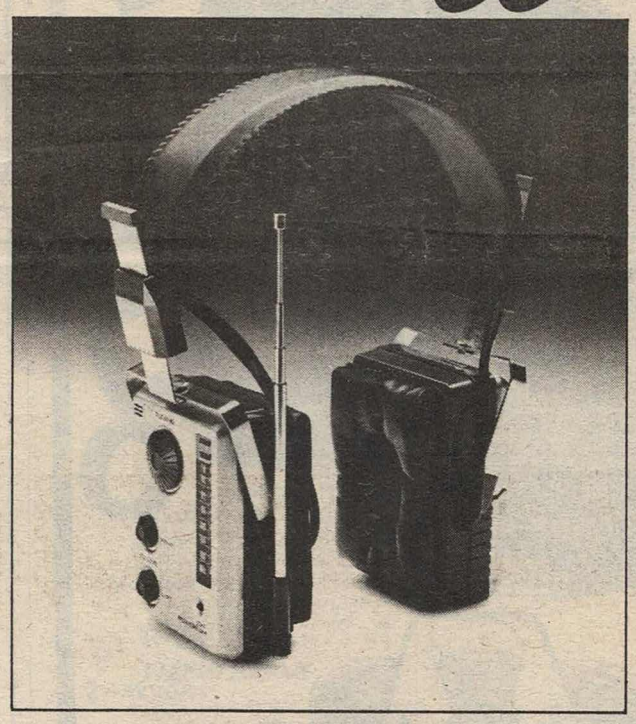

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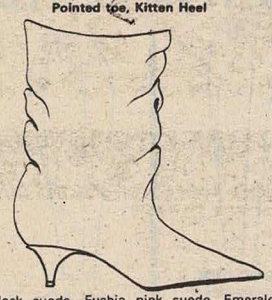

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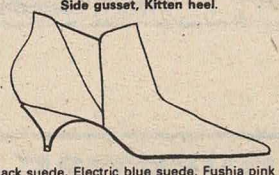

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DAMNED

FROM PAGE 41

to punk was already there inside me. I got thrown out of groups 'cos I only wanted to play fast songs, and I didn't want to play things like 'Brown Sugar'."

Were you just pissing about or did you feel it was some great force?

"I felt it was a great force. And it was essential. But what you did get was a load of pretentious statements from a load of jumped up little wankers making big claims about how they were going to change the world continuously, myself included.

"We were just geezers who had been dragged out, and all of a sudden inside six months you were fucking pop stars and everyone wanted to know you. I'd never even been to a nightclub until I was 19 and then that's all I was doing. Made it! You heard all those legend in their own lunchtime stories about how Keith Moon could drink anything, take anyting, and I suppose it was a case of if he can do it I can. I was taking pills without knowing what they were, drinking as much as possible. Always a beeline for the bar. It was like living up to that whole image thing I guess."

Are you surprised you've emerged fairly sane?

"I think it's only because the band split up for a year, and we split up because of the insanity. That year apart was actually good. When I left the band I was at the height of my worseness I suppose. I really needed help."

You were nasty?

"No, no, no. My ego was absolutely outrageous. I was beginning to believe that I was important, some kind of genius. In fact, people only smiled at me 'cos they were intimidated by what I was doing. We took this year off, I formed a band called White Cats and the first gig had my name in big letters. Only 15 people turned up. I was used to 2,000. That put me in my place. I was just a drummer in a group and was only known in the context of The Damned and without that I'm a nothing."

So The Damned just had to keep going?

"It was that very much. Captain had his group King which could have done quite well, but we were still always in touch. One day we both realised that things weren't going too well with our groups, and Sensible said that he'd had it with King and how he was getting letters from Damned fans saying how great The Damned were. He said, There's a few bob to be made here. So we went, Great, who are we going to get to sing?

"We got the obvious names like Gary Holton and things, and then I asked Sensible who's the greatest frontman you've ever seen. He said, well, Vanian. I agreed. Vanian said alright and we got back together again."

Damned forever, it seems.

Dave Vanian tells me that he has "complete faith in those two".

11.55 pm: I tell Scabies how disappointed I was with the flatness of the show; the ritual of the rock gig leads to pure predictability, the audience don't need to shout for any encore because they know they're going to get it, the 50-odd kids queue passively for their autographs afterwards. . .The Coach knows all about the sameness. . .

"What can we do about it? I agree with you but I don't know any other way that it can be done. It's a reason we never made any political claims 'cos we could never offer an alternative. The Clash never offered an alternative, they just stated the problems that were there . . . What's the fucking good of that? It's like saying there are some red curtains, it's the same mundane thing, it's stating the obvious and there's no point."

Rat Scabies builds himself up for a hefty rant.

"Unless you've got a solution to the problem and you yourself are part of the solution, then there's no point. I want to see something constructive done.

"Look at fucking Paul McCartney, that man earns seven quid a second. Even while I'm saying this sentence he's earned enough to pay my wages for a week. Why the fuck doesn't he do something with the money intead of buying up Buddy Holly catalogues? Why doesn't he do something for like — I know it sounds corny — but why doesn't he do something like build a youth club? Why doesn't he buy electric guitars and instruments for kids? Why doesn't he contribute something to hard-up schools? That man in the space of an hour could realistically help four schools out of trouble with what he'd earn.

"What does he do? He hires a video crew to go and film Black Uhuru at some dodgy gig 'cos he can't be bothered to go. It's wrong, it's injustice. I tell you if I was making loads of money and about to become a huge star, if I forget about people, OK I forget, but if someone reminded me I'd be the first to turn and say so you're right. I'm not being anybody's hero but I'd want to do something more than all these people. . ."

The Coach That's Heard A Thousand Interviews murmurs to itself.

MIDNIGHT: The Coach That Never Sleeps reaches the outskirts of London. Rat is immersed in private thoughts, staring morosely out of the front window at the in-coming landmarks. He turns to me: "You see what I mean about how you can still be lonely even though there's lots of people around you?" He pauses. "I'm still crawling out of all that mess. Just up there banging the drums, my job's banging the drums."

He returns to his rare solitude, perhaps to a richer world than the flat world of pop. The tape of The Doors pushes out into the night.

"This is the end. . ."

Damn.

LIVE!

TWISTED NERVEZ

Liverpool University — Sphinx Bar

I THINK putting Twisted Nervez on at lunchtime on the first day of term was someone's idea of a sick joke. The Nervez are just one very bad Liverpool joke. Their name has been scrawled on thousands of walls around town in the last five years or so — one can only assume they did it all themselves.

Remember 1977 when it was good fun, or at least acceptable, to see a band of no hopers who just thrashed away noisily and ranted about nothing? Most of those groups thankfully fell apart when it all so quickly became boring, while a few went on to better things. Twisted Nervez were one of those pathetic outfits way back then, going nowhere fast, and now they've got there. Their only claim to fame is that it's taken them years to do what most garage bands can do in a month.

They've got older, uglier and only a little bit slower. They're so empty and dull they're just about right for the hordes of young spikey heads that wander around town on Saturday afternoons, looking desperately for people to shock. I've got news for you boys, there's no-one left that's shockable — you're just good for a laugh.

Apart from slowing down, the Nervez now sound slightly less messy, and the different instruments can be distinguished although that's no great advantage. They play longer songs and attempt some atmospheric, bassy Joy Division outings. The beefy singer waves his arms around a lot like Ian Curtis, and gets really frenzied and bothered.

This shower are only one of the many Liverpool "Spirit of '77" punk bands, none of which are worth much of anyone's valuable time. The poor students only wanted a quiet drink and a chance to make some friends. Twisted Nervez only succeeded in emptying the bar — students must have better taste than I thought them capable of possessing.

They've put out an EP, so now we've got some recorded memories why not give in gracefully lads?

Kev Mc

LIVE!

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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

The 11% solution

OPPONENTS of nuclear power have found a new way to protest — by declining to pay the 11% of their electricity bill which they estimate is spent on nuclear power.

Electricity boards are very unhappy about this practice and fear that it will be taken up by other protestors. In some cases, consumers are withholding the 11% until the last moment — and then accompanying the cheque with a list of their objections to nuclear power. Anyone interested can call the Consumer Campaign on 01-985 2179 or 01-733 5716 for a leaflet.

☐ The National Trust, the august organisation whose aim is to conserve the countryside, will find itself in an unseemly row on November 6. The Trust owns a beautiful valley in the Chilterns — but it has just given the Royal Air Force Strike Command permission to build an underground bunker there. Some members of the trust, who can't accept the fact that the RAF Strike Command is part of a national heritage that should be preserved, have protested. The issue will be raised at an extraordinary general meeting at the Wembley Conference Centre.

The Trust, who are extremely touchy about the matter, have just sent their members a grovelling letter explaining why they feel it is right for them to co-operate with the RAF. "The Ministry Of Defence gave us categorical assurances that no other site could be used," it says. Well they would, wouldn't they?

☐ Last week we reported on how the Newbury Council had dumped enormous boulders outside the Greenham Common base where cruise missiles are due to be sited. This was to cause discomfort to the Women's Peace Camp there. Now it seems as though they have, er, dropped a bit of a brick. Far from dissuading the women from continuing their peace vigil it seems to have served as an encouragement.

The women decided to step up the campaign and a further 12 were arrested for breach of the peace last Tuesday morning for obstructing the council workers trying to put a sewer into the camp. And local residents, searching for suitable items for their rock gardens, have arrived at the camp to take away stones.

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HEADING:				

Erica Gale on Ital

REGGAE RONNINGS

DISCOMIXING

IT IS little more than a year since 19-year-old **Erica Gale** makes her recording debut for Santic with 'Don't Draw The Line' and this week comes forward with her fifth and best effort to date 'It's Alright' (ITD 0015) issued on the Ital label out of Stoke Newington. Laid at Easy Street in Bethnal Green the production features pronounced lead guitar interweave from Alan Weekes, who also plays rhythm and bass on the session and co-arranged the tune with Leonard Chin.

Also new on Ital is the debut solo release from **Jacqueline Jones**: 'Love Light' (STU 0011). Vocalist with the Prediction group who made a cover of 'The Way We Were' for Ital last year, Ms Jones is presently working on new material with the outfit.

Other new discomix releases include: **Sammy Dread,** 'Dreadlocks Girl; **Tapper Zukie,** 'She Never Love Me So' c/w **Joe Gibbs and the Professionals,** Trinidad Jam' (Ethnic Music — ETM 8156); **Davinia Stone,** 'Lonely'; **Ranking Ann,** 'Love On A Mountain Top' c/w Ms Stone adapting 'For The Love Of You' (Ariwa — ARI 1009); **Anthony Blackett,** 'My Little Woman' c/w **Lockslee,** 'Horns Man' (JR — 001); and **Susan Cadogan** offering a version of Smokey Robinson's 'Tracks Of My Tears' (GG — 103).

★

DATC DUBPLATE

A SHOWCASE second album from **Junior Murvin** is newly released on Mikey Dread's DATC label and titled 'Bad Man Possee' after his hit single.

In addition to the title track and its guitar dub, the LP also furthers the rhythm on two other instances for 'Brixton Possee' and 'DATC Dubplate'.

Also included is 'Guitar'/'Guitar Dub', 'Never Fall In Love'/'Heartbreaker', 'Rebellion'/'Dub Rebel' and 'Man Is The Fire'.

Released as well on DATC 7" is the **DATC Orchestra** featuring **Rico** and **Tan Tan** with 'Jungle Signal' c/w 'Jungle Call' taken from an instrumental album due shortly.

Also set for issue on DATC 12" discomix: **Sowell Radics,** 'Give Me Your Love'; **Reverend Sunshine,** 'Tonight'; and **Rod Taylor,** 'Sun Moon & Stars' c/w Jamaican policeman **Blacka Star** translating 'Rub A Dub Rock'.

Finally, where most companies have taken to printing the home taping is encouraging music legend on their jacket sleeves, DATC now publish the following: *"DATC Records are not for night clubs displaying signs saying* 'no hats — no tams' *. . . by order* Mikey Dread."

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing bountifully from a semi-frequency — autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure . . . a night of originality takes place at the Country Club, 210a Haverstock Hill, NW3 this Thursday 8 pm-2 am featuring Idrah plus support band The Enchanters . Reggae & soul music provided by resident DJ. Adm: £2 (ladies free before 9 pm). Tube: Belsize Park . . . **gone is our sport** . . . Rico and friends present a Show & Dance to be held at Acton Town Hall, High Street, W3 on Friday from 7 pm featuring Zabandis & Rico — the man from Wareika. Dancing to Java sounds. Adm: £4 . . . **fled is poor Croydon's pleasure** . . . also on the same night live at the 100 Club, Oxford Street, W1 Sus from Shepherds Bush. Music by Black Starliner sound system . . . **short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace** . . . Israel Promotions invite you all to a night of Musical Entertainment to be held at Queen Street Hall, Hitchin on Saturday from 6 pm to late. Featuring Fitawarri No 1 from Bedford + Newcom of Hitchin. Ital food on sale . . . **Ah! who shall hide us from the winter's face?** . . . meanwhile, back at the Country Club up the hill to Hampstead on Saturday is A Grand Beach & Sports Wear Party with guest DJ Killer Joe from 9 pm to 4 am. Tickets £3.50. Tel: 01-263 8419 . . . **cold doth increase** . . . also on Saturday the Afro International Theatre production presents a three course dinner of African and Caribbean cuisine 6.30 to 8 pm, Afro Hairstyle & Fashion Show 8 to 9 pm, Gala Theatre Performance 9 to 9.45 pm and Grand Dance with live music by the Orchestre Jazira highlife band plus disco sounds from 10 pm to 1.30 am at the Moselle Rooms, Tottenham Town Hall, N15. Information for designers, models, hair stylists and tickets from the producer, Afro International, 4 St Michael's Terrace, N22. Tel: 01-889 4085 . . . **the sickness will not cease** . . . and in the early hours of the same night Gooden & Jolly invite you to a Saturday Night Cruise aboard the Hurlingham on the River Thames. Music by Hawkeye International. Coach leaves Roxy Theatre, Craven Park at 12 midnight. Boat leaves Westminster Pier at 1 am — dawn on Sunday morning. Ticket £7 or with coach £8.50 from Hawkeye record shop: 01-961 0866 . . . **and here we lie, God knows, with little ease** . . . Lennox & Tor presents every Sunday afternoon — 15.00 to 22.00 — Soca Jam at Deuragon Arms, Rosina Street (off Homerton High Street) E9. Music by Shadow Hi-Fi and London's leading steel bands. Admittance: £1.50 . . . **from winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!** . . .

★ ★ ★

LONDON DOTH MOURN, Lambeth is quite forlorn. . . Falklands commentator Tapper Zukie arrives in town from Jamaica last week and advises this STATION of a clutch of new music in his possession. The result of six months' studio work, he carries forth albums with Ruddy Thomas, Cornel Campbell and one starring himself in the role of "entertainer" . . . **trades cry, woe worth that ever they were born** . . . imminent on 10" from Tapper via his own Mobiliser label is the tale of 'Raggy Joey Boy'; and forthcoming also are his productions with Al Campbell, 'Know Your Culture' c/w 'Jill' and Peter Metro, 'This Old Man' c/w Welton Irie, 'Wah Dis Wah Dat' — set for 10" issue on the Upfront imprint . . . **the want of term is town and city's harm** . . . also over from Jamaica is historian Carlton Jackson who tenders a new Prince Allah showcase LP entitled 'King Of The Road' as well as his own album debut 'History Of Captivity', both set for release on Ital International . . . **close chambers we do want, to keep us warm** . . . the Black Theatre Co-operative presents *Fingers Only* by Yemi Ajibade at The Factory, Chippenham Mews, London, W9 every evening from this Thursday until Tuesday 23. The show commences at 8pm with matinees on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons at 2.30. For information and bookings telephone 01-286 1656 . . . **long banished must we live from our friends** . . . Black Designers 82 takes place at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7 this Friday at 7pm. In addition to "the biggest, most spectacular single event in the world of fashion and design", the evening also offers entertainment from the Groovers 32-piece Steel Orchestra led by Terry Noel, soul singer Gail Grier, lovers rocker Carol Thompson and the "body talking" dance group Torso. Ticket prices range from £18.50 (grand tier boxes) to £2.50 (gallery: . standing) and are available from RAH box office at 01-589 3203 . . . **this low-built house will bring us to our ends** ... every Tuesday night at 8pm is held the London Reggae Sunsplash talent contest at the Youth and Community Centre, Stockwell Park Estate, Aytown Place, London, SW9. Auditions are now open for all interested amateur and professional groups and artists. Further information ring Errol J on 01 274 7996 . . . **from winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!** . . . Capital Radio's Saturday night reggae show plunges to new depraved depths last weekend with David Rodigan at his most fawning interviewing Chris Blackwell for the Babylon story. The fatuous Mr B told how he almost didn't sign Gregory Isaacs because he took him for a New York jew. Tune in to DBC if you rankin . . . **One Love** . . .

BRENT Black Music Co-op presents the Youth Club Tour 82 with live on stage Nyanisis plus surprise local guests. Appearances take place at Gladstone Youth Centre this Friday (October 15), Bridge Youth Centre (Saturday 16), Granville Youth Centre (Friday 22), Chalkhill Youth Centre (Saturday 23), Moonshine Youth Centre (Friday 29), Tavistock Youth Centre (Saturday 30), Alperton Youth Centre (Friday, November 5) and Third Avenue Youth Centre (Friday, November 12). Gladstone, Bridge and Granville events start at 7 pm to midnight and all the others start at 8 pm to midnight, with the exception of Third Avenue which starts at 8.30 pm to 11.30 pm. Admission to each event 50p (non-members 75p).

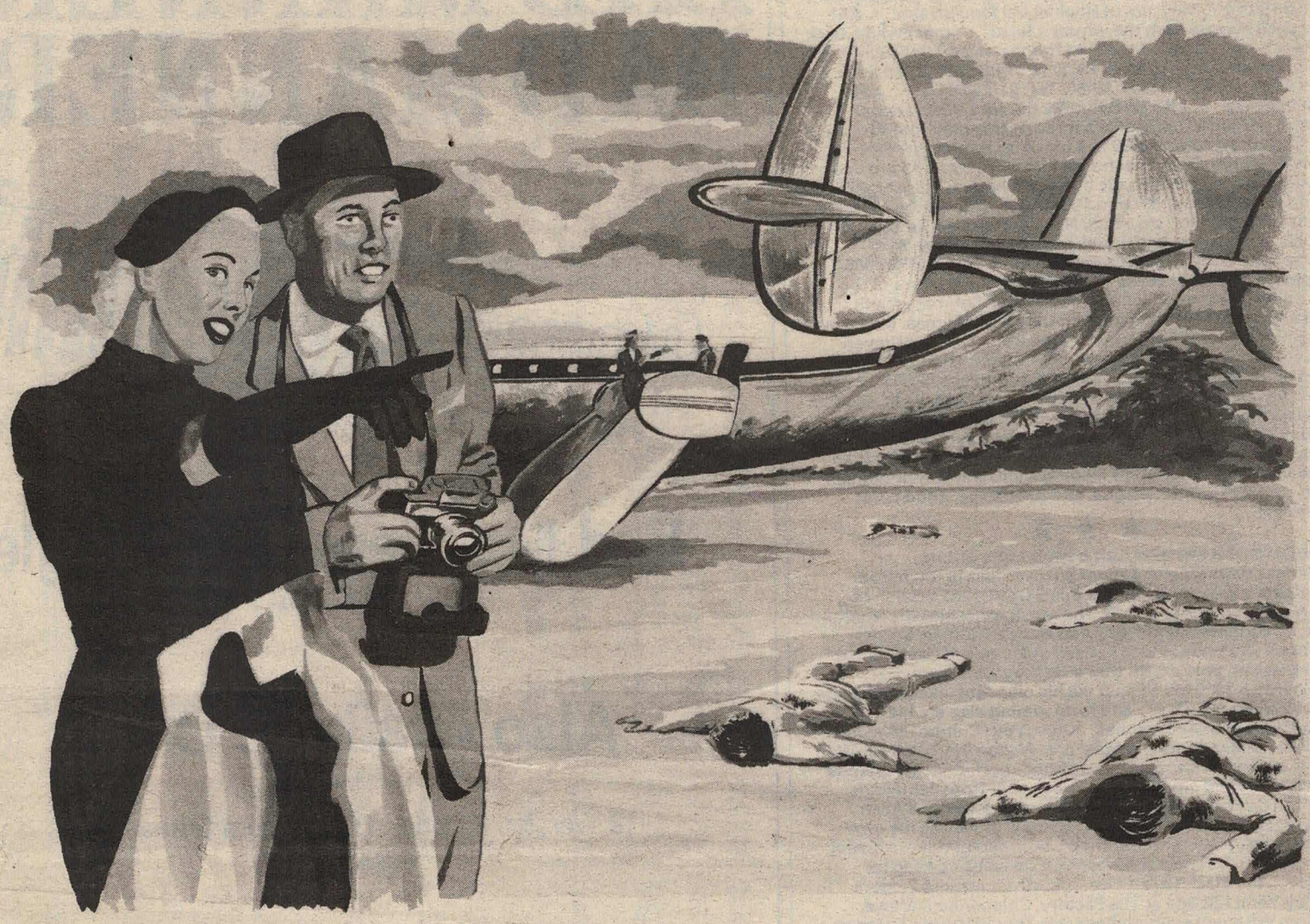

Illustration by Sarah Curtis-Manson

Professional tourist RICHARD COOK takes the body count.

ORIGAMI

AS A faithful reader of your mag for five years I never realised how difficult it is to read it on a bus! After elbowing the woman at the side of me who shrieked I then caught it in an old lady's hairdo who was seated in front of me. I moved nearer the window not realising torrential rain would make it very damp and hey presto, there was my *NME* stuck to the window.

On my arrival to work I looked at this wet, crumpled-up object and thought Aah! It's my *NME*!
Martin Fry's Quiff, Rotherham, S. Yorks.
Arrival *to* work? — R.C.

GOT YOUR LICENCE?

I did not get turned down, accepted or even interviewed for Channel Four's *The Tube*. Is this a record?
Max, The Man From Uncool, Tunbridge Wells.

Surely the case in hand over the new rock programme on Channel 4 is not whether Paula Yates has her career prolonged, but the fact that the job could have been given to a new face with some talent and vitality, who could have given the music scene a new character, and not a bunch of old fogeys.
David Rowley, Holborn.
If you think *any* 'new face' on *The Tube* is going to alter 'the music scene' . . . look, let's have something of substance here. — R.C.

Although I enjoy your (relatively) new *Videosyncrasy* column, there were a multitude of errors in Gavin Martin's review of the new (only) Joy Division video:

1. Mr Martin must have never listened to 'Unknown Pleasures', otherwise he would have noticed that the song titles are on the inner sleeve — a very obscure Factory 'conceptual joke' to be sure;
2. The title of the video is *Here Are The Young Men*, a line from the song 'Decades', and it is printed (this time) on the *outside* of the box;
3. There is no Brussels footage on the video, only Eindhoven on 18 January 1980 and Manchester's Apollo on 27 and 28 October 1979 — plus the (unlisted, geddit?) Australian version of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' video recorded 28 April 1980.

The video is far from the disaster that Mr Martin described, but it exists — primarily through an accident. The majority of the video comes from two Buzzcocks tour dates which Richard Boon had taped for his own band. Taping Joy Division was more a matter of getting the camera ready for Buzzcocks' sets. He sold the Joy Division tape to Factory for (almost) the cost of the tape. The Eindhoven songs were done on Super-8 and are truly delightful because of the unintended lighting effects. The extremely inexpensive price of *Here Are The Young Men*, probably the only video that will ever surface of Joy Division, says a lot to me about Factory.

But the unkindest cut of all was when Mr Martin said that "Ian Curtis was not the most charismatic of live performers". I suggest that he read a few dozen back issues of *NME* as penance. It's one thing to reassess the past, but quite another to deny it.
Mark Johnson, Islington.
Like I say, on *my* copy of 'Unknown Pleasures' there are no titles. 'Here Are The Young Men', or 'Here Come The Young Men' — whatever it's called, wherever it's recorded, it's still a dodgy video. Thanks for reading my column. — G.M.

Just when are you self-righteous hacks at *NME* going to climb off your pedestal and start writing a decent music paper again? I've been buying your mag for 17 years now, although heavens knows why. Since the late '70s all we've seen in your paper is the tearing down of established musicians through either interview form or album reviews. The way you build someone up when they are relatively new on the scene and then proceed to rip them to shreds as soon as they show an impressive figure in record sales seems to me to be pretty pathetic: the recent bad reviews of albums by Gabriel, Springsteen, Kate Bush and Townshend being only a small example.

Why don't you choose someone who understands the artist in question before you give them the freedom to do an album review? Do you honestly think that if you give a guy who drools over the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag a Genesis album you'll get a well-constructed critical review? Do you see your paper as some great media journal above all else?

I'm afraid that although your rival paper is rather Heavy Metal orientated they are doing a damn sight more in the way of interesting rock writing than you're turning out. For Christ's sake wake up!
Unimpressed, Glasgow.
You poor soul. You don't bother to read before you leap (Springsteen and Townshend got *bad* reviews), you have the idea that 'established musicians' must be sacrosanct and immune, you realise that of course we all *hate* terrible hitmakers like Madness and Smokey Robinson and Dexys . . . Gee, I'm glad I'm not you! — R.C.

PROBLEM CORNER

Me and Bert are thinking of becoming punks after hearing The Clash's 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go?'. Though we realise the trend is long started can you give us some advice? Should we wear safety pins? We're not very violent, though I have been known to lash out with my handbag. What do we wear? I thought 'Sid Is Dead' on the back of our jackets would be cool.
Brenda and Bert, Victoria.
You don't use a word like 'cool' for a start. The following are OK words: squad, attack, bag, riot, blitz (risky — too much confusion with HM), urban (absolutely OK in any situation), I Like Crass, I Hate Crass (it varies). — R.C.

Chris Bohn's review of Neil Young at the NEC was always going to fail. We got fed the philosophical musings of a man obviously less interested in the concert than in the concept and historical relevance of Neil Young. He really couldn't resist the temptation to consider any person who was big in the late '60s as someone who lives solely to recreate his former glories. Whenever the reviewer takes it upon himself to conceptualise about the punters' allegiance to an artist it's always the content which has to be squeezed into second place.

And then he mentioned Kraftwerk. Despite the fact that they are the fourth greatest band ever that's no reason for Bohn to make all his reviews German-tinted. Isn't it time someone stopped him perpetuating his 'Germany is the centre of the universe' fantasies?
A. Viac.
Absolutely! I agree with you. Read it again, sucker — C.B. We've tried everything, but Herr Bohn is still to be heard whistling 'Lili Marleen' at every opportunity. However, the following FACT vindicates him this time — Mr Young told me he greatly admires Kraftwerk and holds a special affection for 'Computerworld'. — R.C.

I've recently noticed the odd documentary about 'life being unemployed' (you can take that phrase two ways). I watched *Kevin Turvey — The Man Behind The Green Door*, probably the saddest portrayal of the 'unemployed' I've ever seen. Comedy aside, the colours, clothes, expressions, emptiness, isolation and purposelessness of the characters made for depressing but revealing watching.

When people are 'free' from the artificial Western job/recreation cycle all they can manage is Yeats' 'secondary gratification' (beer-swilling, soaking up TV — becoming an inactive moron). Is that all there is? Try finding a way of improving your thinking/observing/perceiving abilities — find a new skill, go to the library, go for a walk, get into Zen meditation, know thyself, loot a craft shop, anything — and help people to stand up. It could be your last chance.
The Anti-Channel 4 League, Newcastle.
Don't tell me — your dad went out on his bike and looked for work, right? — R.C.

HOW DID THE ROMANS GET IN HERE?

Paul Morley once said in a Green review "assuming that music is meant to take you here, there and everywhere . . ."
Remarkable? Music takes you to people's lives and lifestyles — a scary business for anyone who feels that life is too precious to allow you the luxury of complacency, and even scarier for anyone short on satisfaction — there are too many beckoning fingers, inviting you to where the grass is unquestionably greener. The wealth of our musical heritage becomes a burden the Romans never had to carry. So how come we get the strange smell of self-assurance every time we open our newspaper? It seems like you take music here, there and everywhere rather than the other way around. I envy your control, but I also suspect it.
David Doolittle, Stockwood, Avon.
"I say, there is no single *right* way" — Ornette Coleman

You lot at *NME* are age-ists, you're fixated with the ages of members of groups. Musicians/singers should stop playing their music, irrespective of it still being enjoyed by many, if they happen to be over a certain age, and according to you that age would be about thirty. Your motto reads: We Stand Up For Nappy-Wetters, Down With Incontinents.

One thing can be said for classical music lovers — they don't discriminate against age. I just happen not to like Bach, Chopin, Mozart or Beethoven (I'm as deaf to the latter's music as he was when composing it).
Tammy Mullins, May Bank, Newcastle.
Try Bruckner or Downland. — R.C. (18)

TAKE YOU TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT

Liked the Paul Schrader article. Very good comments on sex, violence, religion. But where's the difference between them?
Ric, Maidstone.
So did Mr Schrader (like the article). I dare not answer your question. — R.C.

Must you be so unrelenting towards Werner Herzog? As a hardcore admirer whose fedora is intact, I've been waiting two and a half years for *Fitzcarraldo* and hate to see that (at least) noble effort smashed to shreds before it even crashes into my shores. It's enough to keep me from becoming a steady reader.
Jain Harte, Vermont, USA.
Chris Bohn has spoken kindly of it, Messrs Smith, Gill, Penman and Cook find themselves less favourably disposed. Is that 'unrelenting'? — R.C. Somebody say 'Fedora'? — Billy Wilder

WE'RE HERE TO OBLIGE

Before Carol and Tracey move to their happy home in Rochdale, or they take up a permanent squat at the Hacienda, it would make sense for Carol to pay us the £40 she still owes us.
MS

A NORWEGIAN WRITES (A NORWEGIAN?)

Question: Are your 'Mighty Reel' and 'Charly Pocket Juke Box' cassettes available to English readers only?
G.H. Ramunddal, Kongsberg, Norway.
It's a pity your name isn't 'King', isn't it? — R.C. To set the cassette straight, both tapes are available to overseas readers — even Norwegians. — M.S.

A LOAD MORE FOREIGNERS

I extend my congratulations to you on the revival of the Beatles Band Crossword. For many a long night now I have sat huddled over my rough table with only the glow of a flickering candle to see by, as the timber wolves howl mournfully outside the door of my humble cabin, the piles of Beatle Band songbooks spread out around me as I read through the clues of the Crossword in the 1967 Beatles Band Pop fans album. What delight I have, now I can see fresh clues. It's good to know the *NME* keeps a flame for the long lost Beatles Band.
Sven Svenson, Sweden.

Letter from America: just in case you folks in England think we all over here in the U.S. are a bunch of Big Mac-munching inflation-stunted Air Supply-cheering yahoos who don't know our crochets from our quavers or Beethoven from Bimbo Funk (yes Beethoven!) hear this: SQUEEZE is the best thing to happen to Planet Earth since the chariots rode the Pliades and gas was 50c a gallon — way back! (Though I speak for one man, a nation is awaking.)
Philip Bishop, Narragansett, USA.
You Americans — you sure got good timing! — R.C.

CRUELTY

I have never had a letter printed before so I have enclosed three letters. Please print one, two or all of them as I have a message to get over to Kevin Rowlands.
Clive Gray, Peterborough.
Sorry, Clive, but all three were so uninteresting that I cannot oblige. — Heartless R.C.

WHAT'S THAT IN THE SHADOWS?

I enjoyed Neil Spencer's article on The Stranglers, having ignored them since 'The Raven', and was interested to read his comments in the discussion of Yukio Mishima.

In the very same *NME*, Chris Bohn devoted some words to David Bowie's new film *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, taken from Laurens Van Der Post's story *A Bar Of Shadow* which "attempts to explain the traditions and values that dictated the Japanese soldiers' cruelty towards an enemy which allowed itself to be taken alive . . . Because of its understanding treatment of the Japanese, it was not well received when published shortly after the war."

It is very difficult for the Western mind to approach Japanese values in an

BODYBAG

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objective fashion. I suggest that Neil Spencer should read *A Bar Of Shadow* — I predict that his first reaction will be one of hatred towards the Japanese prison officer. Continued reading can only lead, however, to an attempt at understanding the nature of Japanese militaristic cruelty. Once finished the reader will think, now I know why I could never apply the term 'fascist' to Japanese militarism and martial passion: it is a Western term and the prison officer in *A Bar Of Shadow* would quite simply fail to comprehend it. He would find the idea absurd.

This is not to condone Japanese militarism or the direct action of Mishima. How could I? I am a Westerner. All I say is: read the book, see the film, temper your hatred by understanding, cross the bridge and ask why.
Mark Griffiths, Upper Norwood SE19.
Ah so, the bridge but no river . . . why? — Alec Guinness

AT LAST — A DEBATE

The time has come for a change in direction. As Paul Morley said recently, perhaps you are getting the letters you deserve after all these years of intolerance. Maybe, though, there is more behind it than that? The Pistols raged about anarchy in '76 — now, at last, here's your chance to do something positive with it. A complete change of approach, not just changing some pieces and leaving the rest as it was — a brand new paper.

You must find new ways to communicate so that everyone can follow (understand, that is) you. A lowering of standards? No! A realigning? Yes! How about an issue written solely by the readership? You have to change. Do you have the courage?
Simon Oliver, Par, Cornwall.

Dear Paul Morley, you appear to be exploiting a sensitive and concerned persona, lamenting the number of 'mean' letters addressed to *Gasbag* and being generally self-pitiful. You were also kind enough to tell John Hurd that Danny Baker's Adam Ant review was in fact "incredibly informative", contrary to John's misconception that "we were told nothing". Was he supposed to be content with this simple contradiction? You didn't impart exactly what he should have been informed by the review: merely that he was wrong. How can you realistically expect sympathy and understanding from your readership when you remain this arrogant?

What I suggest is that you should be more prepared to meet critics on their own ground, to discuss and reach compromises with them, rather than using your superior means to build high, impenetrably blank walls of defence so that you can preach and sneer from an inaccessible parapet. I would have thought that you, of all people, would appreciate the preferability of democracy and mutual understanding over schoolroom-like authoritarianism.
Robert M, Kenton, Middlesex.
Or perhaps Paul thought further explanation simply superfluous, which of course it was. Do you really want idiot-interpretations of everything or do you want to sort it out for yourselves? I must join his protest at the mean-spirited triviality of this column — in plain terms, 95% of all that comes to rest in the letters tray is miserable drivel. What should be a provocative forum for debate, analysis, fear, excitement and the dynamics of an enriching pop environment is bloated with pilfered variety turns, prejudice, selfishness and imaginations turned so grey they've sat down and died. We try to be a brand new paper every week. — R.C.

The Boss proves his enormous manhood yet again by taking on a snot-nosed yobbo and Debbie Harry at the same time. Weedy Keith Levine (below) settles for dreaming of connubial bliss with his bride-to-be Laurie Montana. The happy day is set for November 21, and no doubt Joe Stevens will be there; after all, NME's King of the Flash was on hand to take these two snaps.

YOU CAN'T BEAT the nurses (they won't let you) — well, cheap S&M jokes out of the way, that was the message from **Paul McCartney** to **Margaret Thatcher** earlier this week. Paul sent Our Leader a telex warning her that "what the miners did to **Ted Heath,** the nurses will do to you". A quick survey taken by *T-Zers* showed a majority of former prime ministers in favour of being whipped by nurses rather than miners . . .

Debbie Harry has disappeared in Japan. We know nothing more, simply that the girl who launched a thousand poster campaigns, the face of the '70s, those shimmering eyes, that rich red-lipped pout and curvaceous figure has gone, vanished, lost forever in a sea of miniaturised uniformed nips. Should be real hard to find . . .

That other blonde bombshell, sometime friend of **Boy George** and singer with **Theatre Of Hate, Kirk Brandon** is knee deep in applicants for his new band. 150 in all, and all of them playing a different song at the same time. Quotes Kirk: "*That's* what **Stan** and me are trying to get away from!" . . .

Gloom for a boom? The end for a trend? **Mood Six,** toast of the *Sounds* 'new psychedelic' 'movement', have decided to call it a day. A spokesman commented: "By now we should have been as big as **ABC;** since we're not we're quitting while we're still ahead". For readers under 30, "a head" was old psychedelic parlance for "lame-brained narcotics abuser" . . .

Balding bag of bones **Bill Burroughs** assailed by drunks during a book signing session at Compendium Books in Camden Town. "Hey Bill, come for a drink," they pleaded. "I don't drink alcohol," said the world's oldest man. "You should start, it's better for you than all that heroin," said the inebriates. "I'm strictly a Sundowner," the old-timer croaked mysteriously before beaming himself up. **Psychic TV,** obviously setting themselves up in a minder capacity, quickly ushered the offending drunks off the premises . . .

Trudi, girlfriend of **Southern Death Cult's Buzz** has left the less-than-regal **King Trigger** with a career prospect of drumming for **The Fun Boy 3** . . .

Back in the hectic world of real pop celebrities **Spandau Ballet** were thrashed by a team from Rak Records 6-0, a scoreline which severely curtailed non-playing **Gary Kemp**'s plans to video the proceedings . . .

Elvis Costello producing **The Bluebells'** debut album for London Records . . .

BRYAN FERRY has lost his dog. In fact if you've been following the gossip columns closely over the past few years you'll realise he's lost several but this one is your genuine article — barks, studded collar, four legs, pisses up against trees. Anyway if you see a delirious springer spaniel leaping round the streets of Petworth, would you have the heart to send it back to the old feller . . .

Bryan meanwhile went to see a most unusual boxing match in a Munich nightclub last week. The fracas involved **Roger** 'teetotal' **Duran** who was knocked unconscious by an angry Kraut who accused him of stealing his drink. Also watching were Haysi Fantayzee, daring to show their face in public again after that terrible piece of gunge '**John Wayne** Is Big Leggy'. Anyway **Roger,** the group's drummer, spent the night in hospital while **John** bass guitar **Duran** took narcisissm to unheard-of extremes and walked into a mirror, injuring his hand. Doctors managed to save his finger from amputation but the group were forced to cancel all their remaining European dates . . .

A **David Bowie** *T-Zer.* Did anyone notice the old dog playing a cameo role as a child murderer in **Sidney Lumet**'s *The Offence,* recently televised on BBC2? Funny, neither did we. Asked to comment on **Sid, David** said: "Yeah, he's great, I've got all his albums. Sorry, who is it we're talking about?" . . .

A snappy little item presently doing the rounds is a **Japan** 'Live At Drury Lane' bootleg retailing — say their management — for £20. Fans are advised that the official live album of the group's tour will include virtually the same material and retail for under a fiver . . .

Just arrived in Britain for a few dates, **Daryl Hall** headed straight to the Kings Road and bought 15 pairs of shoes. Said bemused partner **John Oates,** "I can't deny Daryl sweats a little onstage, but this is ridiculous" . . .

The new **J. Walter Negro** single warns about the dangers of Angel Dust, very wise too — you can pay well over the odds for the stuff from some unscrupulous dealers. J. Walter meanwhile had a shock last week when he was shooting the pump on a New York subway train — his can leaked and caught a live spark from the railway track and set fire to his arm. A long loud hollow laugh was heard coming from New York's city fathers . . .

Colours Out Of Time are now disowning statements made by their ex-bass player claiming that they'd split up. Group nucleus **David Robbins** and **Stephen Reynolds** say they'll carry on without him . . .

It appears that some people misunderstood our recent *T-Zer* about Adam Ant and the prosecution of John Atkinson. The prosecution was in fact brought by the police and Adam did not attend the Old Bailey trial. And obviously — as Atkinson was being tried for attempting to sell stolen tapes back to Adam — when we spoke of "tapes the group had nicked", we meant tapes nicked *from them.* We are sorry if our report was ambiguous and regret any embarrassment to Adam and the group.

ALL HUMAN life is here, in Carnaby Street, gateway to Turkish emporiums of inferior tourist-style Coke can 'radios' (£2.95 or two for a fiver, guaranteed no static). On Thursday October 7, our roving reporter **'Scoop' Smith** witnessed two typical wacky rock'n'roll-type events within the space of three minutes. First, a brace of genuine U.S. of A. **Hell's Angels** successfully negotiated with the Street's major badge-seller, **Arthur *Throakes,*** for the purchase of all Mr Throakes' Hell's Angels badges. Our biker buddies, bearded and barrel-chested, objected to these artefacts being passed off as the real thing to would-be macho Swedish tourists. Mr Throakes could barely restrain his tears as he sold his entire stock of biker badges to these hirsute H.A.s who could now return homeward happy in the knowledge that the sanctity of the clan was intact . . .

Far less interesting was an impromptu 'gig' by **The Swinging Laurels,** 30 yards on down the Street. An old, white-haired drunk stopped to have a little dance as the Laurels' underwhelming brass section blew **Ian Penman** off his seat. "That sounded pretty good," said **Lynn Hanna kindly.** The officers of the law were not impressed. A pair of them purposefully approached the band and forcefully suggested that they attempt "to play not quite so many bum notes, please" . . .

SUPERBRAT Paul Schrader, out and about in London, impressed by Le Beat Route and Camden Palace. As well as showing a considerable capacity for beer and whisky chasers, he revealed that his next film is to be called *Born In The USA* and concerns two brothers growing up in America and forming a rock group. He showed the idea to **Bruce Springsteen** and it subsequently provided the basis for a Springspong song. Something of a music fan, Schrader inquired about **Yazoo** and **Dexys,** raved about 'Nebraska', **Laurie Anderson** and a **Roxy Music** show in Edinburgh. The previous evening he'd had a telephone call from **Robert De Niro,** certain that he now resembles **George Gershwin,** and wanting to play the composer in his next film . . .

Neil Young spotted shopping in King's Road last week at a well-known punk clothes emporium and asking after his hero, the man **Rotten** . . .

And well done, **Monty!** It was champagne corks and slaps on the back all round last week here at *NME* when Monty (affectionately known as "the big fat one with the beard") finally managed to get into the *Guardian's Naked Ape* — a vigilant little column always on the look-out for acerbic comments on the "war between the sexes". There was a sour note to the celebrations however when Monty, wiping tears of joy from his eye, complained: "I've worked long and hard to get into that specious little column and when I do the miserable bunch of *(Censored — Ed.)* leave my name off the extract."

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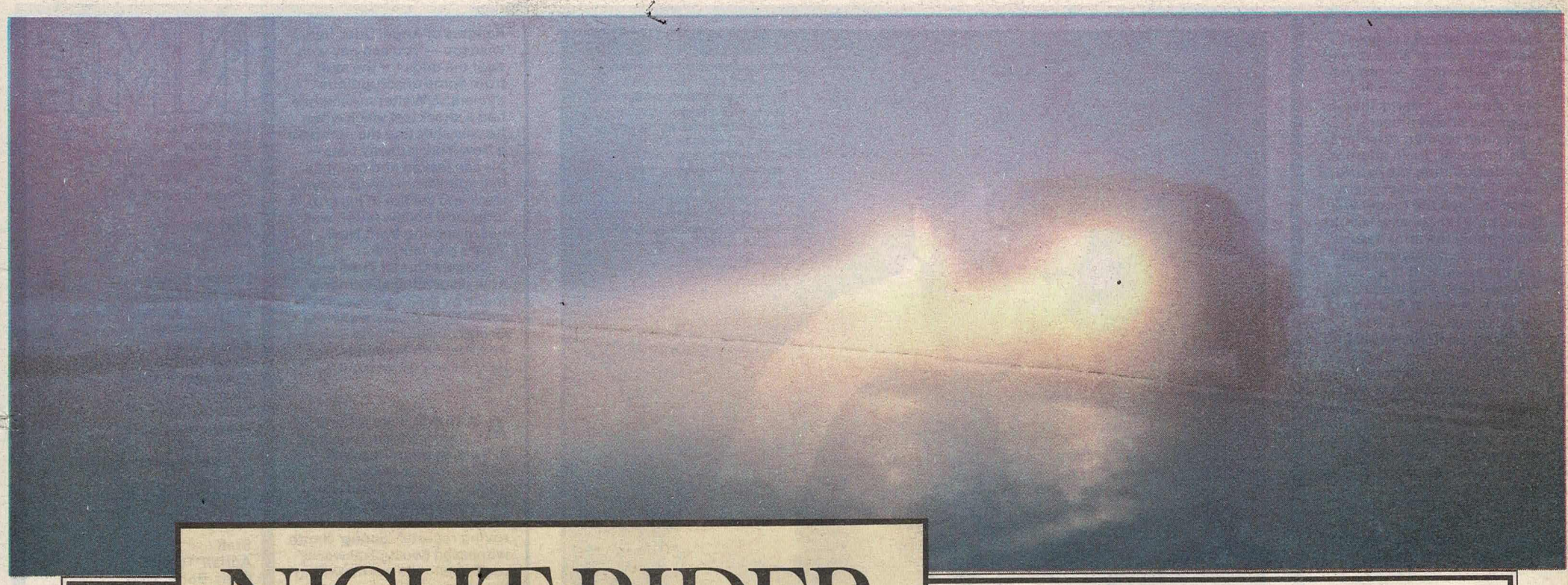

NIGHT RIDER.

There's nothing like being alone in your car at night.

Somehow you're safe in your den, a private world of vinyl and velour, with seats as comfortable as a London Club, and only the dashboard lights to give a kind of fireside glow to the scene.

More than this, alone in the dark, you're the master of your fate, the wheel gripped firmly in your hands, each passing lamp punctuating great thoughts, and great philosophies never spoken aloud.

Your only company is the stereo, and you control it like a tyrant. You want conversation, the finest minds in the world are yours to command; the loftiest stars sing at the crooking of your index finger; vast orchestras mass at your slightest whim.

No one tells you to turn it down; no one complains about your voice if you sing along, no one winges about it being Rock Night on Radio One.

You're omnipotent.

The Boss.

Just the other night, I got behind the wheel at around eight, settled into my seat and switched on ...

...Four hours later, I was still relaxed, tapping my thumbs rhythmically on the steering wheel, cocooned by the darkness, as the LED dial indicator of my brand-new Pioneer electronic system lent a warm glow to the soft interior lighting.

Occasionally, I brushed the preset touch-buttons to find another station, one more suited to my fickle moods.

The reception was perfect, even under these unusual conditions.

Then, I played half a dozen favourite tapes right through, occasionally flicking the rewind and letting the auto-play reprise a favourite side.

I'd sung myself hoarse. I was supremely, magically happy.

I'd almost decided to go on through the night, when my wife opened the garage door and tapped on the window.

"Either go somewhere, or come to bed," she said.

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